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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE TRAGEDY OF VALENTINIAN
MONSIEUR THOMAS THE CHANCES
THE BLOODY BROTHER
THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER, M.A.

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NOTE

A FEW addenda to the textual notes on *The Elder Brother*, *Wit without Money* and *The Faithful Shepherdess* (Volume II), will be found in the Appendix, before the notes to the plays contained in the present volume. As the volume or volumes of explanatory notes on the plays, their literary and stage history and their language, will not appear until after the completion of the publication of the entire text, it seemed best to give these few additions here, rather than to wait for the appearance of those volumes.

It might be as well to mention here that differences have been found to exist in copies of the second folio all dated 1679. In order to check these as far as possible the text is set up from one copy of the folio and the proofs are read word for word with two additional copies, once by myself and once by Mrs Glover, who, since I took over the editorship, has also been so good as to continue her collations of a set of the quartos, as an additional check upon my own collations of them.

A. R. WALLER.

CAMBRIDGE,
3 *September*, 1906.

But if there can be vertue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This Woman has a God of vertue in her.
Bal. I would the Emperor were that God.
Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain seeming
Of all the *Stoicks*, all the truth of *Christians*,
And all their Constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended: when she blushes
It is the holiest thing to look upon;
The purest temple of her sect, that ever
Made Nature a blest Founder.
Pro. Is there no way
To take this *Phenix*?
Lyc. None but in her ashes.
Chi. If she were fat, or any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
Proud to be seen and worship'd, 'twere a venture;
But on my soul she is chaster than cold Camphire.
Bal. I think so too; for all the waies of Woman,
Like a full sail she bears against: I askt her
After my many offers walking with her,
And her as many down-denyals, how
If the Emperour grown mad with love should force her;
She pointed to a *Lucrece*, that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot Vestal fire against me, she departed.
Pro. This is the first wench I was ever pos'd in,
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two and thirty years.
Chi. I find by this wench
The calling of a Bawd to be a strange,
A wise, and subtile calling; and for none
But staid, discreet, and understanding people:
And as the Tutor to great *Alexander*,
Would say, a young man should not dare to read
His moral books, till after five and twenty;

So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
(I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
If they will rise, and gain experience,
Well steept in years, and discipline, begin it,
I take it 'tis no Boys play.
Bal. Well, what's thought of?
Pro. The Emperour must know it.
Lyc. If the woman should chance to fail too.
Chi. As 'tis ten to one.
Pro. Why what remains, but new nets for the purchase?
Chi. Let's go consider then: and if all fail,
This is the first quick Eele, that sav'd her tail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lucina, Ardelia *and* Phorba.

Ardel. You still insist upon that Idol, Honour,
Can it renew your youth, can it add wealth,
That takes off wrinkles: can it draw mens eyes,
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,
That truly is a Saint to none but Souldiers,
And look'd into, bears no reward but danger,
Leave you the most respected person living?
Or can the common kisses of a Husband,
(Which to a sprightly Lady is a labour)
Make ye almost Immortal? ye are cozen'd,
The honour of a woman is her praises;
The way to get these, to be seen, and sought too,
And not to bury such a happy sweetness
Under a smoaky roof.
Luci. I'le hear no more.
Phor. That white, and red, and all that blessed beauty,
Kept from the eyes, that make it so, is nothing;
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it;
The *Phenix*, were she never seen, were doubted;
That most unvalued Horn the Unicorn
Bears to oppose the Huntsman, were it nothing
But tale, and meer tradition, would help no man;
But when the vertue's known, the honour's doubled:
Vertue is either lame, or not at all,

And love a Sacriledge, and not a Saint,
When it bars up the way to mens Petitions.
Ard. Nay ye shall love your Husband too; we come not
To make a Monster of ye.
Luc. Are ye women?
Ard. You'll find us so, and women you shall thank too,
If you have grace to make your use.
Luc. Fye on ye.
Phor. Alas poor bashful Lady, by my soul,
Had ye no other vertue, but your blushes,
And I a man, I should run mad for those:
How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!
Ard. Come Goddess, come, you move too near the earth,
It must not be, a better Orb stayes for you:
Here: be a Maid, and take 'em.
Luc. Pray leave me.
Phor. That were a sin sweet Lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy:
You must not be alone; in conversation
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the conscience
Made easie, and allowable.
Luc. Ye are Devils.
Ard. That you may one day bless for your damnation.
Luc. I charge ye in the name of Chastity,
Tempt me no more; how ugly ye seem to me?
There is no wonder men defame our Sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When such as you shall bear the names of women;
If ye had eyes to see your selves, or sence
Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for:
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
(Though many Regions off, as men hear Thunder)
If ever ye had Mothers, and they souls:
If ever Fathers, and not such as you are;
If ever any thing were constant in you,
Besides your sins, or coming, but your courses;
If ever any of your Ancestors
Dyed worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd;
Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You would run from one another, to repentance,

And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,
That made ye blind, and beasts.
Phor. Ye speak well, Lady;
A sign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wisdom with it.
Ard. This Lady was ordain'd to bless the Empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.
Phor. I believe ye.
Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperour
From his wild flying courses, this is she;
She can instruct him if ye mark; she is wise too.
Phor. Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her,
And so religious, that I well believe,
Though she would sin she cannot.
Ard. And besides,
She has the Empires cause in hand, not loves;
There lies the main consideration,
For which she is chiefly born.
Phor. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it
I look by her means for a reformation,
And such a one, and such a rare way carried
That all the world shall wonder at.
Ard. 'Tis true;
I never thought the Emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his Country,
Till he profest this love: gods give 'em Children,
Such as her vertues merit, and his zeal.
I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater than *Octavius.*
Phor. Do you mark too,
Which is a Noble vertue, how she blushes,
And what a flowing modesty runs through her,
When we but name the Emperour?
Ard. But mark it,
Yes, and admire it too, for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heaven, and vertuous
As holy truth, yet to the Emperour
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it,

And when her Countries cause commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of vertues,
Then flye the blushes out like *Cupid*'s arrows,
And though the tye of Marriage to her Lord
Would fain cry, stay *Lucina*, yet the cause
And general wisdom of the Princes love,
Makes her find surer ends and happier,
And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled.
Phor. Her tartness unto us too.
Ard. That's a wise one.
Phor. I rarely like, it shews a rising wisdom,
That chides all common fools as dare enquire
What Princes would have private.
Ard. What a Lady
Shall we be blest to serve?
Luc. Go get ye from me:
Ye are your purses Agents, not the Princes:
Is this the vertuous Lore ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?
But that I had a Mother, and a woman
Whose ever living fame turns all it touches,
Into the good it self is, I should now
Even doubt my self, I have been search't so near
The very soul of honour: why should you two,
That happily have been as chaste as I am,
Fairer, I think, by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well built piles, shew worthy ruins,
After that Angel age, turn mortal Devils?
For shame, for woman-hood, for what ye have been,
For rotten Cedars have born goodly branches,
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but Court,
Which like a Dream, you'l find hereafter vanish,
Or at the best but subject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill spoken of;
Let women live themselves, if they must fall,
Their own destruction find 'em, not your Fevours.
Ard. Madam, ye are so excellent in all,
And I must tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy ye have, so sweet a fear,
And when ye come to anger, 'tis so noble,

That for mine own part, I could still offend,
To hear you angry; women that want that,
And your way guided (else I count it nothing)
Are either Fools, or Cowards.
Phor. She were a Mistris for no private greatness,
Could she not frown a ravish'd kiss from anger,
And such an anger as this Lady learns us,
Stuck with such pleasing dangers. Gods (I ask ye)
Which of ye all could hold from?
Luc. I perceive ye,
Your own dark sins dwell with ye, and that price
You sell the chastity of modest wives at
Runs to diseases with your bones: I scorn ye,
And all the nets ye've pitcht to catch my vertues
Like Spiders Webs, I sweep away before me.
Go tell the Emperour, ye have met a woman,
That neither his own person, which is God-like,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase,
Nor all the glories subject to a *Cæsar*,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No not to be the Mother of the Empire,
And Queen of all the holy fires he worships,
Can make a Whore of.
Ard. You mistake us Lady.
Luc. Yet tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
That I have heard his Knaves, and you his Matrons,
Fit Nurses for his sins, which gods forgive me;
But ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
And from her mouth, whose life shall make it certain,
I never can: I have a noble Husband,
Pray tell him that too, yet a noble name,
A Noble Family, and last a Conscience:
Thus much for your answer: For your selves,
Ye have liv'd the shame of women, dye the better. [*Exit* Luc.
Phor. What's now to do?
Ard. Ev'n as she said, to dye,
For there's no living here, and women thus,

I am sure for us two.
Phor. Nothing stick upon her?
Ard. We have lost a mass of mony; well Dame Vertue,
Yet ye may halt if good luck serve.
Phor. Worms take her,
She has almost spoil'd our trade.
Ard. So godly;
This is ill breeding, *Phorba.*
Phor. If the women
Should have a longing now to see this Monster,
And she convert 'em all.
Ard. That may be, *Phorba,*
But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded;
Come, let's go think, she must not 'scape us thus;
There is a certain season, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a Bit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus, *and* Æcius.

Max. I cannot blame the Nations, noble friend,
That they fall off so fast from this wild man,
When (under our Allegiance be it spoken,
And the most happy tye of our affectio[n]s)
The worlds weight groans beneath him; Where lives vertue,
Honour, discretion, wisdom? who are call'd
And chosen to the steering of the Empire
But Bawds, and singing Girls? O my *Æcius*
The glory of a Souldier, and the truth
Of men made up for goodness sake, like shells
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action;
Only your happy self, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour.
Æci. No more, my worthy friend, though these be truths,
And though these truths would ask a Reformation,
At least a little squaring: yet remember,
We are but Subjects, *Maximus*; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours: The hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the gods; pure incense,

Until unhallowed hands defile those offerings,
Burns ever there; we must not put 'em out,
Because the Priests that touch those sweets, are wicked;
We dare not, dearest Friend, nay more, we cannot,
While we consider who we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what Law-giver;
Whilest Majesty is made to be obeyed,
And not to be inquired into, whilst gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, though a stricter;
Like desperate and unseason'd Fools let flye
Our killing angers, and forsake our honours.
Max. My noble Friend, from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit, weigh but thus much,
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For by the gods, I do not; why *Ætius*,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?
Ætius. You'll fall again into your fit.
Max. I will not;
Or are we now no more the Sons of *Romans*,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd *Gauls*, or Quivers for the *Parthians*?
Why, is this *Emperour*, this man we honour,
This God that ought to be?
Ætius. You are too curious.
Max. Good, give me leave, why is this Author of us?
Ætius. I dare not hear ye speak thus.
Max. I'll be modest,
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we Beholders? misconceive me not,
I sow no danger in my words; But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the Sons of Fathers
Famous and fast to *Rome*? why are their Vertues
Stampt in the dangers of a thousand Battels?
For goodness sake, their honours, time outdaring?
I think for our example.
Ætius. Ye speak nobly.
Max. Why are we seeds of these then, to shake hands
With Bawds and base informers, kiss discredit,
And court her like a Mistriss? 'pray, your leave yet;
You'll say the *Emperour* is young, and apt

To take impression rather from his pleasures
Than any constant worthiness, it may be,
But why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?
Nay to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with forreign Nations?

Æcius. You search the sore too deep, and I must tell ye,
In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded; 'pray depress your spirit,
For though I constantly believe you honest,
Ye were no friend for me else, and what now
Ye freely spake, but good you owe to th' Empire,
Yet take heed, worthy *Maximus*, all ears
Hear not with that distinction mine do, few
You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest (friend;) and pray consider
We are but shadows, motions others give us,
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot; make me worthy
To be your friend ever in fair Allegiance,
But not in force; For durst mine own soul urge me,
(And by that Soul I speak my just affections)
To turn my hand from Truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my Vertue holds, to Anger;
Though I had both the Blessings of the *Bruti*,
And both their instigations, though my Cause
Carried a face of Justice beyond theirs,
And as I am a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel the first example: say the Prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?
Or say he be an ill Prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend,
The Elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man that would reclaim a Lion,
Take him by th' teeth.

Max. I pray mistake me not.

Æcius. Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,

Is that that pulls a Prince back; then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errours,
When Subjects Crystal Souls are glasses to him.
Max. My ever honour'd friend, I'll take your counsel.
The Emperour appears, I'll leave ye to him.
And as we both affect him, may he flourish. [*Exit* Max.

Enter the Emperour, and Chilax.

Emp. Is that the best news?
Chil. Yet the best we know, Sir.
Emp. Bid *Maximus* come to me, and be gone then;
Mine own head be my helper, these are fools:
How now *Ætius*, are the Souldiers quiet?
Ætius. Better I hope, Sir, than they were.
Emp. They are pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extreamly for my pleasures,
Shortly they'll fight against me.
Ætius. Gods defend, Sir.
And for their censures they are such shrew'd Judgers;
A donative of ten Sestertias
I'll undertake shall make 'em ring your praises
More than they sang your pleasures.
Emp. I believe thee;
Art thou in love, *Ætius*, yet?
Ætius. O no Sir;
I am too course for Ladies; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with Alarms,
Would break their tender Bodies.
Emp. Never fear it,
They are stronger than ye think, they'll hold the Hammer.
My Empress swears thou art a lusty Souldier,
A good one I believe thee.
Ætius. All that goodness
Is but your Graces Creature.
Emp. Tell me truly,
For thou dar'st tell me.
Ætius. Any thing concerns ye,
That's fit for me to speak and you to pardon.
Emp. What say the Souldiers of me, and the same words,
Mince 'em not, good *Ætius*, but deliver

The very forms and tongues they talk withal.
Æcius. I'll tell your Grace, but with this caution
You be not stir'd, for should the gods live with us,
Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they would censure them too.
Emp. Forward.
Æcius. Then to begin, they say you sleep too much,
By which they judge your Majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures,
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruines;
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench much,
Which they affirm first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge of Honour, makes us seem,
That are the ribs, and rampires of the Empire,
Fencers, and beaten Fools, and so regarded;
But I believe 'em not; for were these truths,
Your vertue can correct them.
Emp. They speak plainly.
Æc. They say moreover (since your Grace will have it,
For they will talk their freedoms, though the Sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like *Nero*,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory,
You have got a vein of fidling, so they term it.
Emp. Some drunken dreams, *Æcius*.
Æcius. So I hope, Sir:
And that you rather study cruelty,
And to be fear'd for blood, than lov'd for bounty,
Which makes the Nations, as they say, despise ye,
Telling your years and actions by their deaths,
Whose truth and strength of duty made you *Cæsar*:
They say besides you nourish strange devourers,
Fed with the fat o'th' Empire, they call Bawds,
Lazie and lustful Creatures that abuse ye,
A People as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the secret sins of each man's monies
Are seal'd and sent a working.
Emp. What sin's next?
For I perceive they have no mind to spare me.
Æcius. Nor hurt you o' my soul, Sir; but such People

(Nor can the power of man restrain it)
When they are full of meat and ease, must prattle.
Emp. Forward.
Æcius. I have spoken too much, Sir.
Emp. I'll have all.
Æcius. It fits not
Your ears should hear their Vanities; no profit
Can justly rise to you from their behaviour,
Unless ye were guilty of those crimes.
Emp. It may be
I am so, therefore forward.
Æcius. I have ever
Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it.
Emp. No more Apologies.
Æcius. They grieve besides, Sir,
To see the Nations, whom our ancient Vertue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loss of many a daring life subdu'd,
Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur
To see the warlike Eagles mew their honours
In obscure Towns, that wont to prey on Princes,
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captains
The fruits of *Italy* are luscious, give us *Egypt*,
Or sandy *Africk* to display our valours,
There where our Swords may make us meat, and danger
Digest our well got Vyands; here our weapons
And bodies that were made for shining brass,
Are both unedg'd and old with ease and women.
And then they cry again, where are the *Germans*,
Lin'd with hot *Spain*, or *Gallia*, bring 'em on,
And let the Son of War, steel'd *Mithridates*,
Lead up his winged *Parthians* like a storm,
Hiding the face of Heaven with showrs of Arrows?
Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then as Souldiers
Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds
Even weeping ripe they were no more nor deeper,
And glory in those scars that make them lovely,
And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims
They reckon up the times, and living labours
Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder

That *Rome*, whose Turrets once were topt with Honours,
Can now forget the Custom of her Conquests;
And then they blame your Grace, and say Who leads us,
Shall we stand here like Statues? were our Fathers
The Sons of lazie Moors, our Princes *Persians*,
Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on 'em
That first taught *Nero* wantonness and blood,
Tiberius doubts, *Caligula* all vices;
For from the spring of these, succeeding Princes—
Thus they talk, Sir.

Emp. Well,
Why do you hear these things?

Æcius. Why do you do 'em?
I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow,
And more vexation do I hear these tainters
Than were my life dropt from me through an hour-glass.

Emp. Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
Are glad they should be so; take heed, you were better
Build your own Tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a Princes anger.

Æcius. I am old, Sir,
And ten years more addition, is but nothing;
Now if my life be pleasing to ye, take it,
Upon my knees, if ever any service,
(As let me brag some have been worthy notice)
If ever any worth, or trust ye gave me
Deserv'd a fair respect, if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
For you, and for the Empire, be not vices;
By that stile ye have stampt upon me, Souldier,
Let me not fall into the hands of Wretches.

Emp. I understand you not.

Æcius. Let not this body
That has look'd bravely in his blood for *Cæsar*,
And covetous of wounds, and for your safety,
After the 'scape of Swords, Spears, Slings, and Arrows,
'Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour,
The Seas and thirsty Desarts now be purchase
For Slaves, and base Informers; I see anger,
And death look through your Eyes; I am markt for slaughter,

And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean lost to this World; I embrace it;
Only my last Petition, sacred *Cæsar*,
Is, I may dye a *Roman*.
Emp. Rise, my friend still,
And worthy of my love, reclaim the Souldier,
I'll study to do so upon my self too,
Go, keep your Command, and prosper.
Æcius. Life to *Cæsar*— [*Exit* Æcius.

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Lord *Maximus* attends your Grace.
Emp. Go tell him
I'll meet him in the Gallery:
The honesty of this *Æcius*,
Who is indeed the Bull-wark of the Empire,
Has div'd so deep into me, that of all
The sins I covet, but this Womans beauty,
With much repentance now I could be quit of;
But she is such a pleasure, being good,
That though I were a god, she'd fire my blood.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Emperour, Maximus, Licinius, Proculus, Chilax, *as at Dice.*

Emp. NAy ye shall set my hand out, 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune now 'tis prosperous.
Lic. If I have any thing to set your Grace,
But Cloaths or good conditions, let me perish.
You have all my money, Sir.
Pro. And mine.
Chi. And mine too.
Max. Unless your Grace will credit us.
Emp. No bare board.
Lic. Then at my Garden-House.
Emp. The Orchard too.
Lic. And't please your Grace.

Emp. Have at 'em.
Pro. They are lost.
Lic. Why, farewel Fig-trees.
Emp. Who sets more?
Chil. At my horse, Sir.
Emp. The dapl'd *Spaniard*?
Chil. He.
Emp. He's mine.
Chil. He is so.
Max. Your short horse is soon curried.
Chil. So it seems, Sir,
So may your Mare be too, if luck serve.
Max. Ha?
Chil. Nothing my Lord, but grieving at my fortune.
Emp. Come *Maximus*, you were not wont to flinch thus.
Max. I have lost all.
Emp. There's a Ring yet.
Max. This was not made to lose, Sir.
Emp. Some love token;
Set it I say.
Max. I do beseech your Grace,
Rather name any house I have.
Emp. How strange
And curious you are grown of toys! redeem't
If so I win it, when you please, to morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not,
But only for my lucks sake; 'tis not Rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw, Sir? there 'tis.
Emp. Why, then have at it fairly, mine.
Max. Your Grace
Is only ever fortunate; to morrow,
And't be your pleasure, Sir, I'll pay the price on't.
Emp. To morrow you shall have it withou[t] price, Sir,
But this day 'tis my Victory; good *Maximus*,
Now I bethink my self, go to *Ætius*,
And bid him muster all the Cohorts presently;
They mutiny for pay I hear, and be you
Assistant to him; when you know their numbers,
Ye shall have monies for 'em, and above,

Something to stop their tongues withal.
Max. I will Sir,
And gods preserve you in this mind still.
Emp. Shortly I'll see 'em march my self.
Max. Gods ever keep ye— [*Exit* Maximus.
Emp. To what end do you think this Ring shall serve now?
For ye are Fellows only know by rote,
As Birds record their lessons.
Chil. For the Lady.
Emp. But how for her?
Chil. That I confess I know not.
Emp. Then pray for him that does: fetch me an Eunuch
That never saw her yet; and you two see
The Court made like a Paradise. [*Exit* Chilax.
Lic. We will, Sir.
Emp. Full of fair shews and Musicks; all your arts
(As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest,
For my main piece is now a doing; and for fear
You should not take, I'll have another Engine,
Such as if vertue be not only in her,
She shall not chuse but lean to, let the Women
Put on a graver shew of welcome.
Pro. Well Sir.
Emp. They are a thought too eager.

Enter Chilax, *and* Lycias *the Eunuch.*

Chi. Here's the Eunuch.
Eun. Long life to *Cæsar.*
Emp. I must use you, *Lycias*:
Come, let's walk in, and then I'll shew ye all,
If women may be frail, this wench shall fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Claudia, *and* Marcellina.

Claud. Sirrah, what ails my Lady that of late
She never cares for Company?
Mar. I know not,
Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds.
Claud. That were a childish fear.

Mar. What were those Ladies,
Came to her lately
From the Court?
Claud. The same wench,
Some grave instructors on my life, they look
For all the world like old hatcht hilts.
Mar. 'Tis true, Wench,
For here and there, and yet they painted well too,
One might discover where the Gold was worn,
Their iron ages.
Claud. If my judgement fail not,
They have been sheathed like rotten Ships.
Mar. It may be.
Claud. For if you mark their rudders, they hang weakly.
Mar. They have past the line belike; wouldst live *Claudia*
Till thou wert such as they are?
Claud. Chimney pieces:
Now heaven have mercy upon me, and young men,
I had rather make a drallery till thirty,
While I am able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights out bravely, till my tackle
Whistl'd i'th' Wind, and held against all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tyres,
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, *Marcellina*, not till barnacles
Bred in my sides.
Mar. Thou art i'th' right, Wench;
For who would live whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry a Bow short, Seigneur?
Were there not men came hither too?
Claud. Brave fellows:
I fear me Bawds of five i'th' Pound.
Mar. How know you?
Claud. They gave me great lights to it.
Mar. Take heed, *Claudia*.
Clau. Let them take heed, the spring comes on.
Mar. To me now
They seem'd as noble Visitants.
Claud. To me now
Nothing less, *Marcellina*, for I markt 'em,

And by this honest light, for yet 'tis morning,
Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets,
And Millan skins.
Mar. Thou art a strange Wench, *Claudia.*
Claud. Ye are deceiv'd, they shew'd to me directly
Court Crabs that creep a side-way for their living,
I know 'em by the Breeches that they beg'd last.
Mar. Peace, my Lady comes; what may that be?

Enter Lucina, *and* Lycias, *the Eunuch.*

Clau. A Sumner
That cites her to appear.
Mar. No more of that wench.
Eun. Madam, what answer to your Lord?
Luci. Pray tell him, I am subject to his will.
Eun. Why weep you Madam?
Excellent Lady, there are none will hurt you.
Luci. I do beseech you tell me Sir.
Eun. What, Lady?
Luci. Serve ye the Emperor?
Eun. I do.
Luci. In what place?
Eun. In's chamber Madam.
Luci. Do ye serve his will too?
Eun. In fair and just commands.
Luci. Are ye a *Roman*?
Eun. Yes noble Lady, and a *Mantuan.*
Luci. What office bore your parents?
Eun. One was Pretor.
Luci. Take heed then how you stain his reputation.
Eun. Why worthy Lady?
Luci. If ye know, I charge ye,
Ought in this Message, but what honesty,
The trust and fair obedience of a servant
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.
Eun. *Madam*, I am no Broker.
Claud. I'le be hang'd then.
Eun. Nor base procurer of mens lusts; Your husband,
Pray'd me to do this office, I have done it,
It rests in you to come, or no.

Luci. I will Sir.
Eun. If ye mistrust me, do not.
Luci. Ye appear so worthy,
And to all my sense so honest,
And this is such a certain sign ye have brought me,
That I believe.
Eun. Why should I cozen you?
Or were I brib'd to do this villany,
Can mony prosper, or the fool that takes it,
When such a vertue falls?
Luci. Ye speak well Sir;
Would all the rest that serve the Emperour,
Had but your way.
Claud. And so they have *ad unguem.*
Luci. Pray tell my Lord, I have receiv'd his Token,
And will not fail to meet him; yet good Sir, thus much
Before you goe, I do beseech ye too,
As little notice as ye can, deliver
Of my appearance there.
Eun. It shall be *Madam,*
And so I wish you happiness.
Luci. I thank you— [*Exeunt.*

SCENA [III].

{ *Tumult &* *noise within.*

Enter Æcius, *pursuing* Pontius, *the Captain, and* Maximus, *following.*

Max. Temper your self *Æcius.*
Pon. Hold my Lord,
I am a *Roman,* and a Souldier.
Max. Pray Sir.
Æci. Thou art a lying Villain, and a Traytor;
Give me my self, or by the Gods my friend
You'l make me dangerous; how dar'st thou pluck
The Souldiers to sedition, and I living,
And sow Rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?
Pon. Hear me.
Max. Are ye a man?
Æci. I am a true hearted, *Maximus,*

And if the Villain live, we are dishonour'd.
Max. But hear him what he can say.
Æci. That's the way,
To pardon him; I am so easie natur'd,
That if he speak but humbly I forgive him.
Pon. I do beseech ye noble General.
Æci. Has found the way already, give me room,
One stroak, and if he scape me then h'as mercy.
Pon. I do not call ye noble, that I fear ye,
I never car'd for death; if ye will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do;
'Tis true, I know ye for my General,
And by that great Prerogative may kill:
But do it justly then.
Æci. He argues with me,
A made up Rebel.
Max. Pray consider,
What certain grounds ye have for this.
Æci. What grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the Souldier[s]
How lazily they liv'd, and what dishonours
It was to serve a Prince so full of woman?
Those were his very words, friend.
Max. These, *Æcius*,
Though they were rashly spoke, which was an errour
(A great one *Pontius*) yet from him that hungers
For wars, and brave imployment, might be pardon'd.
The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make Traytors,
Not spleeny speeches.
Æci. Why should you protect him?
Goe to, it shews not honest.
Max. Taint me not,
For that shews worse *Æcius*: All your friendship
And that pretended love ye lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to day, to morrow hang him,
Was I your bosome piece for this?
Æci. Forgive me,
The nature of my zeal, and for my Country,
Makes me sometimes forget my self; for know,

Though I most strive to be without my passions,
I am no God: For you Sir, whose infection
Has spread it self like poyson through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance,
First thank this noble Gentleman, ye had dy'd else;
Next from your place, and honour of a Souldier,
I here seclude you.

Pon. May I speak yet?

Max. Hear him.

Æci. And while *Aecius* holds a reputation,
At least command, ye bear no arms for *Rome* Sir.

Pon. Against her I shall never: the condemn'd man
Has yet that priviledge to speak, my Lord;
Law were not equall else.

Max. Pray hear *Aecius*,
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet considered,
If mercy may be thought upon, will prove
Rather a hastie sin, than heynous.

Aeci. Speak.

Pon. 'Tis true my Lord, ye took me tir'd with peace,
My words almost as ragged as my fortunes.
'Tis true I told the Souldier, whom we serv'd,
And then bewail'd, we had an Emperour
Led from us by the flourishes of Fencers;
I blam'd him too for women.

Aec. To the rest Sir.

Pon. And like enough I blest him then as Souldiers
Will do sometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to show our Country
We durst goe naked, durst want meat, and mony,
And when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirstie:
I told 'em this too, that the Trees and Roots
Were our best pay-masters; the Charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, Taylers, Nurses. Nay I told 'em,
(For you shall hear the greatest sin, I said Sir)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies
Laden with scarrs, and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers

And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure Targets
And Swords hatcht with the bloud of many Nations,
To Spades, and pruning Knives, for those get mony,
Their warlike Eagles, into Daws, or Starlings,
To give an *Ave Cæsar* as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand *drachma's*,
For thus we get but years and beets.
Aeci. What think you,
Were these words to be spoken by a Captain,
One that should give example?
Max. 'Twas too much.
Pon. My Lord, I did not wooe 'em from the Empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst *Cæsar*,
The Gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me: Give me but imployment, Sir;
And way to live, and where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my Sword shall tell ye,
And if you please, that place I held, maintain it,
'Gainst the most daring foes of *Rome*. I am honest,
A lover of my Country, one that holds
His life no longer his, than kept for *Cæsar*.
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)
What my rude tongue discovered, 'twas my want,
No other part of *Pontius*: you have seen me,
And you my Lord, do something for my Country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traytor.
Aeci. All this language
Makes but against you *Pontius*, you are cast,
And by mine honour, and my love to *Cæsar*,
By me shall never be restor'd; In my Camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself
Dare talk but near sedition; as I govern,
All shall obey, and when they want, their duty
And ready service shall redress their needs,
Not prating what they would be.
Pon. Thus I leave ye,
Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes

Must follow you no more, be still about ye,
Gods give ye where ye fight the Victory,
Ye cannot cast my wishes.
Aeci. Come my Lord,
Now to the Field again.
Max. Alas poor *Pontius.*— [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Enter Chilax, *at one door*, Licinius, *and* Balbus, *at another.*

Lici. How how?
Chi. She's come.
Bal. Then I'le to th' Emperour.— [*Exit* Balbus.
Chi. Do; Is the Musick placed well?
Lici. Excellent.
Chi. *Licinius*, you and *Proclus* receive her
In the great Chamber, at her entrance,
Let me alone; and do you hear *Licinius*,
Pray let the Ladies ply her further off,
And with much more discretion: one word more.
Lici. Well.
Chi. Are the Jewels, and those ropes of Pearl,

Enter Emperour, Balbus, *and* Proc[u]lus.

Laid in the way she passes?
Lici. Take no care man— [*Exit* Licinius.
Emp. What is she come?
Chil. She is Sir; but 'twere best,
Your Grace were seen last to her.
Emp. So I mean;
Keep the Court emptie *Proculus.*
Pro. 'Tis done Sir.
Emp. Be not too sudden to her.
Chil. Good your Grace,
Retire, and man your self; let us alone,
We are no children this way: do you hear Sir?
'Tis necessary that her waiting women
Be cut off in the Lobby, by some Ladies,
They'd break the business else.

Emp. 'Tis true, they shall.
Chil. Remember your place *Proculus.*
Pro. I warrant ye.— [*Exeunt Emp.* Bal. *and* Pro.

Enter Lucina, Claudia, *and* Marcellina.

Chi. She enters: who are waiters there? the Emperour
Calls for his Horse to air himself.
Luci. I am glad,
I come so happily to take him absent,
This takes away a little fear; I know him,
Now I begin to fear again: O honour,
If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman,
And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee,
Hold me fast now, and help me.
Chil. Noble *Madam,*
Ye are welcom to the Court, most nobly welcom,
Ye are a stranger Lady.
Luci. I desire so.
Chil. A wondrous stranger here,
Nothing so strange:
And therefore need a guide I think.
Luci. I do Sir,
And that a good one too.
Chil. My service Lady,
Shall be your guide in this place; But pray ye tell me,
Are ye resolv'd a Courtier?
Luci. No I hope Sir.
Clau. You are, Sir?
Chil. Yes, my fair one.
Clau. So it seems,
You are so ready to bestow your self,
Pray what might cost those Breeches?
Chil. Would you wear 'em?
Madam ye have a witty woman.
Mar. Two Sir,
Or else ye underbuy us.
Luci. Leave your talking:
But is my Lord here, I beseech ye, Sir?
Chil. He is sweet Lady, and must take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of ye, wondrous kindly

Ye come so far to visit him: I'le guide ye.
Luci. Whither?
Chil. Why to your Lord.
Luci. Is it so hard Sir,
To find him in this place without a Guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.
Chil. It will be so for you that are a stranger;
Nor can it be a trouble to do service
To such a worthy beauty, and besides—
Mar. I see he will goe with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chil. It fits not that a Lady of your reckoning
Should pass without attendants.
Luci. I have two Sir.
Chil. I mean without a man; You'l see the Emperour?
Luci. Alas I am not fit Sir.
Chil. You are well enough,
He'l take it wondrous kindly: Hark.
Luci. Ye flatter,
Good Sir, no more of that.
Chil. Well, I but tell ye.
Luc. Will ye goe forward, since I must be man'd,
Pray take your place.
Claud. Cannot ye man us too Sir?
Chil. Give me but time.
Mar. And you'l try all things.
Chil. No:
I'le make no such promise.
Claud. If ye do Sir,
Take heed ye stand to't.
Chil. Wondrous merry Ladies. [*Ex.*

Enter Licinius, *and* Proculus, Balbus.

Luci. The wenches are dispos'd, pray keep your way Sir.
Lici. She is coming up the stairs; Now the Musick;
And as that stirs her, let's set on: perfumes there.
Pro. Discover all the Jewels.
Lici. Peace. [*Musick.*

SONGS.

NOw the lusty Spring is seen,
Golden yellow, gaudy Blew,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every Green,
Roses blushing as they blow,
And inticing men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet hony full.
All Loves Emblems and all cry,
Ladys, if not pluckt we dye.

Yet the lusty Spring hath staid,
Blushing red and purest white,
Daintily to love invite,
Every Woman, every Maid,
Cherries kissing as they grow;
And inviting men to taste,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waste:
All loves emblems and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluckt we dye.

SECOND.

HEar ye Ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done,
Fear examples, and be wise,
Fair Calisto *was a Nun,*
Læda *sailing on the stream,*
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver Swan,
Danae *in a Brazen Tower,*
Where no love was, lov'd a Showr.

Hear ye Ladys that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do,
Fear the fierceness of the Boy,
The chaste Moon he makes to wooe:

Vesta *kindling holy fires,*
Circled round about with spies,
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the Altar dies.
Ilion *in a short hour higher*
He can build, and once more fire.

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, *and* Marcellina.

Luci. Pray Heaven my Lord be here, for now I fear it.
Well Ring, if thou bee'st counterfeit, or stoln,
As by this preparation I suspect it,
Thou hast betrai'd thy Mistris: pray Sir forward,
I would fain see my Lord.
Chil. But tell me *Madam*,
How do ye like the Song?
Luci. I like the air well,
But for the words, they are lascivious,
And over light for Ladies.
Chil. All ours love 'em.
Luci. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving Ladies.
Lici. *Madam*, ye are welcom to the Court. Who waits?
Attendants for this Lady.
Luci. Ye mistake Sir;
I bring no triumph with me.
Lici. But much honour.
Pro. Why this was nobly done; and like a neighbour,
So freely of your self to be a visitant,
The Emperour shall give ye thanks for this.
Luci. O no Sir;
There's nothing to deserve 'em.
Pro. Yes, your presence.
Luci. Good Gentlemen be patient, and believe
I come to see my husband, on command too,
I were no Courtier else.
Lici. That's all one Lady,
Now ye are here, y'are welcom, and the Emperour
Who loves ye, but too well.
Luci. No more of that Sir.
I came not to be Catechiz'd.
Pro. Ah Sirrah;

And have we got you here? faith Noble Lady,
We'l keep you one month Courtier.
Luci. Gods defend Sir,
I never lik'd a trade worse.
Pro. Hark ye.
Luci. No Sir.
Pro. Ye are grown the strangest Lady.
Luci. How?
Pro. By Heaven,
'Tis true I tell ye, and you'l find it.
Luci. I?
I'le rather find my grave, and so inform him.
Pro. Is it not pity Gentlemen, this Lady,
(Nay I'le deal roughly with ye, yet not hurt ye)
Sho[u]ld live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls, and hangings?
Luci. Good Sir, patience:
I am no wonder, neither come to that end,
Ye do my Lord an injury to stay me,
Who though ye are the Princes, yet dare tell ye
He keeps no wife for your wayes.
Bal. Well, well Lady;
However you are pleas'd to think of us,
Ye are welcom, and ye shall be welcome.
Luci. Shew it
In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my lov'd Lord is, not in flattery:— { *Jewels*
Nay ye may draw the Curtain, I have seen 'em, { *shew'd.*
But none worth half my honesty.
Claud. Are these Sir,
Laid here to take?
Pro. Yes, for your Lady, Gentlewomen.
Mar. We had been doing else.
Bal. Meaner Jewels
Would fit your worths.
Claud. And meaner clothes your bodies.
Luci. The Gods shall kill me first.
Lici. There's better dying;
I'th' Emperours arms goe to, but be not angry—
These are but talks sweet Lady.

Enter Phorba, *and* Ardelia.

Phor. Where is this stranger? rushes, Ladys, rushes,
Rushes as green as Summer for this stranger.
Pro. Here's Ladies come to see you.
Luci. You are gone then?
I take it 'tis your *Qu.*
Pro. Or rather manners,
You are better fitted *Madam*, we but tire ye,
Therefore we'l leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much lov'd Lord unto you— [*Exeunt.*
Luci. Then I'le thank ye,
I am betrai'd for certain; well *Lucina*,
If thou do'st fall from vertue, may the Earth
That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodness into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot Sun find thy vices.
Pho. You are a welcom woman.
Ard. Bless me Heaven,
How did you find the way to Court?
Luci. I know not,
Would I had never trod it.
Phor. Prethee tell me,
Good noble Lady, and good sweet heart love us,
For we love thee extreamly; is not this place
A Paradise to live in?
Luci. To those people
That know no other Paradise but pleasure,
That little I enjoy contents me better.
Ard. What, heard ye any Musick yet?
Luci. Too much.
Phor. You must not be thus froward; what, this gown
Is one o'th' prettiest by my troth *Ardelia*,
I ever saw yet; 'twas not to frown in Lady,
Ye put this gown on when ye came.
Ard. How do ye?
Alas poor wretch how cold it is!
Luci. Content ye;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If ye will let me be so: where's my Lord?

For there's the business that I came for Ladies.
Phor. We'l lead ye to him, he's i'th' Gallery.
Ard. We'l shew ye all the Court too.
Luci. Shew me him,
And ye have shew'd me all I come to look on.
Phor. Come on, we'l be your guides, and as ye goe,
We have some pretty tales to tell ye Lady,
Shall make ye merry too; ye come not here,
To be a sad *Lucina.*
Luci. Would I might not.— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax, *and* Balbus.

Chil. Now the soft Musick; *Balbus* run—
Bal. I flye Boy— [*Exit* Balbus.
Chil. The women by this time are worming of her,—
If she can hold out them, the Emperour [*Musick.*
Takes her to task: he has her; hark the Musick.

Enter Emperour, *and* Lucina.

Luci. Good your Grace,
Where are my women Sir?
Emp. They are wise, beholding
What you think scorn to look on, the Courts bravery:
Would you have run away so slily Lady,
And not have seen me?
Luci. I beseech your Majestie,
Consider what I am, and whose.
Emp. I do so.
Luci. Believe me, I shall never make a whore Sir.
Emp. A friend ye may, and to that man that loves ye,
More than you love your vertue.
Luci. Sacred *Cæsar.*
Emp. You shall not kneel to me sweet.
Luci. Look upon me,
And if ye be so cruel to abuse me,
Think how the Gods will take it; does this beauty
Afflict your soul? I'le hide it from you ever,
Nay more, I will become so leprous,
That ye shall curse me from ye: My dear Lord
Has serv'd ye ever truly, fought your Battels,

As if he daily long'd to dye for *Cæsar*,
Was never Traytor Sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.
Emp. I know it.
Luci. His fame and family have grown together,
And spred together like to sailing Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem; O let not,
As ye have any flesh that's humane in you,
The having of a modest wife decline him,
Let not my vertue be the wedge to break him.
I do not think ye are lascivious,
These wanton men belye ye, you are *Cæsar*,
Which is the Father of the Empires honour,
Ye are too near the nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakest of all creatures, women.
Emp. I dare not do it here, rise fair *Lucina*,
I did but try your temper, ye are honest,
And with the commendations wait on that
I'le lead ye to your Lord, and give you to him:
Wipe your fair eyes: he that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell.— [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Chilax, Licinius, Proculus, *and* Balbus.

Chil. 'TIS done *Licinius*.
Lici. How?
Chil. I shame to tell it,
If there be any justice, we are Villains,
And must be so rewarded.
Bal. If it be done,
I take it 'tis no time now to repent it,
Let's make the best o'th' trade.
Pro. Now vengeance take it,
Why should not he have setled on a beauty,
Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,
Or one a Ring might rule, or such a one
That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And ground to get it: if he must have women,

And no allay without 'em, why not those
That know the misery, and are best able
To play a game with judgement? such as she is,
Grant they be won with long siege, endless travel,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet when they come to motion, their cold vertue
Keeps 'em like cakes of Ice; I'le melt a Crystal,
And make a dead flint fire himself, e're they
Give greater heat, than new departing embers
Give to old men that watch 'em.

Luci. A good Whore
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholsom,
I, and the thing once done too, as well thought of,
But this same chastity forsooth.

Pro. A Pox on't,
Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are, but not in open, and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear your self, more welcom,
And there is nothing you dare say, but truth,
But they dare hear.—

Enter Emperour, *and* Lucina.

Chi. The Emperour! away,
And if we can repent, let's home and pray. [*Exeunt.*

Emp. Your only vertue now is patience,
Take heed, and save your honour; if you talk.

Luci. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'le cry for justice.

Emp. Justice shall never hear ye, I am justice.

Luci. Wilt thou not kill me, Monster, Ravisher,
Thou bitter bane o'th' Empire, look upon me,
And if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruines,
Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this Temple,
The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at,
Behold and curse thy self; the Gods will find thee,
That's all my refuge now, for they are righteous,
Vengeance and horror circle thee; the Empire,
In which thou liv'st a strong continued surfeit,
Like poyson will disgorge thee, good men raze thee

For ever being read again,—but vicious
Women, and fearfull Maids, make vows against thee:
Thy own Slaves, if they hear of this, shall hate thee;
And those thou hast corrupted first fall from thee;
And if thou let'st me live, the Souldier,
Tir'd with thy Tyrannies, break through obedience,
And shake his strong Steel at thee.
Emp. This prevails not;
Nor any Agony ye utter Lady,
If I have done a sin, curse her that drew me,
Curse the first cause, the witchcraft that abus'd me,
Curse those fair eyes, and curse that heavenly beauty,
And curse your being good too.
Luci. Glorious thief,
What restitution canst thou make to save me?
Emp. I'le ever love, and honour you.
Luci. Thou canst not,
For that which was mine honour, thou hast murdred,
And can there be a love in violence?
Emp. You shall be only mine.
Luci. Yet I like better
Thy villany, than flattery, that's thine own,
The other basely counterfeit; flye from me,
Or for thy safety sake and wisdom kill me,
For I am worse than thou art; thou maist pray,
And so recover grace; I am lost for ever,
And if thou let'st me live, th'art lost thy self too.
Emp. I fear no loss but love, I stand above it.
Luci. Call in your Lady Bawds, and guilded Pander's
And let them triumph too, and sing to *Cæsar*,
Lucina's faln, the chast *Lucina's* conquer'd;
Gods! what a wretched thing has this man made me!
For I am now no wife for *Maximus*,
No company for women that are vertuous,
No familie I now can claim, nor Country,
Nor name, but *Cæsar*'s whore; O sacred *Cæsar*,
(For that should be your title) was your Empire,
Your Rods, and Axes, that are types of Justice,
Those fires that ever burn, to beg you blessings,
The peoples adoration, fear of Nations,

What victory can bring ye home, what else
The usefull Elements can make your servants,
Even light it self, and suns of light, truth, Justice,
Mercy, and starlike pietie sent to you,
And from the gods themselves, to ravish women?
The curses that I owe to Enemies,
Even those the *Sabines* sent, when *Romulus*,
(As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble Maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee.
Emp. This helps not.
Luci. The sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,
And where there has a chast wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter,
And last for ever thine, the fear'd example.
Where shall poor vertue live, now I am faln?
What can your honours now, and Empire make me,
But a more glorious Whore?
Emp. A better woman,
But if ye will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it?
Come leave these lamentations, they do nothing,
But make a noyse, I am the same man still,
Were it to do again; therefore be wiser,
By all this holy light, I should attempt it,
Ye are so excellent, and made to ravish,
There were no pleasure in ye else.
Luci. Oh villain.
Emp. So bred for mans amazement, that my reason
And every help to hold me right has lost me;
The God of love himself had been before me
Had he but power to see ye; tell me justly,
How can I choose but err then? if ye dare
Be mine, and only mine, for ye are so pretious,
I envie any other should enjoy ye,
Almost look on ye; and your daring husband
Shall know h'as kept an offring from the Empire,
Too holy for his Altars; be the mightiest,
More than my self I'le make it: if ye will not
Sit down with this, and silence, for which wisdom
Ye shall have use of me, and much honour ever,
And be the same you were; if ye divulge it,

Know I am far above the faults I do,
And those I do I am able to forgive too;
And where your credit in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloss enough suspected, mine
Is as mine own command shall make it:
Princes though they be sometime subject to loose whispers,
Yet wear they two edged swords for open censures:
Your husband cannot help ye, nor the Souldier;
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em strike; I feed 'em,
Nor can the Gods be angry at this action,
For as they make me most, they mean me happiest,
Which I had never been without this pleasure:
Consider, and farewell: you'l find your women
At home before ye, they have had some sport too,
But are more thankful for it— [*Exit Emperour.*

Luci. Destruction find thee.
Now which way must I go? my honest house
Will shake to shelter me, my husband flee me,
My Family, because they are honest, and desire to be so,
Must not endure me, not a neighbour know me:
What woman now dare see me without blushes,
And pointing as I pass, there, there, behold her,
Look on her little Children, that is she,
That handsome Lady, mark; O my sad fortunes,
Is this the end of goodness, this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me,
Why then I see there is no God but power,
Nor vertue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or sensual,
How had I been thus wretched else?

Enter Maximus, *and* Æcius.

Aeci. Let *Titius*
Command the company that *Pontius* lost,
And see the Fosses deeper.

Max. How now sweet heart,
What make you here, and thus?

Aeci. *Lucina* weeping!
This must be much offence.

Max. Look up and tell me,
Why are you thus? My Ring? O friend, I have found it,
Ye are at Court, sweet.
Luci. Yes, this brought me hither.
Max. Rise, and goe home: I have my fears *Aecius*:
Oh my best friend, I am ruin'd; go *Lucina*,
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs,
Already found a *Cæsar*; go thou Lilly,
Thou sweetly drooping flower: go silver Swan,
And sing thine own sad requiem: goe *Lucina*,
And if thou dar'st, outlive this wrong.
Luci. I dare not.
Aeci. Is that the Ring ye lost?
Max. That, that, *Aecius*,
That cursed Ring, my self, and all my fortunes:
'Thas pleas'd the Emperour, my noble master,
For all my services, and dangers for him,
To make me mine own Pander, was this justice?
Oh my *Aecius*, have I liv'd to bear this?
Luci. Farewel for ever Sir.
Max. That's a sad saying,
But such a one becomes ye well *Lucina*:
And yet me thinks we should not part so lightly,
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
Than the sharp word of one farewel can scatter,
Kiss me: I find no *Cæsar* here; these lips
Taste not of Ravisher in my opinion.
Was it not so?
Luc. O yes.
Max. I dare believe thee,
For thou wert ever truth it self, and sweetness;
Indeed she was, *Æcius*.
Æcius. So she is still.
Max. Once more, O my *Lucina*, O my Comfort,
The blessing of my Youth, the life of my life.
Æcius. I have seen enough to stagger my obedience;
Hold me ye equal Gods, this is too sinful.
Max. Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore of?
To me thou wert too chaste; fall Crystal Fountains,
And ever feed your streams you rising sorrows,

Till you have dropt your Mistris into Marble:
Now go for ever from me.
Luc. Long farewel, Sir.
And as I have been loyal, gods think on me.
Max. Stay, let me once more bid farewel, *Lucina*,
Farewel thou excellent example of us,
Thou starry Vertue, fare thee well, seek Heaven,
And there by *Cassiopea* shine in Glory,
We are too base and dirty to preserve thee.
Æcius. Nay, I must kiss too; such a kiss again,
And from a Woman of so ripe a Vertue,
Æcius must not take; Farewel thou *Phœnix*,
If thou wilt dye, *Lucina*; which well weigh'd,
If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
I wish were rather alter'd.
Luc. No.
Æcius. Mistake not;
I would not stain your honour for the Empire,
Nor any way decline you to discredit,
'Tis not my fair profession, but a Villains;
I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
And am the same, *Æcius*, still as honest,
The same life I have still for *Maximus*,
The same Sword wear for you, where Justice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one; therefore misconceive me not;
Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a short year.
Max. She must not.
Luc. Why so long, Sir,
Am I not grey enough with grief already?
Æci. To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,
And goodness in his days to come.
Max. They are so,
And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*.
Æcius. For who knows but the sight of you, presenting
His swoln sins at the full, and your fair vertues,
May like a fearful Vision fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again? which blessing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious;

Death, only eases you, this, the whole Empire;
Besides, compell'd and forc'd with violence,
To what ye have done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the justice neither; ye may live,
And still a worthier Woman, still more honoured;
For are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from?
Or should the eternal gods desire to perish
Because we daily violate their truths,
Which is the Chastity of Heaven? No, Lady,
If ye dare live, ye may; and as our sins
Make them more full of equity and justice,
So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect;
The Empire too will bless you.

Max. Noble Sir,
If she were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being;
Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not ty'd to after issues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
I would desire her live, nay more, compel her:
But since it was not Youth, but Malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses,
Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
Even those to come; and when they read, she liv'd,
Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
And make a doubt she lov'd that more than Wedlock?
Therefore she must not live.

Æcius. Therefore she must live,
To teach the world, such deaths are superstitious.

Luc. The tongues of Angels cannot alter me,
For could the World again restore my Credit,
As fair and absolute as first I bred it,
That world I should not trust again: The Empire
By my life, can get nothing but my story,
Which whilst I breath must be but his abuses;
And where ye counsel me to live, that *Cæsar*
May see his errours and repent, I'll tell ye,
His penitence is but encrease of pleasures,
His prayers never said but to deceive us,

And when he weeps (as you think) for his Vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful Yew-Trees,
That rot their honest Neighbour; If he can grieve
As one that yet desires his free Conversion,
And almost glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him Robes to mourn in, my sad ashes.
Æcius. The farewels then of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant Lady,
This sad day whilst I live, a Souldiers tears
I'll offer on thy Monument, and bring
Full of thy noble self with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy Wife, to weep thy ruine.
Max. All that is chaste upon thy Tomb shall flourish,
All living Epitaphs be thine, Time, Story;
And what is left behind to piece our lives
Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,
But full of thee, stand to eternity.
Æci. Once more farewel, go find *Elyzium*,
There where the happy Souls are crown'd with Blessings,
There where 'tis ever Spring and ever Summer.
Max. There where no bedrid justice comes; truth, honour,
Are keepers of that blessed Place; go thither,
For here thou liv'st chaste Fire in rotten Timber.
Æcius. And so our last farewels.
Max. Gods give thee Justice— [*Exit* Lucina.
Æcius. His thoughts begin to work, I fear him, yet
He ever was a noble *Roman*, but
I know not what to think on't, he hath suffered
Beyond a man if he stand this.
Max. *Æcius*,
Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seiz'd me?
It was my Wife the Emperour abus'd thus,
And I must say I am glad I had her for him;
Must I not, my *Æcius*?
Æcius. I am stricken
With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort;
Will ye go home, or go to my house?
Max. Neither;

I have no home, and you are mad, *Ætius*,
To keep me company, I am a fellow
My own Sword would forsake, not tyed unto me;
A Pander is a Prince, to what I am faln;
I dare do nothing.
Ætius. Ye do better.
Max. I am made a branded Slave, *Ætius*,
And yet I bless the Maker;
Death o' my Soul, must I endure this tamely?
Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his tales?
I am a Child too; what should I do railing?
I cannot mend my self, 'tis *Cæsar* did it,
And what am I to him?
Ætius. 'Tis well consider'd;
However you are tainted, be no Traitor
Time may outwear the first, the last lives ever.
Max. O that thou wert not living, and my friend.
Ætius. I'll bear a wary Eye upon your actions,
I fear ye, *Maximus*, nor can I blame thee
If thou break'st out, for by the gods thy wrong
Deserves a general ruine: do ye love me?
Max. That's all I have to live on.
Ætius. Then go with me,
Ye shall not to your own house.
Max. Nor to any.
My griefs are greater far than Walls can compass,
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous, and o' my Conscience,
Should I now see the Emperour i'th' heat on't,
I should not chide him for't, an awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly that binds me to it,
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it.
Ætius. 'This is a mask to cozen me; I know ye,
And how far ye dare do; no *Roman* farther,
Nor with more fearless Valour; and I'll watch ye,
Keep that obedience still.
Max. Is a Wifes loss
(For her abuse much good may do his Grace,
I'll make as bold with his Wife, if I can)

More than the fading of a few fresh colours,
More than a lusty spring lost?
Æcius. No more, *Maximus*,
To one that truly lives. (*Æcius*:
Max. Why, then I care not, I can live well enough,
For look you friend, for vertue, and those trifles,
They may be bought they say.
Æcius. He's craz'd a little,
His grief has made him talk things from his Nature.
Max. But Chastity is not a thing I take it
To get in *Rome*, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before; Is it *Æcius*?
By'r Lady, and well handled too i'th' breeding.
Æcius. Will ye go any way?
Max. I'll tell thee, friend;
If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,
A kind of Kicker out of sheets, 'twould vex me,
For I am not angry yet; the Emperour
Is young and handsome, and the Woman Flesh,
And may not these two couple without scratching?
Æcius. Alas, my noble friend.
Max. Alas not me,
I am not wretched, for there's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so.
Æcius. Will ye walk yet? (truth on't,
Max. Come, come, she dare not dye, friend, that's the
She knows the inticing sweets and delicacies
Of a young Princes pleasures, and I thank her,
She has made a way for *Maximus* to rise by.
Will't not become me bravely? why do you think
She wept, and said she was ravish'd? keep it here
And I'll discover to you.
Æcius. Well.
Max. She knows
I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, she contriv'd this knavery;
Was it not monstrous, friend?
Æcius. Does he but seem so,
Or is he mad indeed?
Max. Oh gods, my heart!

Æcius. Would it would fairly break.
Max. Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,
And yet I thank the gods I know my duty.

Enter Claudia.

Claud. Nay, you may spare your tears; she's dead.
She is so.
Max. Why, so it should be: how?
Claud. When first she enter'd
Into her house, after a world of weeping,
And blushing like the Sun-set, as we see her;
Dare I, said she, defile this house with Whore,
In which his noble Family has flourish'd?
At which she fell, and stir'd no more; we rub'd her. [*Exit.*
Max. No more of that; be gone; now my *Æcius,* [Clau.
If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little,
I am so parch'd I cannot: Your example
Has brought the rain down now: now lead me friend,
And as we walk together, let's pray together truly,
I may not fall from faith.
Æcius. That's nobly spoken.
Max. Was I not wild, *Æcius*?
Æcius. Somewhat troubled.
Max. I felt no sorrow then; Now I'll go with ye,
But do not name the Woman; fye, what fool
Am I to weep thus? Gods, *Lucina,* take thee,
For thou wert even the best and worthiest Lady.
Æcius. Good Sir, no more, I shall be melted with it.
Max. I have done, and good Sir comfort me;
Would there were wars now.
Æcius. Settle your thoughts, come.
Max. So I have now, friend,
Of my deep lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

Enter Pontius, Phidias, *and* Aretus.

Phid. By my faith, Captain *Pontius,* besides pity
Of your faln fortunes, what to say I know not,
For 'tis too true the Emperour desires not,
But my best master, any souldier near him.

Aret. And when he understands, he cast your fortunes
For disobedience, how can we incline him,
(That are but under persons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can ye sing?
Pont. Not to please him, *Aretus*, for my Songs
Go not to th' Lute, or Viol, but to th' Trumpet,
My tune kept on a Target, and my subject
The well struck wounds of men, not love, or women.
Phid. And those he understands not.
Pont. He should, *Phidias.*
Aret. Could you not leave this killing way a little?
You must, if here you would plant your self, and rather
Learn as we do, to like what those affect
That are above us; wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too; what they say,
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly,
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute,
And think however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty handed.
Phid. Can ye flatter,
And if it were put to you, lye a little?
Pont. Yes, if it be a living.
Aret. That's well said then.
Pont. But must these lies and flatteries be believ'd then?
Phid. Oh yes, by any means.
Pon. By any means then
I cannot lie nor flatter.
Aret. Ye must swear too,
If ye be there.
Pont. I can swear if they move me.
Phid. Cannot ye forswear too?
Pont. The Court for ever,
If it be grown so wicked.
Aret. You should procure a little too.
Pont. What's that?
Mens honest sayings for my truth?
Aret. Oh no, Sir;
But womens honest actions for your trial.
Pont. Do you do all these things?
Phid. Do you not like 'em?
Pont. Do you ask me seriously, or trifle with me?

I am not so low yet to be your mirth.
Are. You do mistake us, Captain, for sincerely,
We ask you how you like 'em?
Pon. Then sincerely,
I tell ye I abhor 'em; they are ill ways,
And I will starve before I fall into 'em,
The doers of 'em Wretches, their base hungers
Care not whose Bread they eat, nor how they get it.
Aret. What then, Sir?
Pon. If you profess this wickedness,
Because ye have been Souldiers, and born Arms,
The Servants of the brave *Ætius*,
And by him put to th' Emperour, give me leave,
Or I must take it else, to say ye are Villains,
For all your Golden Coats, debosh'd, base Villains,
Yet I do wear a Sword to tell you so,
Is this the way you mark out for a Souldier,
A Man that has commanded for the Empire,
And born the Reputation of a Man?
Are there not lazie things enough call'd fools and cowards,
And poor enough to be prefer'd for Panders,
But wanting Souldiers must be Knaves too? ha!
This the trim course of life; were not ye born Bawds,
And so inherit but your Rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of Worts and Onions, any thing
That's honest, and a Mans, I'll rather chuse,
I, and live better on it, which is juster,
Drink my well gotten water with more pleasure,
When my endeavours done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine, eat my course Bread, not curst,
And mend upon't, your diets are diseases,
And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward Pander of ye all,
And rise a great deal honester; my Garments,
Though not as yours, the soft sins of the Empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every single breath of poor opinion
Finds you through all your Velvets.

Aret. You have hit it,
Nor are we those we seem, the Lord *Ætius*
Put us good men to th' Emperour, so we have serv'd him,
Though much neglected for it; So dare be still;
Your Curses are not ours; we have seen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as we have, ye shall not want, brave *Pontius*,
But pray be temperate, if we can wipe out
The way of your offences, we are yours, Sir;
And you shall live at Court an honest Man too.

Phid. That little meat and means we have, we'll share it,
Fear not to be as we are; what we told ye,
Were but meer tryals of your truth: y'are worthy,
And so we'll ever hold ye; suffer better,
And then you are a right Man, *Pontius*,
If my good Master be not ever angry,
Ye shall command again.

Pont. I have found two good men: use my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. There's no way else to do it, he must dye,
This friend must dye, this soul of *Maximus*,
Without whom I am nothing but my shame,
This perfectness that keeps me from opinion,
Must dye, or I must live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal; Gods ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to go on,
Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love most,
Yet I must on, and through, for if I offer
To take my way without him, like a Sea
He bears his high Command 'twixt me and vengeance,
And in mine own road sinks me, he is honest,
Of a most constant loyalty to *Cæsar*,
And when he shall but doubt, I dare attempt him,
But make a question of his ill, but say
What is a *Cæsar*, that he dare do this,
Dead sure he cuts me off; *Ætius* dyes,

Or I have lost my self: why should I kill him?
Why should I kill my self? for 'tis my killing,
Ætius is my root, and wither him,
Like a decaying Branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than Wife, than *Cæsar*?
Though I had now my safe revenge upon him,
Is he not more than rumour, and his friendship
Sweeter than the love of women? what is honour
We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can honour 'twixt the incensed Prince and Envy,
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful Cowards,
And make 'em turn again like Tigers? he has;
And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so:
Why should this empty word incite me then
To what is ill and cruel? let her perish.
A friend is more than all the world, than honour;
She is a woman and her loss the less,
And with her go my griefs; but hark ye *Maximus*,
Was she not yours? Did she not dye to tell ye
She was a ravish'd woman? Did not Justice
Nobly begin with her that not deserv'd it,
And shall he live that did it? Stay a little,
Can this abuse dye here? Shall not mens tongues
Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
(Affecting dull obedience, and tame duty,
And led away with fondness of a friendship)
The only vertue of the world to slander?
Is not this certain, was not she a chaste one,
And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her,
One of so sweet a vertue that *Ætius*,
Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it,
Out of his worthy love to me, and justice,
Had it not been on *Cæsar*, had reveng'd her?
He told me so; what shall I do then?

Enter a Servant.

Can other men affect it, and I cold?
I fear he must not live.

Serv. My Lord, the General
Is come to seek ye.
Max. Go, entreat him to enter;
O brave *Æcius*, I could wish thee now
As far from friendship to me, as from fears,
That I might cut thee off, like that I weigh'd not,
Is there no way without him to come near it?
For out of honesty he must destroy me
If I attempt it, he must dye as others,
And I must lose him; 'tis necessity,
Only the time and means is the difference;
But yet I would not make a murther of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he shall dye,
I have found a way to do it, and a safe one,
It shall be honour to him too: I know not
What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
And such a deal of conscience presses me;

Enter Æcius.

Would I were dead my self.
Æcius. You run away well;
How got you from me, friend?
Max. That that leads mad men,
A strong imagination made me wander.
Æcius. I thought you had been more setled.
Max. I am well,
But you must give me leave a little sometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.
Æcius. Ye are dangerous,
But I'll prevent it if I can; ye told me
You would go to th' Army.
Max. Why, to have my throat cut?
Must he not be the bravest man, *Æcius*,
That strikes me first?
Æci. You promised me a freedom
From all these thoughts, and why should any strike you?
Max. I am an Enemy, a wicked one,
Worse than the foes of *Rome*, I am a Coward,
A Cuckold, and a Coward, that's two causes
Why every one should beat me.

Æci. Ye are neither;
And durst another tell me so, he dyed for't,
For thus far on mine honour, I'le assure you
No man more lov'd than you, and for your valour,
And what ye may be, fair; no man more follow'd.
Max. A doughty man indeed: but that's all one,
The Emperour nor all the Princes living
Shall find a flaw in my Coat; I have suffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'le find a body for 'em, or I'le break it.
'Tis not a Wife can thrust me out, some look't for't;
But let 'em look till they are blind with looking,
They are but fools; yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain disperse, and now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the Provinces are stirring,
We shall have sport I hope then, and what's dangerous,
A Battle shall beat from me.
Æci. Why do ye eye me,
With such a setled look?
Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extreamly? I love you so.
Æci. If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,
I should do that I never durst do, lye.
Max. If I should dye, would it not grieve you much?
Æci. Without all doubt.
Max. And could you live without me?
Æci. It would much trouble me to live without ye.
Our loves, and loving souls have been so us'd
But to one houshold in us: but to dye
Because I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak, were it to save your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch ye off, where honour had ingag'd ye.
I ought, and would dye for ye.
Max. Truly spoken.
What beast but I, that must, could hurt this man now?
Would he had ravish'd me, I would have paid him,
I would have taught him such a trick, his Eunuchs
Nor all his black-eyed Boys dreamt of yet;

By all the Gods I am mad now; now were *Cæsar*
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing;
The Destinies, nor all the dames of Hell,
Were I once grappl'd with him, should relieve him,
No not the hope of mankind more; all perished;
But this is words, and weakness.

Æci. Ye look strangely.

Max. I look but as I am, I am a stranger.

Æci. To me?

Max. To every one, I am no *Roman*;
Nor what I am do I know.

Æci. Then I'le leave ye.

Max. I find I am best so, if ye meet with *Maximus*
Pray bid him be an honest man for my sake,
You may do much upon him; for his shadow,
Let me alone.

Æci. Ye were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; ye have some danger in you,
That willingly would run to action,
Take heed, by all our love take heed.

Max. I danger?
I, willing to do any thing, I dig.
Has not my Wife been dead two dayes already?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?
Are not her sins dispers'd to other Women,
And many one ravish'd to relieve her?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?

Æci. Now ye weep.

Max. Some lazie drops that staid behind.

Æci. I'le tell ye
And I must tell ye truth, were it not hazard,
And almost certain loss of all the Empire,
I would join with ye: were it any mans
But his life, that is life of us, he lost it
For doing of this mischief: I would take it,
And to your rest give ye a brave revenge:
But as the rule now stands, and as he rules,
And as the Nations hold in disobedience,
One pillar failing, all must fall; I dare not:

Nor is it just you should be suffer'd in it,
Therefore again take heed: On forraign foes
We are our own revengers, but at home
On Princes that are eminent and ours,
'Tis fit the Gods should judge us: be not rash,
Nor let your angry steel cut those ye know not,
For by this fatal blow, if ye dare strike it,
As I see great aims in ye, those unborn yet,
And those to come of them, and these succeeding
Shall bleed the wrath of *Maximus*: for me
As ye now bear your self, I am your friend still,
If ye fall off I will not flatter ye,
And in my hands, were ye my soul, you perish'd:
Once more be careful, stand, and still be worthy,
I'le leave you for this hour. [*Exit.*

Max. Pray do, 'tis done:
And friendship, since thou canst not hold in dangers,
Give me a certain ruin, I must through it. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Emperour, Licinius, Chilax, *and* Balbus.

Emper. DEad?
Chil. So 'tis thought, Sir.
Emper. How?
Lici. Grief, and disgrace,
As people say.
Empe. No more, I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye Angel formers of my sins, but Devils;
Where is your cunning now? you would work wonders,
There was no chastity above your practice,
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And doate upon her rape: mark what I tell ye,
If she be dead—
Chil. Alas Sir.
Empe. Hang ye Rascals,
Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your Fathers Camels,

Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water:
Am I not *Cæsar*?
Lici. Mighty and our Maker.
Empe. Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction.
Look she be living, slaves.
Lici. We are no Gods Sir,
If she be dead, to make her new again.
Empe. She cannot dye, she must not dye; are those
I plant my love upon but common livers?
Their hours as others, told 'em? can they be ashes?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me
That I am all that is, the world's my creature,
The Trees bring forth their fruits when I say Summer,
The Wind that knows no limit but his wildness,
At my command moves not a leaf; the Sea
With his proud mountain waters envying Heaven,
When I say still, run into Crystal mirrors,
Can I do this and she dye? Why ye bubbles
That with my least breath break, no more remembred;
Ye moths that fly about my flame and perish,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my spring of favour:
Why do ye make me God that can do nothing?
Is she not dead?
Chil. All Women are not with her.
Empe. A common Whore serves you, and far above ye,
The pleasures of a body lam'd with lewdness;
A meer perpetual motion makes ye happy:
Am I a man to traffick with Diseases?
Can any but a chastity serve *Cæsar*?
And such a one that Gods would kneel to purchase?
You think because you have bred me up to pleasures,
And almost run me over all the rare ones,
Your Wives will serve the turn: I care not for 'em,
Your Wives are Fencers Whores, and shall be Footmens,
Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger
Have made ye Cuckolds for variety;
I would not have ye hope, nor dream ye poor ones
Alwaies so great a blessing from me; go
Get your own infamy hereafter Rascals,

I have done too nobly for ye, ye enjoy
Each one an heir, the Royal seed of *Cæsar*,
And I may curse ye for't; your wanton Gennets
That are so proud, the wind get's 'em with fillies,
Taught me this foul intemperance: Thou *Licinius*
Hast such a *Messalina*, such a *Lais*,
The backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallions,
The sweat of fifty men a night do's nothing.
Lici. Your Grace but jests I hope.
Empe. 'Tis Oracle.
The sins of other Women put by hers
Shew off like sanctities: Thine's a fool, *Chilax*,
Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
Rotten, and ready for an Hospital.
Yours is an holy Whore, friend *Balbus*.
Bal. Well Sir.
Empe. One that can pray away the sins she suffers,
But not the punishments: she has had ten Bastards,
Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet she prayes;
She has been the Song of *Rome*, and common *Pasquil*;
Since I durst see a Wench, she was Camp Mistris,
And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to shew, and yet she prayes;
She is now to enter old men that are Children,
And have forgot their rudiments: am I
Left for these withered vices? and but one,
But one of all the world that could content me,
And snatch'd away in shewing? If your Wives
Be not yet Witches, or your selves now be so
And save your lives, raise me this noble beauty
As when I forc'd her, full of constancy,
Or by the Gods—
Lici. Most sacred *Cæsar*.
Empe. Slaves.

Enter Proculus.

Lici. Good *Proculus*.
Pro. You shall not see it,
It may concern the Empire.

Emp. Ha: what said'st thou?
Is she not dead?
Pro. Not any one I know, Sir;
I come to bring your Grace a Letter, here
Scatter'd belike i'th' Court: 'tis sent to *Maximus*
And bearing danger in it.
Emp. Danger? where?
Double our Guard.
Pro. Nay no where, but i'th' Letter.
Emp. What an afflicted Conscience do I live with,
And what a beast I am grown! I had forgotten
To ask Heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
Even ravishing again her memory,
I find there must be danger in this deed:
Why do I stand disputing then and whining?
For what is not the gods to give, they cannot
Though they would link their powers in one, do mischief.
This Letter may betray me, get ye gone [*Exeunt.*
And wait me in the Garden, guard the house well,
And keep this from the Empress: the name *Maximus*
Runs through me like a feavour, this may be
Some private Letter upon private business,
Nothing concerning me: why should I open't?
I have done him wrong enough already; yet
It may concern me too, the time so tells me;
The wicked deed I have done, assures me 'tis so.
Be what it will, I'le see it, if that be not
Part of my fears, among my other sins,
I'le purge it out in prayers:
How? what's this?
Letter read] Lord *Maximus*, you love *Ælius*,
And are his noble friend too; bid him be less,
I mean less with the people, times are dangerou[s]:
The Army's his, the Emperour in doubts;
And as some will not stick to say, declining,
You stand a constant man in either fortune;
Perswade him, he is lost else: Though ambition
Be the last sin he touches at, or never;
Yet what the people mad with loving him,
And as they willingly desire another

May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
Is to be doubted mainly: he is all,
(As he stands now) but the meer name of *Cæsar*,
And should the Emperour inforce him lesser,
Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous:
He is honest, and will hear you: doubts are scatter'd,
And almost come to growth in every houshold:
Yet in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
The people that are now but rage, and his,
Might be again obedience: you shall know me
When *Rome* is fair again; till when I love you.
No name! this may be cunning, yet it seems not;
For there is nothing in it but is certain,
Besides my safety.
Had not good *Germanicus*,
That was as loyal, and as straight as he is,
If not prevented by *Tiberius*,
Been by the Souldiers forc'd their Emperour?
He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it.
And was not *Corbulo*, even that *Corbulo*,
That ever fortunate and living *Roman*,
That broke the heart-strings of the *Parthians*,
And brought *Arsaces* line upon their knees,
Chain'd to the awe of *Rome*, because he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a *Cæsar*,
Cut off by *Nero*? I must seek my safety:
For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it:
I know the Souldier loves him more than Heaven,
And will adventure all his gods to raise him;
Me he hates more than peace: what this may breed,
If dull security and confidence
Let him grow up, a fool may find and laught at.
But why Lord *Maximus* I injur'd so,
Should be the man to counsel him, I know not;
More than he has been friend, and lov'd allegeance:
What now he is I fear, for his abuses
Without the people dare draw blood; who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your Grace.

Emp. Call *Phidias* and *Aretus* hither:
I'le find a day for him too; times are dangerous,
The Army his, the Emperour in doubts:
I find it is too true; did he not tell me
1. As if he had intent to make me odious,
2. And to my face; and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almost
Proclaim'd the Souldiers hate against me? is not
The sacred name and dignity of *Cæsar*
(Were this *Aecius* more than man) sufficient
To shake off all his honesty? He's dangerous
Though he be good, and though a friend, a fear'd one,
And such I must not sleep by: are they come yet?
I do believe this fellow, and I thank him;
'Twas time to look about, if I must perish,
Yet shall my fears go formost.

Enter Phidias, *and* Aretus.

Phi. Life to *Cæsar*.
Emp. Is Lord *Æcius* waiting?
Phi. Not this morning,
I rather think he's with the Army.
Emp. Army?
I do not like that Army: go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and do ye hear,
Come private without any; I have business
Only for him.
Phi. Your Graces pleasure— [*Exit* Phidias.
Emp. Go;
What Souldier is the same, I have seen him often,
That keeps you company, *Aretus*?
Are. Me Sir?
Emp. I you, Sir.
Are. One they call *Pontius*,
And't please your Grace.
Emp. A Captain?
Are. Yes, he was so;
But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of Wars, the Noble General
Out of strict allegiance cast his fortunes.

Emp. H'as been a valiant fellow.
Are. So he's still.
Emp. Alas, the General might have pardon'd follies,
Souldiers will talk sometimes.
Are. I am glad of this.
Emp. He wants preferment as I take it.
Are. Yes Sir;
And for that noble Grace his life shall serve.
Emp. I have a service for him:
I shame a Souldier should become a Begger:
I like the man *Aretus*.
Are. Gods protect ye.
Emp. Bid him repair to *Proculus*, and there
He shall receive the business, and reward for't:
I'le see him setled too, and as a Souldier,
We shall want such.
Are. The sweets of Heaven still crown ye.
Emp. I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And till I be deliver'd, still am dying. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Maximus *alone.*

Max. My way has taken: all the Court's in guard,
And business every where, and every corner
Full of strange whispers: I am least in rumour,

Enter Æcius *and* Phidias.

And so I'le keep my self. Here comes *Æcius*,
I see the bait is swallow'd: If he be lost
He is my *Martyr*, and my way stands open,
And honour on thy head, his blood is reckon'd.
Æ[*ci*]. Why how now friend, what makes ye here unarm'd?
Are ye turn'd Merchant?
Max. By your fair perswasions,
And such a Merchant trafficks without danger;
I have forgotten all, *Æcius*,
And which is more, forgiven.
Æci. Now I love ye,
Truly I do, ye are a worthy *Roman*.

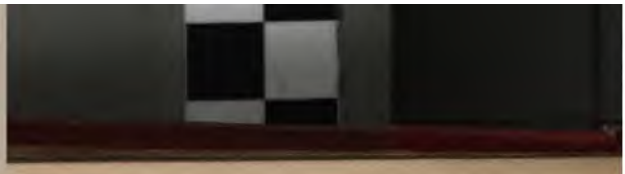
Max. The fair repentance of my Prince to me
Is more than sacrifice of bloud and vengeance,
No eyes shall weep her ruins, but mine own.
Aeci. Still ye take more love from me: vertuous friend
The gods make poor *Aecius* worthy of thee.
Max. Only in me y'are poor Sir: and I worthy
Only in being yours:
But why your arm thus,
Have ye been hurt *Aecius*?
Aeci. Bruis'd a little:
My horse fell with me friend: which till this morning
I never knew him do.
Max. Pray gods it boad well;
And now I think on't better, ye shall back,
Let my perswasions rule ye.
Aeci. Back, why *Maximus*?
The Emperour commands me come.
Max. I like not
At this time his command.
Aeci. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it, why not now then?
Max. I'le tell ye why, and as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend: The Court's in Guard,
Arm'd strongly, for what purpose, let me fear;
I do not like your going.
Aeci. Were it fire;
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If *Cæsar* sent, I would goe; never fear man,
If he take me, he takes his arms away,
I am too plain and true to be suspected.
Max. Then I have dealt unwisely.
Aeci. If the Emperour,
Because he meerely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have:
Let him, he loves me better: here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death: nay more, dishonour.
Now all my sins, I dare say those of duty
Are printed here, and if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I lye in, and the gods

Equal, as dying on the Enemy,
Must take me up a Sacrifice.
Max. Goe on then,
And I'le goe with ye.
Aeci. No, ye may not friend.
Max. He cannot be a friend, bars me *Aecius*,
Shall I forsake ye in my doubts?
Aeci. Ye must.
Max. I must not, nor I will not; have I liv'd
Only to be a Carpet friend for pleasure?
I can endure a death as well as *Cato*.
Aeci. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none must goe along.
Max. I have a sword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my friend.
Aeci. I need no sword, nor friend in this, pray leave me;
And as ye love me, do not overlove me;
I am commanded none shall come: at supper
I'le meet ye, and weel drink a cup or two,
Ye need good Wine, ye have been sad: Farewel.
Max. Farewel my noble friend, let me embrace ye
E're ye depart; it may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.
Aeci. Yes often.
Max. Farewel good dear *Aecius*.
Aeci. Farewel *Maximus*
Till night: indeed you doubt too much.— [*Exit.*
Max. I do not:
Goe worthy innocent, and make the number
Of *Cæsars* sins so great, Heaven may want mercy:
I'le hover hereabout to know what passes:
And if he be so devilish to destroy thee,
In thy bloud shall begin his Tragedy.— [*Exit.*

SCENA III.

Enter Proculus, *and* Pontius.

Pro. Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name *Patrician*: more than that too,
The friend of *Cæsar* ye are stil'd: there's nothing



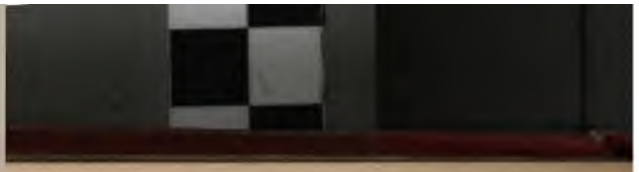
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or present being,
But you may safely say is yours.
Pon. Pray stay Sir;
What has *Aecius* done to be destroy'd?
At least I would have a colour.
Pro. Ye have more,
Nay all that may be given, he is a Traitor,
One, any man would strike that were a subject.
Pon. Is he so foul?
Pro. Yes, a most fearfull Traytor.
Pon. A fearfull plague upon thee, for thou lyest;
I ever thought the Souldier would undoe him
With his too much affection.
Pro. Ye have hit it,
They have brought him to ambition.
Pon. Then he is gone.
Pro. The Emperour out of a foolish pitie,
Would save him yet.
Pon. Is he so mad?
Pro. He's madder!
Would goe to'th' Army to him.
Pon. Would he so?
Pro. Yes *Pontius*; but we consider—
Pon. Wisely.
Pro. How else man, that the state lies in it.
Pon. And your lives too.
Pro. And every mans.
Pon. He did me
All the disgrace he could.
Pro. And scurvily.
Pon. Out of a mischief meerly: did you mark it?
Pro. Yes well enough.
Now ye have means to quit it,
The deed done, take his place.
Pon. Pray let me think on't,
'Tis ten to one I do it.
Pro. Do and be happy.— [*Exit* Pro.
Pon. This Emperour is made of nought but mischief,
Sure, Murther was his Mother: none to lop,
But the main link he had? upon my conscience

The man is truly honest, and that kills him;
For to live here, and study to be true,
Is all one to be Traitors: why should he die?
Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Offrings
In full abundance; Bawds more than beasts for slaughter?
Have they not singing whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*,
But the best sons of *Rome* must sail too? I will shew him
(since he must dye) a way to do it truly:
And though he bears me hard, yet shall he know,
I am born to make him bless me for a blow.— [*Exit.*

SCENA [IV].

Enter Phidias, Aretus, *and* Æcius.

Phi. Yet ye may 'scape to th' Camp, we'l hazard with ye.
Aret. Lose not your life so basely Sir: ye are arm'd,
And many when they see your sword out, and know why,
Must follow your adventure.
Aeci. Get ye from me:
Is not the doom of *Cæsar* on this body,
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me?
Am I not old *Aecius*, ever dying?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me,
'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it:
I seek the Camp for safety, when my death
Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting
Bids me be happy? Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his honour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses;
Aecius is not now to learn to suffer:
If ye dare shew a just affection, kill me,
I stay but those that must: why do ye weep?
Am I so wretched to deserve mens pities?
Goe give your tears to those that lose their worths,
Bewail their miseries, for me wear Garlands,
Drink wine, and much; sing *Peans* to my praise,
I am to triumph friends, and more than *Cæsar*,
For *Cæsar* fears to die, I love to die.



Phi. O my dear Lord!
Aeci. No more, goe, goe I say;
Shew me not signs of sorrow, I deserve none:
Dare any man lament, I should die nobly?
Am I grown old to have such enemies?
When I am dead, speak honourably of me,
That is, preserve my memory from dying;
There if you needs must weep your ruin'd Master,
A tear or two will seem well: this I charge ye,
(because ye say you yet love old *Aecius*)
See my poor body burnt, and some to sing
About my Pile, and what I have done and suffer'd,
If *Cæsar* kill not that too: at your banquets
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient:
No more I say, he that laments my end
By all the gods dishonours me; be gone
And suddainly, and wisely from my dangers,
My death is catching else.
Phi. We fear not dying.
Aec. Yet fear a wilfull death, the just Gods hate it,
I need no company to that that Children
Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase;
Live till your honesties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age sick of your vertues,
Then dye a sacrifice, and then ye know
The noble use of dying well, and *Roman.*
Are. And must we leave ye Sir?
Aeci. We must all die,
All leave our selves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will, and anger; is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poyses
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am asham'd to see ye; yet ye move me,
And were it not my manhood would accuse me,

For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.
Phi. O we shall never see you more.
Aeci. 'Tis true;
Nor I the miseries that *Rome* shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon:
But what I have been, which is just, and faithfull;
One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
And for he was an honest man durst die,
Ye shall have daily with ye: could that dye too,
And I return no traffick of my travels,
No pay to have been Souldier, but this Silver,
No *Annals* of *Ætius*, but he liv'd,
My friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly;
The common overflows of tender women,
And children new born crying, were too little
To shew me then most wretched: if tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you,
You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The drie, and wither'd bones of death would bleed at:
But sooner, than I have time to think what must be,
I fear you'l find what shall be;
If ye love me,
Let that word serve for all, be gone and leave me;
I have some little practice with my soul,
And then the sharpest sword is welcom'st; goe,
Pray be gone, ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for shame now stubborn; so I thank ye,
And fare ye well, a better fortune guide ye—
[*Exeunt* Phi. *and* Aretus.
I am a little thirstie, not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear, I say so;
Is it to be a just man now again,
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'tis departed:
I hear 'em come, who strikes first?
I stay for ye:

Enter Balbus, Chilax, Licinius.

Yet I will dye a Souldier, my sword drawn,
But against none:
Why do ye fear? come forward.

Bal. You were a Souldier *Chilax.*
Chil. Yes, I muster'd
But never saw the Enemy.
Lici. He's drawn,
By heaven I dare not do it.
Aeci. Why do ye tremble?
I am to die, come ye not now from *Cæsar*
To that end, speak?
Bal. We do, and we must kill ye,
'Tis *Cæsars* will.
Chil. I charge you put your sword up,
That we may do it handsomly.
Aeci. Ha, ha, ha,
My sword up, handsomly? where were ye bred?
Ye are the merriest murderers my masters
I ever met withal; Come forward fools,
Why do ye stare? upon mine honour Bawds,
I will not strike ye.
Lici. I'le not be first.
Bal. Nor I.
Chil. You had best die quietly: the Emperour
Sees how you bear your self.
Aeci. I would die Rascals,
If you would kill me quietly.
Bal. —— of *Proculus*,
He promis'd us to bring a Captain hither,
That has been used to kill.
Aeci. I'le call the Guard,
Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions
The Emperour has trusted with his safetie:
Nay I'le give out, ye fell of my side, villains,
Strike home ye bawdy slaves.
Chil. He will kill us,
I mark'd his hand, he waits but time to reach us,
Now do you offer.
Aeci. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me, my senses fail me,
Look to your selves.

Chil. I told ye.
Aeci. Strike me manly,
And take a thousand strokes.—

Enter Pontius.

Bal. Here's *Pontius.*
Pon. Not kill'd him yet?
Is this the love ye bear the Emperour? [Lici. *runs*
Nay then I see ye are Traitors all, have at ye.— *away.*
Chi. Oh I am hurt.
Bal. And I am kill'd— [*Exeunt* Chil. *and* Bal.
Pon. Dye Bawds;
As ye have liv'd and flourish'd.
Aeci. Wretched fellow,
What hast thou done?
Pon. Kill'd them that durst not kill,
And you are next.
Aeci. Art thou not *Pontius*?
Pon. I am the same you cast *Æcius*,
And in the face of all the Camp disgrac'd.
Aec. Then so much nobler, as thou wert a Souldier,
Shall my death be: is it revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?
Pon. Both.
Aeci. Then do it.
Pon. Is that all?
Aeci. Yes.
Pon. Would you not live?
Aeci. Why should I,
To thank thee for my life?
Pon. Yes, if I spare it.
Aeci. Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank
For any courtesie, but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune; do thy duty.
Pon. Do not you fear me?
Aeci. No.
Pon. Nor love me for it?
Aeci. That's as thou dost thy business.
Pon. When you are dead,
Your place is mine *Æcius.*

Aeci. Now I fear thee,
And not alone thee *Pontius*, but the Empire.
Pon. Why, I can govern Sir.
Aeci. I would thou couldst,
And first thy self: Thou canst fight well, and bravely,
Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers;
Heavens angry flashes are not suddainer,
Than I have seen thee execute; nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying enemies
I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes,
And still kill the killer: were thy minde,
But half so sweet in peace, as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me;
Come strike, and be a General.
Pon. Prepare then:
And, for I see your honour cannot lessen,
And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
Fight your short span out.
Aeci. No thou knowst I must not,
I dare not give thee so much vantage of me,
As disobedience.
Pon. Dare ye not defend ye
Against your enemy?
Aeci. Not sent from *Cæsar*,
I have no power to make such enemies;
For as I am condemn'd, my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me; only held
To shew I was a Souldier; had not *Cæsar*
Chain'd all defence in this doom, let him die,
Old as I am, and quench'd with scarrs, and sorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.
Pon. Then have at ye,
And look upon me, and be sure ye fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you: cry not hold,
Nor think it base injustice I should kill ye.
Aeci. I am prepar'd for all.
Pon. For now *Æcius*,

Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor, {Pontius
And as I do it, bless me; die as I do.— {*kills himself.*

Aeci. Thou hast deceiv'd me *Pontius*, and I thank thee;
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a *Roman.*

Pon. To shew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For slanders self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honestie:
But noble Sir, ye have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons,
And I must dying say it was but justice,
Ye cast me from my credit; yet believe me,
For there is nothing now but truth to save me,
And your forgiveness, though ye held me hainous,
And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
Turns all to flames it meets with, ye mistook me;
If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease,
Want of the Souldiers due, the Enemy
The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,
Children of peace, and pleasures, no regard
Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em,
To rusty time, that eat our bodies up,
And even began to prey upon our honours,
To wants at home, and more than wants, abuses,
To them, that when the Enemy invaded
Made us their Saints, but now the sores of *Rome*;
To silken flattery, and pride plain'd over,
Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
And under whose protection their soft pleasures
Grow full and numberless: to this I am foe,
Not to the state, or any point of duty:
And let me speak but what a Souldier may,
Truly I ought to be so; yet I err'd,
Because a far more noble sufferer
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I lost it:
This is the end I die Sir; to live basely,
And not the follower of him that bred me,
In full account and vertue, *Pontius* dare not,
Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Aeci. I want a name to give thy vertue Souldier,
For only good is far below thee *Pontius*,

The gods shall find thee one; thou hast fashion'd death
In such an excellent, and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live: Canst thou speak once more,
For thy words are such harmony, a soul
Would choose to flye to Heaven in.
Pon. A farewel:
Good noble General your hand, forgive me,
And think what ever was displeasing you,
Was none of mine: ye cannot live.
Aeci. I will not:
Yet one word more.
Pon. Dye nobly: *Rome* farewel:
And *Valentinian* fall, thou hast broke thy Basis.
In joy ye have given me a quiet death,
I would strike more wounds, if I had more breath—[*He dyes.*
Aeci. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
Or any man would out-live such a dying?
Would *Cæsar* double all my honours on me,
And stick me o're with favours, like a Mistris;
Yet would I grow to this man: I have loved,
But never doated on a face till now:
O death thou art more than beautie, and thy pleasure
Beyond posterity: Come friends and kill me;
Cæsar be kind, and send a thousand swords,
The more, the greater is my fall: why stay ye?
Come, and I'le kiss your weapons: fear me not,
By all the gods I'le honour ye for killing:
Appear, or through the Court, and world, I'le search ye:
My sword is gone; ye are Traitors if ye spare me,
And *Cæsar* must consume ye: all base cowards?
I'le follow ye, and e're I dye proclaim ye
The weeds of *Italy*; the dross of nature—
Where are ye, villains, traytors, slaves.— [*Exit.*

Enter Proculus, *and* 3 *others running over the Stage.*

Pro. I knew
H'ad kill'd the Captain.
1. Here's his sword.
Pro. Let it alone, 'twill fight it self else; friends,
An hundred men are not enough to do it,

I'le to the Emperour, and get more aid.
Aeci. None strike a poor condemned man?
Pro. He is mad:
Shift for your selves my Masters.— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Æcius.

Æcius. Then *Æcius*,
See what thou darst thy self; hold my good sword,
Thou hast been kept from bloud too long, I'le kiss thee,
For thou art more then friend now, my preserver,
Shew me the way to happiness, I seek it:
And all you great ones, that have faln as I do,
To keep your memories, and honours living,
Be present in your vertues, and assist me,
That like strong *Cato*, I may put away
All promises, but what shall crown my ashes;
Rome, fare thee well: stand long, and know to conquer
Whilst there is people, and ambition:
Now for a stroak shall turn me to a Star:
I come ye blessed spirits, make me room
To live for ever in *Elyzium*:
Do men fear this? O that posterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
Nor none are lost, but those that make their hell— [*Kills himself.*

Enter Proculus, *and two others.*

1 *Within.* He's dead, draw in the Guard again.
Pro. He's dead indeed,
And I am glad he's gone; he was a Devil:
His body, if his Eunuchs come, is theirs;
The Emperour out of his love to vertue,
Has given 'em that: Let no man stop their entrance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Phidias, *and* Aretus.

Phi. O my most noble Lord, look here *Aretus*,
Here's a sad sight.
Aret. O cruelty! O *Cæsar*!
O times that bring forth nothing but destruction,
And over[fl]ows of bloud: why wast thou kill'd?
Is it to be a just man now again,

As when *Tiberius* and wild *Nero* reign'd,
Only assurance of his over throw?
Phi[*d*]. It is *Aretus*: he that would live now,
Must like the Toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with those to greatness: honest vertue,
And the true *Roman* honour, faith and valour
That have been all the riches of the Empire,
Now like the fearfull tokens of the Plague,
Are meer fore-runners of their ends that owe 'em.
Are. Never enough lamented Lord: dear Master—

Enter Maximus.

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions just, and worthy?
Oh thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equitie,
O thou alone a *Roman*, thou art perish'd,
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness,
Weep *Rome*, weep *Italy*, weep all that knew him,
And you that fear'd him as a noble Foe,
(If Enemies have honourable tears)
Weep this decay'd *Ætius* faln, and scattered—
By foul, and base suggestion.
Ph[*i*]. O Lord *Maximus*,
This was your worthy friend.
Max. The gods forgive me:
Think not the worse my friends, I shed not tears,
Great griefs lament within; yet now I have found 'em:
Would I had never known the world, nor women,
Nor what that cursed name of honour was,
So this were once again *Ætius*:
But I am destin'd to a mighty action,
And begg my pardon friend, my vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee: ye have a great loss,
But bear it patiently, yet to say truth
In justice 'tis not sufferable: I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't: friends,
Who shall preserve you now?
Are. Nay we are lost too.
Max. I fear ye are, for likely such as love

The man that's faln, and have been nourish'd by him,
Do not stay long behind: 'Tis held no wisdom.
I know what I must do. O my *Ætius*,
Canst thou thus perish, pluckt up by the roots,
And no man feel thy worthiness? From boys
He bred you both I think.
Phi. And from the poorest.
Max. And lov'd ye as his own.
Are. We found it Sir.
Max. Is not this a loss then?
Phi. O, a loss of losses;
Our lives, and ruines of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the Emperour.
Are. He did so.
Max. And kept ye still in credit.
Phi. 'Tis most true Sir.
Max. He fed your Fathers too, and made them means,
Your Sisters he prefer'd to noble Wedlocks,
Did he not friends?
Are. Oh yes Sir.
Max. As I take it
This worthy man would not be now forgotten,
I tell ye to my grief, he was basely murdred;
And something would be done, by those that lov'd him:
And something may be: pray stand off a little,
Let me bewail him private: O my dearest.
Phi. *Aretus*, if we be not sudden, he outdoes us,
I know he points at ven[ge]ance; we are cold,
And base ungratefull wretches, if we shun it:
Are we to hope for more rewards, or greatness,
Or any thing but death, now he is dead?
Dar'st thou resolve?
Are. I am perfect.
Phi. Then like flowers
That grew together all we'l fall together,
And with us that that bore us: when 'tis done
The world shall stile us two deserving servants:

I fear he will be before us.
Are. This night *Phidias.*
Phi. No more.
Max. Now worthy friends I have done my mournings,
Let's burn this noble body: Sweets as many
As sun-burnt *Meroe* breeds, I'le make a flame of,
Shall reach his soul in Heaven: he that shall live
Ten ages hence, but to reherse this story,
Shall with the sad discourse on't, darken Heaven,
And force the painful burdens from the wombs
Conceiv'd a new with sorrow: even the Grave
Where mighty *Sylla* sleeps shall rend asunder
And give her shadow up, to come and groan
About our piles, which will be more, and greater
Than green *Olympus*, *Ida*, or old *Latmus*
Can feed with Cedar, or the East with Gums,
Greece with her wines, or *Thessalie* with flowers,
Or willing heaven can weep for in her showres. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Phidias, *with his dagger in him, and* Aretus, *poyson'd.*

Are. HE has his last.
Phi. Then come the worst of danger,
Ælius to thy soul we give a *Cæsar.*
How long is't since ye gave it him?
Are. An hour,
Mine own two hours before him: how it boils me!
Phi. It was not to be cur'd I hope.
Are. No *Phidias*,
I dealt above his Antidotes: Physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure?
Phi. Done bravely,
We are got before his Tyranny *Aretus.*
Are. We had lost our worthiest end else *Phidias.*
Phi. Canst thou hold out a while?
Are. To torture him
Anger would give me leave, to live an age yet;
That man is poorly spirited, whose life

Runs in his bloud alone, and not in's wishes,
And yet I swell, and burn like flaming *Ætna*,
A thousand new found fires are kindled in me,
But yet I must not die this four hours *Phidias*.
Phi. Remember who dies with thee, and despise death.
Are. I need no exhortation, the joy in me
Of what I have done, and why, makes poyson pleasure,
And my most killing torments mistresses.
For how can he have time to dye, or pleasure
That falls as fools unsatisfied, and simple?
Phi. This that consumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying,
And if I but endure to hear the curses
Of this fell Tyrant dead, I have half my Heaven.
Are. Hold thy soul fast but four hours *Phidias*,
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay more beyond our meanings.
Phi. Thou hast steel'd me:
Farewel *Aretus*, and the souls of good men,
That as ours do, have left their *Roman* bodies
In brave revenge for vertue, guide our shadows,
I would not faint yet.
Are. Farewel *Phidias*
And as we have done nobly, gods look on us.—
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENA II.

Enter Lycias, *and* Proculus.

Lyci. Sicker, and sicker *Proculus*?
Pro. Oh *Lycias*,
What shall become of us? would we had di'd
With happy *Chilax*, or with *Balbus*, bedrid—

Enter Licinius.

And made too lame for justice.
Licinius. The soft Musick;
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him:
Oh friends, the Emperour.
Pro. What say the Doctors?

Lici. For us a most sad saying, he is poyson'd,
Beyond all cure too.
L[y]ci. Who?
Lici. The wretch *Aretus*,
That most unhappy villain.
L[y]ci. How do you know it?
L[i]ci. He gave him drink last: let's disperse and find him;
And since he has opened misery to all,
Let it begin with him first: Softly he slumbers.

Enter Emperour, *sick in a Chair, with* Eudoxia *the Empress, and* Physicians, *and Attendants.*

Musick and SONG.

Care charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to death, sweetly thy self dispose
On this afflicted Prince, fall like a Cloud
In gentle showrs, give nothing that is lowd,
Or painfull to his slumbers; easie, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver Rain,
Into this Prince gently, Oh gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a Bride.

Emp. O gods, gods: drink, drink, colder, colder
Than snow on *Scythian* Mountains: O my heart-strings.
Eudo. How does your Grace?
Phys. The Empress speaks Sir.
Emp. Dying,
Dying *Eudoxia*, dying.
Phys. Good Sir patience.
Eudo. What have ye given him?
Phys. Pretious things dear Lady
We hope shall comfort him.
Emp. O flatter'd fool,
See what thy god-head's come to: Oh *Eudoxia.*
Eudo. O patience, patience Sir.

Enter Proculus, Licinius, *with* Aretus.

Emp. *Danubius*
I'le have brought through my body.
Eudo. Gods give comfort.
Emp. And *Volga*, on whose face the North wind freezes,
I find an hundred hells, a hundred Piles
Already to my Funerals are flaming,
Shall I not drink?
Phys. You must not Sir.
Emp. By Heaven
I'le let my breath out that shall burn ye all
If ye deny me longer: tempests blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up Kingdoms
Flow over me, and quench me: where's the villain?
Am I immortal now ye slaves? by *Numa*
If he do scape: Oh, oh.
Eudo. Dear Sir.
Emp. Like *Nero*,
But far more terrible, and full of slaughter,
I'th' midst of all my flames I'le fire the Empire:
A thousand fans, a thousand fans to cool me:
Invite the gentle winds *Eudoxia*.
Eudo. Sir.
Emp. Oh do not flatter me, I am but flesh,
A man, a mortal man: drink, drink, ye dunces;
What can your doses now do, and your scrapings,
Your oyles, and Mithridates? if I do die,
You only words of health, and names of sickness
Finding no true disease in man but mony,
That talk your selves into Revenues, oh
And e're ye kill your patients, begger 'em,
I'le have ye flead, and dri'd.
Pro. The Villain Sir;
The most accursed wretch.
Emp. Be gone my Queen,
This is no sight for thee: goe to the Vestals,
Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
One powerfull sacrifice to free thy *Cæsar*.
Pro. Goe goe and be happy. [*Exit* Eudox[i]a.

Aret. Goe, but give no ease,
The Gods have set thy last hour *Valentinian*,
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
And like a sensuall bloudy thing thou diest.
Pro. Oh Traitor.
Aret. Curse your selves ye flatterers,
And howle your miseries to come ye wretches,
You taught him to be poyson'd.
Emp. Yet no comfort?
Aret. Be not abus'd with Priests, nor Pothecaries,
They cannot help thee; Thou hast now to live
A short half hour, no more, and I ten minutes:
I gave thee poyson for *Aecius* sake,
Such a destroying poyson would kill nature;
And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old time clipt for ever, reason lost,
In what I had attempted, yet O *Cæsar*
To purchase fair revenge, I had poyson'd them too.
Emp. O villain: I grow hotter, hotter.
Are. Yes;
But not near my heat yet; what thou feel'st now,
Mark me with horror *Cæsar*, are but Embers
Of lust and leachery thou hast committed:
But there be flames of murder.
Emp. Fetch out tortures.
Are. Do, and I'le flatter thee, nay more I'll love thee:
Thy tortures to what now I suffer *Cæsar*,
At which thou must arrive too, e're thou dy'st,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth and laughter.
Emp. Let 'em alone: I must drink.
Are. Now be mad,
But not near me yet.
Emp. Hold me, hold me, hold me,
Hold me; or I shall burst else.
Are. See me *Cæsar*,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder;
Millions of womens labours, all diseases.
Emp. Oh my afflicted soul too.

Are. Womens fears, horrors,
Despairs, and all the Plagues the hot Sun breeds.—
Emp. *Ætius*, O *Aecius*: O *Lucina.*
Are. Are but my torments shadows?
Emp. Hide me mountains;
The gods have found my sins:
Now break.
Are. Not yet Sir;
Thou hast a pull beyond all these.
Emp. Oh Hell,
Oh villain, cursed villain.
Are. O brave villain,
My poyson dances in me at this deed:
Now *Cæsar*, now behold me, this is torment,
And this is thine before thou diest, I am wildfire:
The brazen Bull of *Phalaris* was feign'd,
The miseries of souls despising Heaven
But Emblems of my torments.
Emp. Oh quench me, quench me, quench me.
Are. Fire, a flattery;
And all the Poets tales of sad *Avernus*,
To my pains less than fictions: Yet to shew thee
What constant love I bore my murdred master;
Like a Southwind, I have sung through all these tempests
My heart, my wither'd heart, fear, fear thou Monster,
Fear the just gods, I have my peace.— [*He dies.*
Emp. More drink,
A thousand *April* showres fall in my bosom:
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious body, gods,
Gods, let me ask ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me, hear me, hear me;
I do confess I am a ravisher,
A murderer, a hated *Cæsar*; oh,
Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
And where that fails, the blood of thousand captives
To purge those sins? but I must make the incense?
I do despise ye all, ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no Gods, your paroll

Is only preach'd abroad to make Fools fearfull,
And women made of awe, believe your heaven:
Oh torments, torments, torments, pains above pains,
If ye be any thing but dreams, and ghosts,
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
Have in your selves times past, to come, and present,
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em,
Weighing our fates, and fortunes beyond reason,
Be more than all the Gods, great in forgiveness,
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger;
For you are things men teach us, without passions,
Give me an hour to know ye in: Oh save me
But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
Take this destruction from me; no, ye cannot,
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer,
My brains are ashes, now my heart, my eyes friends;
I goe, I goe, more air, more air; I am mortal.— [*He dyes.*

Pro. Take in the body: oh *Licinius*,
The misery that we are left to suffer;
No pity shall find us.

Lici. Our lives deserve none:
Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
With any hope of life.

Pro. A quiet grave,
Or a consumption now *Licinius*,
That we might be too poor to kill, were something.

Lici. Let's make our best use, we have mony *Proculus*,
And if that cannot save us, we have swords.

Pro. Yes, but we dare not dye.

Lici. I had forgot that:
There's other countries then.

Pro. But the same hate still,
Of what we are.

Lici. Think any thing, I'le follow—

Enter a Messenger.

Pro. How now, what news?

Mess. Shift for your selves, ye are lost else:
The Souldier is in arms for great *Aecius*,
And their Lieutenant general that stopt 'em,

Cut in a thousand pieces: they march hither:
Beside, the women of the Town have murder'd
Phorba, and loose *Ardelia*, *Cæsar*'s she-Bawds.
Lici. Then here's no staying *Proculus*?
Pro. O *Cæsar*,
That we had never known thy lusts: Let's fly,
And where we find no womans man let's dye.—

SCENA III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a sluce of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth, he's dead,
And I reveng'd; the Empire's all a fire,
And desolation every where inhabits:
And shall I live that am the author of it,
To know *Rome* from the awe o'th' world, the pity?
My friends are gone before too of my sending,
And shall I stay? is ought else to be liv'd for?
Is there an other friend, another wife,
Or any third holds half their worthiness,
To linger here alive for? Is not vertue
In their two everlasting souls departed,
And in their bodies first flame fled to heaven?
Can any man discover this, and love me?
For though my justice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it, that condemns me:
And now *Aecius*, and my honored Lady,
That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
The lines to lead me to *Elyzium*:
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded,
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly: stay, I am foolish,
Somewhat too suddain to mine own destruction,
This great end of my veng[e]ance may grow greater:
Why may not I be *Cæsar*? Yet no dying;
Why should not I catch at it? fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
And as the danger stands, my reason bids me,

I will, I dare; my dear friends pardon me,
I am not fit to dye yet, if not *Cæsar*;
I am sure the Souldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward, and as goodly Cedars
Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping tempest
Jointed again and made tall masts, defie
Those angry winds that split 'em, so will I
New piece again, above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far, than growing private,
Stand and defie bad fortunes: If I rise,
My wife was ravish'd well; If then I fall,
My great attempt honours my Funeral.— [*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

Enter 3 *Senators, and* Affranius.

1. Guard all the posterns to the Camp *Affranius*,
And see 'em fast, we shall be rifled else,
Thou art an honest, and a worthy Captain.
2. Promise the Souldier any thing.
3. Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to choose a *Cæsar* fit for them,
A Souldier, and a giver.
1. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices shall goe with us.
2. Nay more, a negative say we allow 'em.
3. And if our choice displease 'em, they shall name him.
1. Promise three donatives, and large, *Affranius.*
2. And *Cæsar* once elected, present foes,
With distribution of all necessaries,
Corn, Wine, and Oyle.
3. New garments, and new Arms,
And equal portions of the Provinces
To them, and to their families for ever.
1. And see the City strengthned.
Affra. I shall do it.— [*Exit* Affranius.
2. *Sempronius*, these are wofull times.
3. O *Brutus*,
We want thy honesty again; these *Cæsars*,

What noble Consuls got with blood, in blood
Consume again, and scatter.
1. Which way shall we?
2. Not any way of safety I can think on.
3. Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders *Fulvius.*
1. Every thing
Is every mans that will.
2. The Vestals now
Must only feed the Souldiers fire of lust,
And sensual Gods be glutted with those Offerings,
Age like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure.
Gods defend us,
We are chaff before their fury else.
[3] Away,
Let's to the Temples.
1. To the Capitol.
'Tis not a time to pray now, let's be strengthen'd—

Enter Affranius.

3. How now *Affranius*: what good news?
Affra. A *Cæsar.*
1. Oh who?
Affr. Lord *Maximus* is with the Souldier,
And all the Camp rings, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*:
He forced the Empress with him for more honour.
2. A happy choice: let's meet him.
3. Blessed fortune!
1. Away, away, make room there, room there, room.
[*Exeunt Senators*, *Flourish.*
Within. Lord *Maximus* is *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*;
Hail *Cæsar Maximus.*
Affra. Oh turning people!
Oh people excellent in war, and govern'd,
In peace more raging than the furious North,
When he ploughs up the Sea, and makes him brine,
Or the lowd falls of *Nile*; I must give way,
Although I neither love nor hope this:

Or like a rotten bridge that dares a current,
When he is swell'd and high crackt, and farewel.

Enter Maximus, Eudox[i]a, *Senat. and Souldiers.*

Sen. Room for the Emperour.
Soul. Long life to *Cæsar.*
Afra. Hail *Cæsar Maximus.*
Emp. Max. Your hand *Afranius.*
Lead to the Palace, there my thanks in general,
I'le showre among ye all: gods give me life,
First to defend the Empire, then you Fathers,
And valiant friends, the heirs of strength and vertue,
The rampires of old *Rome*, of us the refuge;
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd,
Ye are my Children, family, and friends
And ever so respected shall be, forward.
There's a Proscription, grave *Sempronius*,
'Gainst all the flatterers, and lazie Bawds
Led loose-liv'd *Valentinian* to his vices,
See it effected. [*Flourish.*
Sen. Honour wait on *Cæsar.*
Sould. Make room for *Cæsar* there. [*Exeunt all but* Afra.
Afra. Thou hast my fears,
But *Valentinian* keeps my vows: Oh gods,
Why do we like to feed the greedy Ravenne
Of these blown men, that must before they stand,
And fixt in eminence, cast life on life,
And trench their safeties in with wounds, and bodies?
Well froward *Rome*, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
And die without an heir, that lov'st to breed
Sons for the killing hate of sons: for me,
I only live to find an enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Paulus (*a Poet,*) *and* Licippus (*a Gent.*)

Pau. When is the Inauguration?
Lic. Why to morrow.
Paul. 'Twill be short time.

Lic. Any device that's handsome,
A *Cupid*, or the God o'th' place will do it,
Where he must take the *Fasces.*
Pau. Or a Grace.
Lic. A good Grace has no fellow.
Pau. Let me see,
Will not his name yield something? *Maximus*
By th' way of Anagram? I have found out *Axis*,
You know he bears the Empire.
Lic. Get him wheels too,
'Twill be a cruel carriage else.
Pau. Some songs too.
Lic. By any means some songs: but very short ones,
And honest language *Paulus*, without bursting,
The air will fall the sweeter.
Pau. A Grace must do it.
Lic. Why let a Grace then.
Pau. Yes it must be so;
And in a Robe of blew too, as I take it.
Lic. This Poet is a little kin to th' Painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping Lion,
So all his learned fancies are blew Graces.
Pau. What think ye of a Sea-nymph, and a Heaven?
Lic. Why what should she do there man? there's no water.
Pau. That's true, it must be a Grace, and yet
Me thinks a Rain bow.
Lic. And in blew.
Pa[*u*]. Oh yes;
Hanging in arch above him, and i'th' midle—
Lic. A showre of Rain.
Pau. No, no, it must be a Grace.
Lic. Why prethee Grace him then.
Pa[*u*]. Or *Orpheus*,
Coming from Hell.
Lic. In blew too.
Pau. 'Tis the better;
And as he rises, full of fires.
Lic. Now bless us,
Will not that spoil his Lutestrings, *Paulus*?
Pau. Singing,

And crossing of his arms.
Lic. How can he play then?
Pau. It shall be a Grace, I'le do it.
Lic. Prethee do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible;
Good fury *Paulus*, be i'th' morning with me,
And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Maximus *and* Eudox[i]a.

Max. Come my best lov'd *Eudox*[*i*]*a*: let the souldier
Want neither Wine nor any thing he calls for,
And when the Senate's ready, give us notice:
In the mean time leave us.
Oh my dear sweet.
Eud. Is't possible your Grace
Should undertake such dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?
Max. 'Tis all
The world has left to brag of.
Eud. Can a face
Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
Long since ras'd out o'th' book of youth and pleasure,
Have power to make the strongest man o'th' Empire,
Nay the most staid, and knowing what is Woman;
The greatest aim of perfectness men liv'd by,
The most true constant lover of his wedlock,
Such a still blowing beauty, earth was proud of,
Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully;
Himself prepare the way, nay make the rape.
Did ye not tell me so?
Max. 'Tis true *Eudox*[*i*]*a*.
Eud. Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
Break his strong helm he stear'd by, sink that vertue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest,
Nay more, arrive at *Cæsar*, and kill him too,
And for my sake? either ye love too dearly,
Or deeply ye dissemble, Sir?

Max. I do so;
And till I am more strengthen'd, so I must do;
Yet would my joy, and Wine had fashion'd out
Some safer lye: Can these things be, *Eudox*[*i*]*a*,
And I dissemble? Can there be but goodness
And only thine dear Lady, any end,
Any imagination but a lost one,
Why I should run this hazard? O thou vertue!
Were it to do again, and *Valentinian*
Once more to hold thee, sinful *Valentinian*,
In whom thou wert set, as Pearls are in salt Oysters,
As Roses are in rank weeds, I would find,
Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger,
The Gods know how I honour thee.
Eud. What love, Sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if so you please, and 'tis too little.
Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.
Eud. From this hour,
The sorrows for my dead Lord, fare ye well,
My living Lord has dried ye; and in token,
As Emperour this day I honour ye,
And the great caster new of all my wishes,
The wreath of living Lawrel, that must compass
That sacred head, *Eudox*[*i*]*a* makes for *Cæsar*:
I am methinks too much in love with fortune;
But with you ever Royal Sir my maker,
The once more Summer of me, meer in love,
Is poor expression of my doting.
Max. Sweetest.
Eud. Now of my troth ye have bought me dear Sir.
Max. No,
Had I at loss of mankind.

Enter a Messenger.

Eud. Now ye flatter.
Mess. The Senate waits your Grace.
Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full form bring the ceremony:
This day I am your servant, dear, and proudly,

I'le wear your honoured favour.
Eud. May it prove so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Paulus *and* Licippus.

Lic. Is your Grace done?
Pau. 'Tis done.
Lic. Who speaks?
Pau. A Boy.
Lic. A dainty blue Boy, *Paulus*?
Pau. Yes.
Lic. Have ye viewed
The work above?
Pau. Yes, and all up, and ready.
Lic. The Empress does you simple honour, *Paulus*,
The wreath your blue Grace must present, she made.
But hark ye, for the Souldiers?
Pau. That's done too:
I'le bring 'em in I warrant ye.
Lic. A Grace too?
Pau. The same Grace serves for both.
Lic. About it then:
I must to th' Cupbord; and be sure good *Paulus*
Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly.
If there should need another voice, what then?
Paul. I'le hang another Grace in.
Lic. Grace be with ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter in state Maximus, Eudox[i]a, *with Souldiers and Gentlemen of* Rome, *the Senators, and Rods and Axes born before them.*

A Synnet with Trumpets. — *With a Banket prepared, with Hoboies, Musick, Song, wreath.*

3 *Sen.* Hale to thy imperial honour sacred *Cæsar*,
And from the old *Rome* take these wishes;
You holy gods, that hitherto have held
As justice holds her Ballance equal pois'd,

This glory of our Nation, this full *Roman*,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him:
Look on this Son O *Jupiter* our helper,
And *Romulus*, thou Father of our honour,
Preserve him like thy self, just, valiant, noble,
A lover, and increaser of his people,
Let him begin with *Numa*, stand with *Cato*,
The first five years of *Nero* be his wishes,
Give him the age and fortune of *Emylius*,
And his whole raign renew a great *Augustus*.

SONG.

Honour that is ever living,
Honour that is ever giving,
Honour that sees all and knows
Both the ebbs of man and flowes,
Honour that rewards the best,
Sends thee thy rich labours rest;
Thou hast studied still to please her,
Therefore now she calls thee Cæsar:
Chor. *Hale, hale,* Cæsar, *hale and stand,*
And thy name outlive the Land.
Noble Fathers to his brows
Bind this wreath with thousand vows.

All. Stand to Eternity.
Max. I thank ye Fathers,
And as I rule, may it still grow or wither:
Now to the Banket, ye are all my guests,
This day be liberal friends, to wine we give it;
And smiling pleasures: Sit, my Queen of Beauty;
Fathers, your places: these are fair Wars Souldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all;
You are my second, sweet, to every cup,
I add unto the Senate a new honour,
And to the sons of *Mars* a donative.

SONG.

God Lyeus *ever young,*
Ever honour'd, ever sung;

Stain'd with bloud of lusty Grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes;
Dance upon the Mazers brim,
In the Crimson liquor swim:
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a River run with Wine:
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear.

Boy. *Bellona's* seed, the glory of old *Rome*,
Envy of conquer'd Nations, nobly come
And to the fulness of your war-like noise
Let your feet move, make up this hour of joys;
Come, come I say, range your fair Troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge.
Semp. The Emperor's grown heavy with his wine.
Afra. The Senate staies Sir for your thanks.
Semp. Great *Cæsar*.
Eud. I have my wish.
Afra. Wilt please your Grace speak to him?
Eud. Yes, but he will not hear Lords.
Semp. Stir him *Lucius*; the Senate must have thanks.
2 *Sen. Luc.* Your Grace, Sir *Cæsar*.
Eud. Did I not tell you he was well? he's dead.
Semp. Dead? treason, guard the Court, let no man pass,
Souldiers, your *Cæsar*'s murdered.
Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the Court, ye have his killer with ye;
And the just cause, if ye can stay the hearing:
I was his death; that wreath that made him *Cæsar*,
Has made him earth.
Sould. Cut her in thousand pieces.
Eud. Wise men would know the reason first: to die,
Is that I wish for, *Romans*, and your swords,
The heaviest way of death: yet Souldiers grant me
That was your Empress once, and honour'd by ye,
But so much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reasons well, if man be in you;
Then if ye dare do cruelly, condemn me.
Afr. Hear her ye noble *Romans*, 'tis a Woman,

A subject not for swords, but pity: Heaven
(If she be guilty of malitious murder)
Has given us Laws to make example of her,
If only of revenge, and bloud hid from us,
Let us consider first, then execute.
Semp. Speak bloudy Woman.
Eud. Yes; This *Maximus*,
That was your *Cæsar*, Lords, and noble Souldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish me;
Or speak to win your favours but the truth)
Was to his Country, to his friends, and *Cæsar*
A most malitious Traitor.
Semp. Take heed woman.
Eud. I speak not for compassion. Brave *Ætius*
(Whose blessed soul if I lye shall afflict me)
The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the master-piece of Arms, and bounty;
Mine own grief shall come last: this friend of his,
This Souldier, this your right Arm, noble *Romans*,
By a base letter to the Emperor;
Stufft full of fears, and poor suggestions,
And by himself, unto himself directed;
Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly;
Oh loss, O innocent, can ye now kill me?
And the poor stale my Noble Lord, that knew not
More of this villain, than his forc'd fears;
Like one foreseen to satisfie, dy'd for it:
There was a murder too, *Rome* would have blusht at;
Was this worth being *Cesar*? or my patience? nay his Wife
By Heaven he told it me in wine, and joy;
And swore it deeply, he himself prepar'd
To be abus'd, how? let me grieve not tell ye;
And weep the sins that did it: and his end
Was only me, and *Cæsar*: But me he lyed in:
These are my reasons *Romans*, and my soul
Tells me sufficient; and my deed is justice:
Now as I have done well, or ill, look on me.
Afra. What less could nature do, what less had we done,
Had we known this before? *Romans*, she is righteous;
And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on:

Bend all your swords on me, if this displease ye.
For I must kneel, and on this vertuous hand;
Seal my new joy and thanks, thou hast done truly.
Semp. Up with your arms, ye strike a Saint else *Romans*,
May'st thou live ever spoken our Protector:
Rome yet has many Noble Heirs: Let's in
And pray, before we choose, then plant a *Cæsar*
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder.
Afra. Take up the body nobly to his urn,
And may our sins, and his together burn. [*Exeunt.*
A dead March.

EPILOGUE.

WE would fain please ye, and as fain be pleas'd;
'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd:
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And to our understanding good and fair:
For your own wisdoms sake, be not so mad,
To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
Let not a brack i'th' Stuff, or here and there
The fading gloss, a general loss appear:
We know ye take up worse Commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise;
We know in Meat and Wine, ye fling away
More time and wealth, which is but dearer pay,
And with the Reckoning all the pleasure lost.
We bid ye not unto repenting cost:
The price is easie, and so light the Play,
That ye may new digest it every day.
Then noble friends, as ye would choose a Miss,
Only to please the eye a while and kiss,
Till a good Wife be got: So let this Play
Hold ye a while until a better may.

Monsieur Thomas.

A

COMEDY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alice, *and* Valentine.

Alice. HOW dearly welcome you are!
Val. I know it,
And my best Sister, you are as dear to my sight,
And pray let this confirm it: how you have govern'd
My poor state in my absence, how my servants,
I dare, and must believe, else I should wrong ye,
The best and worthiest.
Alice. As my womans wit, Sir,
Which is but weak and crazie.
Val. But good *Alice*,
Tell me how fares the gentle *Cellide*,
The life of my affection, since my travel,
My long and lazie Travel? is her love still
Upon the growing hand? does it not stop
And wither at my years? has she not view'd
And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,
Some Youth but in his blossom, as her self is?
There lies my fears.
Alice. They need not, for believe me
So well you have manag'd her, and won her mind,
Even from her hours of childhood, to this ripeness,
And in your absence, that by me enforc'd still,
So well distill'd your gentleness into her,
Observ'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd still in her,
And though Love be a Boy, and ever youthful,

And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
Yet here ye have gone beyond love, better'd nature,
Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,
His Bow at full bent ever; fear not Brother,
For though your body has been far off from her,
Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,
I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
And willingly to give it ever harbour;
Believe she is so much yours, and won by miracle,
(Which is by age) so deep a stamp set on her
By your observances, she cannot alter.
Were the Child living now ye lost at Sea
Among the *Genoua* Gallies, what a happiness!
What a main Blessing!

Val. O no more, good Sister,
Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and jarring.
With that Child all my hopes went, and you know
The root of all those hopes, the Mother too
Within few days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal,
But peace be with their souls.

Val. For her loss
I hope the beauteous *Cellide.*

Alice. You may, Sir,
For all she is, is yours.

Val. For the poor Boys loss,
I have brought a noble friend, I found in Travel,
A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,
If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,
Man yet was never master of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A Gentleman, I do assure my self,
And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it;
I found him at *Valentia*, poor and needy,
Only his mind the master of a Treasure.
I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,
His honesty and modesty still fearing
To thrust a charge upon me; how I love him,
He shall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more Companions, use him nobly,

It is my will, good Sister, all I have
I make him free companion in, and partner,
But only—
Alice. I observe ye, hold your Right there,
Love and high Rule allows no Rivals, Brother,
He shall have fair regard, and all observance.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas. You are welcome, noble Sir.
Val. What, Monsieur *Hylas*!
I'm glad to see your merry Body well yet.
Hyl. 'Faith y'are welcome home, what news beyond seas?
Val. None, but new men expected, such as you are,
To breed new admirations; 'Tis my Sister,
'Pray ye know her, Sir.
Hylas. With all my heart; your leave Lady?
Alice. You have it, Sir.
Hylas. A shrewd smart touch, which does prognosticate
A Body keen and active, somewhat old,
But that's all one; age brings experience
And knowledge to dispatch: I must be better,
And nearer in my service, with your leave, Sir,
To this fair Lady.
Val. What, the old 'squire of Dames still! (now,
Hyl. Still the admirer of their goodness; with all my heart
I love a woman of her years, a pacer
That lays the bridle in her Neck, will travel
Forty, and somewhat fulsome is a fine dish.
These young Colts are too skittish.

Enter Mary.

Alice. My Cousin *Mary*
In all her joy, Sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.
Val. My loving and kind Cousin,
A thousand welcomes.
Mary. A thousand thanks to heaven, Sir,
For your safe voyage, and return.
Val. I thank ye;
But where's my Blessed *Cellide*? her slackness

In visitation.
Mary. Think not so, dear Uncle,
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.
Val. Ye have given me too much comfort.
Mary. She will not be long from ye.
Hyl. Your fair Cousin?
Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balk Sir,
If your old rule reign in you, ye may know her:
A happy stock ye have, right worthy Lady,
The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And obliged faith.
Mary. O 'tis a kiss you would, Sir,
Take it, and tye your tongue up.
Hylas. I am an Ass
I do perceive now, a blind Ass, a Blockhead;
For this is handsomness, this that that draws us
Body and Bones: Oh what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her!
How like a Swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver Breasts! this is the Woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour
As to think worthy of my love, all older Idols
I heartily abhor, and give to Gunpowder,
And all Complexions besides hers, to Gypsies.

Enter Francis *at one door, and* Cellide *at another.*

Val. O my dear life, my better heart, all dangers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion;
How happy have ye made me, truly happy!
Cel. My joy has so much over mastered me,
That in my tears for your return—
Val. O dearest;
My noble friend too! what a Blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again, a thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon ye; all I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants

To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power.
Fran. Ye are too munificent,
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, Sir.
Val. Ye wrong my tender love now, even my service,
Nothing accepted, nothing stuck between us
And our intire affections but this woman,
This I beseech ye friend.
Fran. It is a jewel,
I do confess, would make a Thief, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your servant,
That were a base ingratitude.
Val. Ye are noble,
'Pray be acquainted with her, keep your way, Sir,
My Cousin and my Sister.
Alice. Ye are most welcome.
Mary. If any thing in our poor powers, fair Sir,
To render ye content, and liberal welcome
May but appear, command it.
Alice. Ye shall find us
Happy in our performance.
Fran. The poor Servant
Of both your goodnesses presents his service.
Val. Come, no more Complement; Custom has made it
Dull, old, and tedious; ye are once more welcome
As your own thoughts can make ye, and the same ever.
And so we'll in to ratifie it.
Hyl. Hark ye, *Valentine*:
Is wild Oats yet come over?
Val. Yes, with me, Sir.
Mary. How does he bear himself?
Val. A great deal better;
Why do you blush? the Gentleman will do well.
Mary. I should be glad on't, Sir.
Val. How does his father?
Hyl. As mad a worm as e'er he was.
Val. I lookt for't:
Shall we enjoy your Company?
Hyl. I'll wait on ye:
Only a thought or two.

Val. We bar all prayers. [*Exeunt all but* Hylas.
Hyl. This last Wench! I, this last wench was a fair one,
A dainty Wench, a right one; a Devil take it,
What do I ail? to have fifteen now in liking,
Enough a Man would think to stay my stomach?
But what's fifteen, or fifteen score to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine Eyes made, and have lights,
But to encrease my Objects? This last Wench
Sticks plaguey close to me, a hundred pound
I were as close to her; If I lov'd now,
As many foolish men do, I should run mad.

SCENE II.

Enter old Sebastian, *and* Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs I advise you.
If you be lowzie shift your self.
Laun. May it please your Worship.
Seb. Only to see my Son, my Son, good *Launcelot*;
Your Master and my Son; Body O me Sir,
No money, no more money, Monsieur *Launcelot*,
Not a Denier, sweet Signior; bring the Person,
The person of my Boy, my Boy *Tom*, Monsieur *Thomas*,
Or get you gone again, *du gata whee*, Sir;
Bassa mi cu, good *Launcelot*, *valetote*.
My Boy or nothing.
Laun. Then to answer punctually.
Seb. I say to th' purpose.
Laun. Then I say to th' purpose,
Because your Worships vulgar Understanding
May meet me at the nearest; your Son, my Master,
Or Monsieur *Thomas*, (for so his Travel stiles him)
Through many foreign plots that Vertue meets with,
And dangers (I beseech ye give attention)
Is at the last arriv'd
To ask your (as the French man calls it sweetly)
Benediction *de jour en jour*.
Seb. Sirrah, do not conjure me with your French furies.
Laun. *Che ditt' a vou*, Monsieur.
Seb. *Che doga vou*, Rascal;

Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, Sirrah, lest I crack your French Crown,
What your good Master means; I have maintain'd
You and your Monsieur, as I take it, *Launcelot*,
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours*.
Jour me no more, for not another penny
Shall pass my purse.

Laun. Your Worship is erroneous,
For as I told you, your Son *Tom*, or *Thomas*,
My master and your Son is now arriv'd
To ask you, as our Language bears it nearest,
Your quotidian Blessing, and here he is in Person.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. What, *Tom*! Boy, welcome with all my heart, Boy
Welcome, 'faith thou hast gladded me at soul, Boy,
Infinite glad I am, I have pray'd too, *Thomas*,
For you wild *Thomas*, *Tom*, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.

Thom. Sir, I do find your Prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins.

Seb. How's this?

Thom. Else certain I had perish'd with my rudeness,
Ere I had won my self to that discretion,
I hope you shall hereafter find.

Seb. Humh, humh,
Discretion? is it come to that? the Boy's spoil'd.

Thom. Sirrah, you Rogue, look for't, for I will make thee
Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st thy self
Before thou travell'dst; thou hast told my Father,
I know it, and I find it, all my Rogueries
By meer way of prevention to undo me.

Laun. Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his benediction,
De jour en jour.

Thom. But that I must be civil,
I would beat thee like a Dog. Sir, however
The Time I have mispent may make you doubtful,
Nay harden your belief 'gainst my Conversion.

Seb. A pox o' travel, I say.

Thom. Yet dear Father
Your own experience in my after courses.

Enter Dorothea.

Seb. Prithee no more, 'tis scurvy; there's thy Sister
Undone without Redemption; he eats with picks,
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him:
How have I sin'd that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more Sons;
And this no more mine own, no spark of Nature
Allows him mine now, he's grown tame; my grand curse
Hang o'r his head that thus transform'd thee: travel?
I'll send my horse to travel next; *we* Monsieur.
Now will my most canonical dear Neighbours
Say I have found my Son, and rejoyce with me,
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off: I know not,
But I am sure this Monsieur, this fine Gentleman
Will never be in my Books like mad *Thomas*,
I must go seek an Heir, for my inheritance
Must not turn Secretary; my name and quality
Has kept my Land three hundred years in madness,
And it slip now, may it sink. [*Exit.*

Thom. Excellent Sister,
I am glad to see thee well; but where's thy father?

Dor. Gone discontent, it seems.

Thom. He did ill in it
As he does all; for I was utte[r]ing
A handsome Speech or two, I have been studying
E'r since I came from *Paris*: how glad to see thee!

Dor. I am gladder to see you, with more love too
I dare maintain it, than my Father's sorry
To see (as he supposes) your Conversion;
And I am sure he is vext, nay more, I know it,
He has pray'd against it mainly; but it appears, Sir,
You had rather blind him with that poor opinion
Than in your self correct it: dearest Brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance,
No more to make us two but our bare Sexes;
And since one happy Birth produc'd us hither,
Let one more happy mind.

Thom. It shall be, Sister,
For I can do it when I list; and yet, Wench,
Be mad too when I please; I have the trick on't:
Beware a Traveller.
Dor. Leave that trick too.
Thom. Not for the world: but where's my Mistress,
And prithee say how does she? I melt to see her,
And presently: I must away.
Dor. Then do so,
For o' my faith, she will not see you Brother.
Thom. Not see me? I'll—
Dor. Now you play your true self;
How would my father love this! I'll assure you
She will not see you; she has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you plaid since your departure,
In every Town ye came, your several mischiefs,
Your rowses and your wenches; all your quarrels,
And the no-causes of 'em; these I take it
Although she love ye well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her Uncle,
Must needs, and reason for it, be examined,
And by her modesty, and fear'd too light too,
To fyle with her affections; ye have lost her
For any thing I see, exil'd your self.
Thom. No more of that, sweet *Doll*, I will be civil.
Dor. But how long?
Thom. Would'st thou have me lose my Birth-right?
For yond old thing will disinherit me
If I grow too demure; good sweet *Doll*, prithee,
Prithee, dear Sister, let me see her.
Dor. No.
Thom. Nay, I beseech thee, by this light.
Dor. I, swagger.
Thom. Kiss me, and be my friend, we two were twins,
And shall we now grow strangers?
Dor. 'Tis not my fault.
Thom. Well, there be other women, and remember
You, you were the cause of this; there be more lands too,
And better People in 'em, fare ye well,

And other loves; what shall become of me
And of my vanities, because they grieve ye? (there?
Dor. Come hither, come, do you see that Cloud that flies
So light are you, and blown with every fancy:
Will ye but make me hope ye may be civil?
I know your Nature's sweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: do you love your Mistress?
Thom. He lies that says I do not.
Dor. Would ye see her?
Thom. If you please, for it must be so.
Dor. And appear to her
A thing to be belov'd?
Thom. Yes.
Dor. Change then
A little of your wildness into wisdom,
And put on a more smoothness;
I'll do the best I can to help ye, yet
I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,
She would never see you more; where's your mans heart now?
What, do you faint at this?
Thom. She is a woman;
But him she entertains next for a servant,
I shall be bold to quarter.
Dor. No thought of fighting;
Go in, and there we'll talk more, be but rul'd,
And what lies in my power, ye shall be sure of. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alice, *and* Mary.

Alice. He cannot be so wild still.
Mary. 'Tis most certain,
I have now heard all, and all the truth.
Alice. Grant all that;
Is he the first that has been giv'n a lost man,
And yet come fairly home? he is young and tender,
And fit for that impression your affections
Shall stamp upon him, age brings on discretion,
A year hence, these mad toys that now possess him
Will shew like Bugbears to him, shapes to fright him;

Marriage dissolves all these like mists.
Mary. They are grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father,
And to his grave they will haunt him.
Alice. 'Tis your fear
Which is a wise part in you; yet your love
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and choak it with these errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him,
Ye have him in your heart, and planted, Cousin,
From whence the power of reason, nor discretion
Can ever root him.
Mary. Planted in my heart, Aunt?
Believe it no, I never was so liberal;
What though he shew a so so comely fellow
Which we call pretty? or say it may be handsom?
What though his promises may stumble at
The power of goodness in him, sometimes use too?
Al. How willingly thy heart betrays thee, Cousin?
Cozen thy self no more; thou hast no more power
To leave off loving him than he that's thirsty
Has to abstain from drink standing before him;
His mind is not so monstrous for his shape,
If I have Eyes, I have not seen his better.
A handsome brown Complexion.
Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a tawney.
Alice. Had I said so
You would have wish'd my tongue out; then his making.
Mar. Which may be mended; I have seen legs straighter,
And cleaner made.
Alice. A body too.
Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.
Alice. God forgive thee,
For against thy Conscience thou lyest stubbornly.
Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.
Alice. 'Tis excellent,
And where the outward parts are fair and lovely,
(Which are but moulds o'th' mind) what must the soul be?

Put case youth has his swinge, and fiery Nature
Flames to mad uses many times.
Mary. All this
You only use to make me say I love him;
I do confess I do, but that my fondness
Should fling it self upon his desperate follies.
Alice. I do not counsel that, see him reclaim'd first,
Which will not prove a miracle, yet *Mary*,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.
Mary. No, no Aunt, no, believe me.
Alice. What was your dream to-night? for I observ'd ye
Hugging of me, with good dear sweet *Tom*.
Mary. Fye, Aunt,
Upon my Conscience.
Alice. On my word 'tis true, Wench;
And then ye kiss'd me, *Mary*, more than once too,
And sigh'd, and O sweet *Tom* again; nay, do not blush,
Ye have it at the heart, Wench.
Mary. I'll be hang'd first,
But you must have your way.

Enter Dorothea.

Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down hedges for it. *Dorothea*,
The welcom'st woman living; how does thy Brother?
I hear he's turn'd a wondrous civil Gentleman
Since his short travel.
Dor. 'Pray Heaven he make it good, *Alice*.
Mary. How do ye friend? I have a quarrel to ye,
Ye stole away and left my company.
Dor. O pardon me, dear friend, it was to welcome
A Brother that I have some Cause to love well.
Mary. Prithee how is he? thou speak'st truth.
Dor. Not perfect,
I hope he will be.
Mary. Never: h'as forgot me,
I hear Wench, and his hot love too.
Alice. Thou would'st howl then.
Mary. And I am glad it should be so; his travels

Have yielded him variety of Mistresses,
Fairer in his eye far.
Alice. O cogging Rascal!
Mary. I was a fool, but better thoughts I thank heaven.
Dor. 'Pray do not think so, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my troth most firmly, would fain see you.
Mary. See me friend! do you think it fit?
Dor. It may be,
Without the loss of credit too; he's not
Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all society.
Mary. He's so much contrary
To my desires, such an antipathy
That I must sooner see my grave.
Dor. Dear friend,
He was not so before he went.
Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair Conversion.
Alice. Come, do not mask your self, but see him freely,
Ye have a mind.
Mary. That mind I'll master then.
Dor. And is your hate so mortal?
Mary. Not to his person,
But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which still like *Hydras* heads grow thicker on him.
I have a credit, friend, and Maids of my sort,
Love where their modesties may live untainted.
Dor. I give up that hope then; 'pray for your friends sake,
If I have any interest within ye,
Do but this courtesie, accept this Letter.
Mary. From him?
Dor. The same; 'tis but a minutes reading,
And as we look on shapes of painted Devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em, so
If this be foul, ye may forget it, 'pray.
Mary. Have ye seen it, friend?
Dor. I will not lie; I have not,
But I presume, so much he honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away

When to his best part he writ this.
Mary. For your sake,
Not that I any way shall like his scribling.
Alice. A shrewd dissembling Quean.
Dor. I thank ye, dear friend,
I know she loves him.
Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,
Unless he leap into the Moon, believe that,
And then she'l scramble too; young wenches loves
Are like the course of quartans, they may shift
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see
The least distemper pulls 'em back again,
And seats 'em in their old course; fear her not,
Unless he be a Devil.
Mary. Now Heaven bless me.
Dor. What has he writ?
Mary. Out, out upon him.
Dor. Ha, what has the mad man done?
Mary. Worse, worse, and worse still.
Alice. Some Northern Toy, a little broad.
Mary. Still fouler!
Hey, hey Boys, goodness keep me; Oh.
Dor. What ail ye?
Mary. Here, take your Spell again, it burns my fingers.
Was ever Lover writ so sweet a Letter?
So elegant a style? pray look upon't;
The rarest inventory of rank Oaths
That ever Cut-purse cast.
Alice. What a mad Boy is this!
Mary. Only i'th' bottom
A little Julip gently sprinkled over
To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters,
Indeed law. Yours for ever.
Dor. I am sorry.
Mar. You shall be welcome to me, come when you please,
And ever may command me vertuously,
But for your Brother, you must pardon me,
Till I am of his nature, no access friend,
No word of visitation, as ye love me,
And so for now I'le leave ye. [*Exit.*

Alice. What a letter
Has this thing written, how it roars like thunder!
With what a state he enters into stile!
Dear Mistress.
Dor. Out upon him bedlam.
Alice. Well, there be waies to reach her yet: such likeness
As you two carry me thinks.
Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend ye: fare ye well,
The fool shall now fish for himself.
Alice. Be sure then
His tewgh be tith and strong: and next no swearing,
He'l catch no fish else, Farewel *Dol.*
Dor. Farewel *Alice.* [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Alice, *and* Cellide.

Cel. INdeed he's much chang'd, extreamly alter'd,
His colour faded strangely too.
Val. The air,
The sharp and nipping air of our new climate
I hope is all, which will as well restore
To health again th' affected body by it,
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous;
How do's my sweet, our blessed hour comes on now
Apace my *Cellide*, (it knocks at door)
In which our loves, and long desires like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together,
Within these [two] daies dear.
Cel. When heaven, and you Sir
Shall think it fit: for by your wills I am govern'd.
Alice. 'Twere good some preparation.

Enter Frank.

Val. All that may be:
It shall be no blind wedding: and all the joy
Of all our friends I hope: he looks worse hourly,
How does my friend, my self? he sweats too coldly,
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spowt,

Scarce gives his function: how is't man, alas Sir,
You look extreme ill: is it any old grief,
The weight of which?
Fra. None, gentle Sir, that I feel,
Your love is too too tender,
Nay believe Sir.
Cel. You cannot be the master of your health,
Either some feaver lyes in wait to catch ye,
Whose harbinger's already in your face
We see preparing: or some discontent,
Which if it lye in this house, I dare say
Both for this noble Gentleman, and all
That live within it, shall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care soften'd,
And where the cause is.
Fran. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a vertuous fair Physitian
Is ready to relieve: your noble cares
I must, and ever shall be thankfull for,
And would my service (I dare not look upon her)
But be not fearfull, I feel nothing dangerous,
A grudging caus'd by th' alteration
Of air, may hang upon me: my heart's whole,
(I would it were.)
Val. I knew the cause to be so.
Fra. No, you shall never know it.
Alice. Some warm broths
To purge the bloud, and keep your bed a day Sir,
And sweat it out.
Cel. I have such cordials,
That if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly,
I'le be your Doctor, you shall see how finely
I'le fetch ye up again.
Val. He sweats extreamly:
Hot, very hot: his pulse beats like a drum now,
Feel Sister, feel, feel sweet.
Fra. How that touch stung me!
Val. My gown there.
Cel. And those julips in the window.

Alice. Some see his bed made.
Val. This is most unhappy,
Take courage man, 'tis nothing but an ague.
Cel. And this shall be the last fit.
Fra. Not by thousands:
Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feel at full experience.
Alice. He grows fainter.
Val. Come, lead him in, he shall to bed: a vomit,
I'le have a vomit for him.
Alice. A purge first,
And if he breath'd a vein.
Val. No, no, no bleeding,
A Clyster will cool all.
Cel. Be of good cheer Sir.
Alice. He's loth to speak.
Cel. How hard he holds my hand aunt!
Alice. I do not like that sign.
Val. Away to's chamber,
Softly, he's full of pain, be diligent
With all the care ye have: would I had scus'd him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Dorothea, *and* Thomas.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? do I dwell in her
To force her to do this or that? your letter,
A wilde-fire on your letter; your sweet Letter;
You are so learned in your writs: ye stand now
As if ye had worried sheep: you must turn tippet,
And suddenly, and truely, and discreetly
Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry *Malkyn* the May Lady:
You must, dear Brother: do you make me carrier
Of your confound-mee's, and your culverings?
Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ such a debosh'd?
Thom. Your patience,
May not a man profess his love?

Dor. In blasphemies?
Rack a maids tender ears, with dam's and Devils?
Thom. Out, out upon thee,
How would you have me write?
Begin with my love premised? surely,
And by my truly Mistress.
Dor. Take your own course,
For I see all perswasion's lost upon ye:
Humanitie, all drown'd: from this hour fairly
I'le wash my hands of all ye do: farewel Sir.
Tho. Thou art not mad?
Dor. No, if I were, dear Brother
I would keep you company: get a new Mistress
Some suburb Saint, that six pence, and some others
Will draw to parley: carowse her health in Cans
And candles ends, and quarrel for her beauty,
Such a sweet heart must serve your turn: your old love
Releases ye of all your tyes; disclaims ye
And utterly abjures your memory
Till time has better manag'd ye, will ye command me—
Thom. What, bob'd of all sides?
Dor. Any worthy service
Unto my Father Sir, that I may tell him
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoycing
Ye are his true Son *Tom* still? will it please ye
To beat some half a dozen of his servants presently,
That I may testifie you have brought the same faith
Unblemish'd home, ye carried out? or if it like you
There be two chambermaids within, young wenches,
Handsom and apt for exercise: you have been good, Sir,
And charitable though I say it Signiour
To such poor orphans: and now, by th' way I think on't
Your young rear Admiral, I mean your last bastard
Don John, ye had by Lady *Blanch* the Dairy Maid,
Is by an Academy of learned Gypsies,
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant
Stoln from the Nurse, and wanders with those Prophets.
There is plate in the parlour, and good store Sir,
When your wants shall supply it. So most humbly
(First rendring my due service) I take leave Sir. [*Exit.*

Tho. Why *Doll*, why *Doll* I say: my letter fub'd too,
And no access without I mend my manners?
All my designes in Limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, though the Devil roar,
I am resolv'd that, if she live above ground,
I'le not be bob'd i'th' nose with every bobtail:
I will be civil too, now I think better,
Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried:
And yet be mad upon occasion,
And stark mad too, and save my land: my Father,
I'le have my will of him, how e're my wench goes. [*Exit.*

Enter Sebastian, *and* Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still you have spoil'd your Master: leave
I say thou hast spoil'd thy Master. (your stiches:
Lau. I say how Sir?
Seb. Marry thou hast taught him like an arrant rascal,
First to read perfectly: which on my blessing
I warn'd him from: for I knew if he read once,
He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir *Launcelot*,
Sir lowsie *Launcelot*, ye have suffer'd him
Against my power first, then against my precept,
To keep that simpring sort of people company,
That sober men call civil: mark ye that Sir?
Lau. And't please your worship.
Seb. It does not please my worship,
Nor shall not please my worship: thirdly and lastly,
Which if the law were here, I would hang thee for,
(However I will lame thee) like a villain,
Thou hast wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
A handsom mischief, such as thou knew'st I lov'd well.
My servants all are sound now, my drink sowr'd,
Not a horse pawn'd, nor plaid away: no warrants
Come for the breach of peace.
Men travel with their mony, and nothing meets 'em:
I was accurs'd to send thee, thou wert ever
Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit,
Thou slept'st still like a cork upon the water.
Lau. Your worship knows, I ever was accounted

The most debosh'd, and please you to remember,
Every day drunk too, for your worships credit,
I broke the Butlers head too.
Seb. No, base Palliard,
I do remember yet that anslaight, thou wast beaten,
And fledst before the Butler; a black jack
Playing upon thee furiously, I saw it:
I saw thee scatter'd rogue, behold thy Master.

Enter Thomas, *with a Book.*

Thom. What sweet content dwells here!
Lau. Put up your Book Sir,
We are all undone else.
Seb. *Tom*, when is the horse-race?
Thom. I know not Sir.
Seb. You will be there?
Tho. Not I Sir,
I have forgot those journeys.
Seb. Spoil'd for ever.
The Cocking holds at *Derby*, and there will be
Jack Wild-oats, and *Will* Purser.
Tho. I am sorry, Sir,
They should employ their time so slenderly,
Their understandings will bear better courses.
Seb. Yes, I will marry again: but Monsieur *Thomas*,
What say ye to the Gentleman that challeng'd ye
Before he went, and the fellow ye fell out with?
Tho. O good Sir,
Remember not those follies; where I have wrong'd, Sir,
(So much I have now learn'd to discern my self)
My means, and my repentance shall make even,
Nor do I think it any imputation
To let the Law perswade me.
Seb. Any Woman:
I care not of what colour, or complexion,
Any that can bear Children: rest ye merry. [*Exit.*
La. Ye have utterly undone; clean discharg'd me,
I am for the ragged Regiment.
Tho. Eight languages,
And wither at an old mans words?

La. O pardon me.
I know him but too well: eightscore I take it
Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
I'le give him leave to break a leg, and thank him:
You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a little:
What had an oath or two been? or a head broke,
Though 'thad been mine, to have satisfied the old man?
Tho. I'le break it yet.
La. Now 'tis too late, I take it:
Will ye be drunk to night, (a less intreaty
Has serv'd your turn) and save all yet? not mad drunk,
For then ye are the Devil, yet the drunker,
The better for your Father still: your state is desperate,
And with a desperate cure ye must recover it:
Do something, do Sir: do some drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.
Tho. Go for a Fidler then: the poor old Fidler
That sayes his Songs: but first where lyes my Mistris,
Did ye enquire out that?
La. I'th' Lodge, alone Sir,
None but her own Attendants.
Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away then, find this Fidler, and do not miss me
By nine a Clock.
La. Via. [*Exit.*
Tho. My Father's mad now,
And ten to one will disinherit me:
I'le put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
What *Ribabald*?

Enter Hylas *and* Sam.

Hyl. Don Thomasio.
De bene venew.
Tho. I do embrace your body:
How do'st thou *Sam*?
Sam. The same *Sam* still: your friend Sir.
Tho. And how is't bouncing boyes?
Hyl. Thou art not alter'd,
They said thou wert all Monsieur.
Tho. O believe it,

I am much alter'd, much another way:
The civil'st Gentleman in all your Country:
Do not ye see me alter'd? yea, and nay Gentlemen,
A much converted man: where's the best wine boys?
Hyl. A sound Convertite.
Tho. What, hast thou made up twenty yet?
Hyl. By'r Lady,
I have giv'n a shrewd push at it, for as I take it,
The last I fell in love with, scor'd sixteen.
Tho. Look to your skin, *Rambaldo* the sleeping Gyant
Will rowze and rent thee piece-meal.
Sam. He ne'r perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.
Thom. Thou never meanest then
To marry any that thou lov'st?
Hyl. No surely,
Nor any wise man I think; marriage?
Would you have me now begin to be prentice,
And learn to cobble other mens old Boots?
Sam. Why, you may take a Maid.
Hyl. Where? can you tell me?
Or if 'twere possible I might get a Maid,
To what use should I put her? look upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?
All the new Gowns i'th' Parish will not please her,
If she be high bred, for there's the sport she aims at,
Nor all the feathers in the Fryars.
Thom. Then take a Widow,
A good stanch wench, that's tith.
Hyl. And begin a new order,
Live in a dead mans monument, not I, Sir,
I'll keep mine own road, a true mendicant;
What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet
To lay up for the morrow; and methinks ever
Anothers mans Cook dresses my diet neatest. (nosed,
Thom. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat and flat
And thou would'st say they kiss'd like Flounders, flat
All the face over.
Hyl. I have had such damsels
I must confess.

Thom. Thou hast been a precious Rogue.
Sam. Only his eyes; and o' my Conscience
They lye with half the Kingdom.
[*Enter over the Stage, Physicians and others.*
Thom. What's the matter?
Whither go all these men-menders, these Physicians?
Whose Dog lies sick o'th' mulligrubs?
Sam. O the Gentleman,
The young smug Seigniour, Master *Valentine*,
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is faln sick o'th' sudden, desperate sick,
And likely they go thither.
Thom. Who? young *Frank*?
The only temper'd spirit, Scholar, Souldier,
Courtier; and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter Alice.

Sam. There's one can better satisfie you.
Thom. Mistress *Alice*,
I joy to see you, Lady.
Alice. Good Monsieur *Thomas*,
You're welcome from your travel; I am hasty,
A Gentleman lyes sick, Sir.
Thom. And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know.
Alice. Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye.
Thom. I am glad on't,
And prithee hark.
Alice. I cannot stay.
Thom. A while, *Alice*. (still.
Sam. Never look so narrowly, the mark's in her mouth
Hyl. I am looking at her legs, prithee be quiet.
Alice. I cannot stay.
Thom. O sweet *Alice*.
Hyl. A clean instep,
And that I love a life, I did not mark
This woman half so well before, how quick
And nimble like a shadow, there her leg shew'd;
By th'mass a neat one, the colour of her Stocking,

A much inviting colour.
Alice. My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talk now.
Hyl. Pretty Breeches,
Finely becoming too.
Thom. By Heaven.
Alice. She will not,
I can assure you that, and so.
Thom. But this word.
Alice. I cannot, nor I will not, good Lord. [*Exit.*
Hyl. Well, you shall hear more from me.
Thom. We'll go visit,
'Tis Charity; besides, I know she is there;
And under visitation I shall see her;
Will ye along?
Hyl. By any means.
Thom. Be sure then
I be a civil man: I have sport in hand, Boys,
Shall make mirth for a Marriage-day.
Hyl. Away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Physicians with an Urinal.

1 *Phy.* A Pleurisie, I see it.
2 *Phy.* I rather hold it
For *tremor Cordis.*
3 *Phy.* Do you mark the *Fæces*?
'Tis a most pestilent contagious Feaver,
A surfeit, a plaguey surfeit; he must bleed.
1 *Phy.* By no means.
3 *Phy.* I say bleed.
1 *Phy.* I say 'tis dangerous;
The Person being spent so much before-hand,
And Nature drawn so low, Clysters, cool Clysters.
2 *Phy.* Now with your favours I should think a Vomit:
For take away the Cause, the Effect must follow,
The Stomach's foul and fur'd, the pot's unflam'd yet.
3 *Phy.* No, no, we'll rectifie that part by mild means,
Nature so sunk must find no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't please ye draw near? the weak Gentleman
Grows worse and worse still.
1 *Phy.* Come, we will attend him.
2 *Phy.* He shall do well, my friend.
Serv. My Masters love, Sir.
1. Excellent well I warrant thee, right and straight, friend.
3 *Phy.* There's no doubt in him, none at all, ne'r fear him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine, *and* Michael.

Mich. That he is desperate sick I do believe well,
And that without a speedy cure it kills him,
But that it lyes within the help of Physick
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him;
Believe it you are cozen'd; clean beside it.
I would tell ye the true cause too, but 'twould vex ye,
Nay, run ye mad.
Val. May all I have restore him!
So dearly and so tenderly I love him,
I do not know the cause why, yea my life too.
Mich. Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll tell you,
Hei mihi quod nullis Amor est medicabilis herbis.
Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd: good friend go from me,
I find my heart too full for further conference;
You are assur'd of this?
Mich. 'Twill prove too certain,
But bear it nobly, Sir, Youth hath his errours.
Val. I shall do, and I thank ye; 'pray ye no words on't.
Mich. I do not use to talk, Sir. [*Exit.*
Val. Ye are welcome;
Is there no Constancy in earthly things,
No happiness in us, but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of Fortune?
What miseries we are, and to our selves,
Even then when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows!

Enter Alice.

Alice. O dear Brother,
The Gentleman if ever you will see him
Alive as I think.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. O he faints, for Heavens sake,
For Heavens sake, Sir.
Val. Go comfort him, dear Sister. [*Exit* Alice.
And one word, sweet, with you; then we'll go to him.
What think you of this Gentleman?
Cel. My pity thinks, Sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish.
Val. It is indeed, but *Cellide*, he must dye.
Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him,
Why do you weep so, Sir? he may recover.
Val. He may, but with much danger; my sweet *Cellide*,
You have a powerful tongue.
Cel. To do you service.
Val. I will betray his grief; he loves a Gentlewoman,
A friend of yours, whose heart another holds,
He knows it too; yet such a sway blind fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him:
Never so hopeful and so sweet a Spirit,
Misfortune fell so foul on.
Cel. Sure she's hard hearted,
That can look on, and not relent, and deeply
At such a misery; she is not married?
Val. Not yet.
Cel. Nor near it?
Val. When she please.
Cel. And pray Sir,
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so?
Val. His love may merit much, his Person little,
For there the match lyes mangled.
Cel. Is he your friend?
Val. He should be, for he is near me.
Cel. Will not he dye then,
When th'other shall recover?

Val. Ye have pos'd me.
Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he love her;
If she love him.
Val. She does, and would do equal.
Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put me; yet for your sake
I will speak to her, all the art I have;
My best endeavours; all his Youth and Person,
His mind more full of beauty; all his hopes
The memory of such a sad example,
Ill spoken of, and never old; the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alledg'd
I'll lay before her: what's her Name? I am ready.
Val. But will you deal effectually?
Cel. Most truly;
Nay, were it my self, at your entreaty.
Val. And could ye be so pitiful?
Cel. So dutiful;
Because you urge it, Sir.
Val. It may be then
It is your self.
Cel. It is indeed, I know it,
And now know how ye love me.
Val. O my dearest,
Let but your goodness judge; your own part's pity;
Set but your eyes on his afflictions;
He is mine, and so becomes your charge: but think
What ruine Nature suffers in this young man,
What loss humanity, and noble manhood;
Take to your better judgment my declining,
My Age hung full of impotence, and ills,
My Body budding now no more: seer Winter
Hath seal'd that sap up, at the best and happiest
I can but be your infant, you my Nurse,
And how unequal dearest; where his years,
His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,
My fortunes growing in him, and my self too,
Which makes him all your old love; misconceive not,
I say not this as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith; bear witness,
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me

To all the joy I have.
Cel. You have said enough, Sir,
And more than e'r I thought that tongue could utter,
But you are a man, a false man too.
Val. Dear *Cellide.*
Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a woman
Rob'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,
The Gentleman shall live, and if he love me,
Ye shall be both my triumphs; I will to him,
And as you carelesly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easie winning,
So will I lose the name of *Valentine*,
From henceforth all his flatteries, and believe it,
Since ye have so slightly parted with affection,
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for;
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers
Shall pluck me back again; what I shall do,
Yet I will undertake his cure, expect it,
Shall minister no comfort, no content
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations.
Val. Why, let him dye then.
Cel. No, so much I have loved
To be commanded by you, that even now,
Even in my hate, I will obey your wishes.
Val. What shall I do?
Cel. Dye like a fool unsorrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his Treasure;
I must begin my cure.
Val. And I my Crosses. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Frank *sick*, *Physicians*, *and an Apothecary.*

1 *Phy.* CLap on the Cataplasm.
Frank. Good Gentlemen,
Good learned Gentlemen.
2 *Phy.* And see these broths there,
Ready within this hour, pray keep your arms in,
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.

Fran. 'Pray leave me; I beseech ye leave me, Gentlemen,
I have no other sickness but your presence,
Convey your Cataplasms to those that need 'em,
Your Vomits, and your Clysters.
3 *Phy.* Pray be rul'd, Sir.
1 *Phy.* Bring in the Lettice Cap; you must be shaved, Sir,
And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!
Frank. Till dooms-day: what unnecessary nothings
Are these about a wounded mind?
2 *Phy.* How do ye?
Fra. What questions they propound too! how do you, Sir?
I am glad to see you well.
3 *Phy.* A great distemper, it grows hotter still.
1 *Phy.* Open your mouth, I pray, Sir.
Frank. And can you tell me
How old I am then? there's my hand, pray shew me
How many broken shins within this two year.
Who would be thus in fetters, good master Doctor,
And you dear Doctor, and the third sweet Doctor,
And precious master Apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer,
Ye stand before me like my Blacks.
2 *Phy.* 'Tis dangerous,
For now his fancy turns too.

Enter Cellide.

Cell. By your leave Gentlemen:
And pray ye your leave a while too, I have something
Of secret to impart unto the Patient.
1. With all our hearts.
3. I mary such a Physick
May chance to find the humour: be not long Lady,
For we must minister within this half hour. [*Ex. Phys.*
Cell. You shall not stay for me.
Fra. Would you were all rotten
That ye might only intend one anothers itches:
Or would the Gentlemen with one consent
Would drink small Beer but seven years, and abolish
That wild fire of the blood, unsatiate wenching,
That your two Indies, springs and falls might fail ye,

What torments these intruders into bodies.
Cell. How do you worthy Sir?
Fran. Bless me, what beams
Flew from these Angel eyes! O what a misery
What a most studied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honest man! dare ye sit by me?
Cell. Yes, and do more than that too: comfort ye,
I see ye have need.
Fran. You are a fair Physician:
You bring no bitterness gilt o're, to gull us,
No danger in your looks, yet there my death lyes.
Cell. I would be sorry, Sir, my charity
And my good wishes for your health should merit
So stubborn a construction: will it please ye
To taste a little of this Cordial

Enter Valentine.

For this I think must cure ye.
Fra. Of which Lady?
Sure she has found my grief: why do you blush so?
Cell. Do you not understand? of this, this Cordial.
Val. O my afflicted heart: she is gone for ever.
Fra. What heaven have ye brought me Lady?
Cell. Do not wonder:
For 'tis no impudence, nor want of honour
Makes me do this: but love to save your life, Sir,
Your life too excellent to lose in wishes,
Love, vertuous love.
Fra. A vertuous blessing crown ye,
O goodly sweet, can there be so much charity
So noble a compassion in that heart
That's fill'd up with anothers fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power ye have, and perfect object
Lyes in anothers light, and his deserves it?
Cell. Do not despair: nor do not think too boldly,
I dare abuse my promise, 'twas your friends
And so fast tyed, I thought no time could ruin:
But so much has your danger, and that spell

The powerful name of friend, prevail'd above him
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command to cure ye,
Nay more for ever, by his full resignment,
And willingly I ratifie it.
Fra. Hold for Heaven sake,
Must my friends misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name, to be a Traitor?
O vertuous goodness, keep thy self untainted:
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am resolv'd to die first.
Val. Ha! saist thou so? nay then thou shalt not perish.
Fra. And though I love ye above the light shines on me,
Beyond the wealth of Kingdoms, free content,
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited,
Yet, yet O noble Beauty, yet O Paradise
For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it,
Yet is a gratitude to be preserv'd,
A worthy gratitude to one most worthy
The name, and nobleness of friends.
Cell. Pray tell me
If I had never known that Gentleman,
Would not you willingly embrace my offer?
Fra. Do you make a doubt?
Cell. And can ye be unwilling
He being old and impotent? his aim too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not constrain'd,
But out of cure, and counsel? Alas consider,
Play but the Woman with me, and consider
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider, Sir, what misery.
Fra. For vertues sake take heed.
Cell. What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections [*texts blank*] and shot together:
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What art of memory but fruitless doating?
Fra. This cannot be.

Cell. To you unless ye apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it,
I speak but of things possible, not done
Nor like to be, a Posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know ye grieve this; and howsoever
The worthiness of friend may make ye stagger,
Which is a fair thing in ye, yet my Patient,
My gentle Patient, I would fain say more
If you would understand.
Val. O cruel Woman.
Cell. Yet sure your sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost.
Fra. Pray stay there:
Me thinks you are not fair now; me thinks more,
That modest vertue, men delivered of you,
Shews but like shadow to me, thin, and fading.
Val. Excellent friend.
Fra. Ye have no share in goodness:
Ye are belyed; you are not *Cellide*,
The modest, immaculate: who are ye?
For I will know: what Devil, to do mischief
Unto my vertuous friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemished beauty?
Cell. Do not rave, Sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract ye,
You shall enjoy me: I am yours: I pity,
By those fair eyes I do.
Fra. O double hearted!
O Woman, perfect Woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou was't made a Devil!
What an inviting Hell invented! tell me,
And if you yet remember what is goodness,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd
So sainted in the soul of him, whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every day endeavours and desires
Offer themselves like Incense on your Altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence, but holy
And most Religious with his love; whose life
(And let it ever be remembred Lady)

Is drawn out only for your ends.
Val. O miracle!
Fra. Whose all, and every part of man: pray make me
Like ready Pages wait upon your pleasures;
Whose breath is but your bubble. Can ye, dare ye,
Must ye cast off this man, though he were willing,
Though in a nobleness, so cross my danger
His friendship durst confirm it, without baseness,
Without the stain of honour? shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, there's the Lady
That lost her Father, friend, herself, her faith too,
To fawn upon a stranger, for ought you know
As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless.
Val. Take her with all my heart, thou art so honest
That 'tis most necessary I be undone.
[With all my soul possess her.] [*Exit* Val.
Cell. Till this minute,
I scorn'd, and hated ye, and came to cozen ye:
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make ye mad.
Fra. Good Heaven, what is this Woman?
Cell. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit: nor you appear unto me
More than a common object; yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly I do love ye dearly,
And from this hour ye are the man I honour,
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend, and I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on ye,
To make this truth the worlds.
Fra. Whither do you drive me?
Cell. Back to your honesty, make that good ever,
'Tis like a strong built Castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions, still repair it,
Still fortifie it: there are thousand foes
Besides the Tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your Centinels that watch it hourly,
Your eyes, let them not wander.
Fra. Is this serious?
Or dos she play still with me?

Cell. Keep your ears,
The two main Ports that may betray ye, strongly
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where Woman beats the parley:
The body of your strength, your noble heart
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Rig'd round about with vertue, that no breaches,
No subtil [mynes] may meet ye.
Fra. How like the Sun
Labouring in his Eclipse, dark, and prodigious,
She shew'd till now? when having won her way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his vertuous beams: excellent Angel,
For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful,
And like a Pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with prophane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wishes,
To kiss that virgin hand.
Cel. Take your desire, Sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust ye,
No other fruit my love must ever yield ye,
I fear no more: yet your most constant memory
(So much I am wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my Friend, Companion, Husband.
Farewel, and fairly govern your affections,
Stand, and deceive me not: O noble young man,
I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it:
Once more farewel, and prosper. [*Exit.*
Fra. Goodness guide thee:
My wonder like to fearful shapes in dreams,
Has wakened me out of my fit of folly,
But not to shake it off: a spell dwells in me,
A hidden charm shot from this beauteous Woman,
That fate can ne'r avoid, nor Physick find,
And by her counsel strengthen'd: only this
Is all the help I have, I love fair vertue.
Well, something I must do, to be a friend,
Yet I am poor, and tardy: something for her too
Though I can never reach her excellence,

Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, *and* Sam.

Val. Be not uncivil *Tom*, and take your pleasure.
Tho. Do you think I am mad? you'l give me leave
To try her fairly?
Val. Do your best.
Tho. Why there Boy,
But where's the sick man?
Hyl. Where are the Gentlewomen
That should attend him? there's the Patient.
Me thinks these Women—
Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.
Val. Go to him friend, and comfort him: I'le lead ye:
O my best joy, my worthiest friend, pray pardon me,
I am so over-joy'd I want expression:
I may live to be thankful: bid your friends welcome.
[*Exit* Val.
Tho. How do'st thou *Frank*? how do'st thou Boy? bear
What, shrink i'th' sinews for a little sickness? (up man:
Deavolo morte.
Fra. I am o'th' mending hand. (man?
Tho. How like a Flute thou speak'st: o'th' mending hand
Gogs bores, I am well, speak like a man of worship.
Fran. Thou art a mad companion: never staid *Tom.*
Tho. Let Rogues be staid that have no habitation,
A Gentleman may wander: sit thee down *Frank*,
And see what I have brought thee: come discover,
Open the Scene, and let the work appear.
A friend at need you Rogue is worth a million.
Fra. What hast thou there, a julip?
Hyl. He must not touch it,
'Tis present death.
Tho. Ye are an Ass, a twirepipe,
A *Jeffery John bo peepe*, thou mimister,
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle, out puppey,
My friend *Frank*, but a very foolish fellow:
Do'st thou see that Bottle? view it well.
Fran. I do *Tom.*
Tho. There be as many lives in't, as a Cat carries,

'Tis everlasting liquor.
Fran. What?
Tho. Old Sack, Boy,
Old reverend Sack, which for ought that I can read yet,
Was that Philosophers Stone the wise King *Ptolomeus*
Did all his wonders by.
Fran. I see no harm *Tom*,
Drink with a moderation.
Tho. Drink with suger,
Which I have ready here, and here a glass boy,
Take me without my tools.
Sam. Pray Sir be temperate,
You know your own state best.
Fra. Sir, I much thank ye,
And shall be careful: yet a glass or two
So fit I find my body, and that so needful.
Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling: thou say'st true *Frank.*
Hyl. Where are these Women I say?
Tho. 'Tis most necessary,
Hang up your Julips and your *Portugal* Possets,
Your barley Broths, and sorrel Sops, they are mangy,
And breed the Scratches only: give me Sack:
I wonder where this Wench is though: have at thee.
Hyl. So long, and yet no bolting?
Fra. Do, I'le pledge thee. (man
Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry heigh like a Hunts-
With a clear heart, and no more fits I warrant thee.
The only Cordial, *Frank.* [*Phys. and Serv. within.*
1 *Phys.* Are the things ready?
And is the Barber come?
Ser. An hour ago, Sir.
1 *Phys.* Bring out the Oyls then.
Fran. Now or never Gentlemen,
Do me a kindness and deliver me.
Tho. From whom boy?
Fra. From these things, that talk within there,
Physicians, *Tom*, Physicians, scowring-sticks,
They mean to read upon me.

Enter three Phys. Apoth. and Barber.

Hyl. Let 'em enter.
Tho. And be thou confident, we will deliver thee:
For look ye Doctor, say the Devil were sick now,
His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a Biggin,
Sick of a Calenture, taken by a Surfeit
Of stinking souls at his Nephews, and S^t *Dunstans*,
What would you minister upon the sudden?
Your judgment short and sound.
1 *Phy.* A fools head.
Tho. No Sir,
It must be a Physicians for three causes,
The first because it is a bald-head likely,
Which will down easily without Applepap.
3 *Phy.* A main cause.
Tho. So it is, and well consider'd.
The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, Sir,
Which will so tumble in his stomach, Doctor,
And work upon the crudities, conceive me,
The fears, and the fiddle-strings within it,
That those damn'd souls must disembogue again.
Hyl. Or meeting with the stygian humour.
Tho. Right, Sir.
Hyl. Forc'd with a Cataplasm of Crackers.
Tho. Ever.
Hyl. Scowre all before him, like a Scavenger.
Tom. *Satis fecisti domine*, my last cause,
My last is, and not least, most learned Doctors,
Because in most Physicians heads (I mean those
That are most excellent, and old withal,
And angry, though a Patient say his prayers,
And *Paracelsians* that do trade with poisons,
We have it by tradition of great writers)
There is a kind of Toad-stone bred, whose vertue
The Doctor being dri'd.
1 *Phy.* We are abus'd sirs.
Hyl. I take it so, or shall be, for say the Belly-ake
Caus'd by an inundation of Pease-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port Vein,

Or the port Esquiline?
Sam. A learned question:
Or grant the Diaphragma by a Rupture,
The sign being then in the head of *Capricorn.*
Tho. Meet with the passion Huperchondriaca,
And so cause a Carnosity in the Kidneyes.
Must not the brains, being butter'd with this humour—
Answer me that.
Sam. Most excellently argued.
2 *Phy.* The next fit you will have, my most fine Scholar,
Bedlam shall find a Salve for: fare ye well Sir,
We came to do you good, but these young Doctors
It seems have bor'd our Noses.
3 *Phy.* Drink hard Gentlemen,
And get unwholesome drabs: 'tis ten to one then
We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd. [*Exeunt.*
Tho. And wilt thou be gone, saies one?
Hyl. And wilt thou be gone, saies t'other?
Tho. Then take the odd crown
To mend thy old Gown.
Sam. And we'l be gone all together.
Fra. My learned *Tom.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the young Gentlewomen
Sent me to see what company ye had with ye,
They much desire to visit ye.
Fra. Pray ye thank 'em,
And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence:
Ye see my company.
Tho. Come hither Crab,
What Gentlewomen are these? my Mistris?
Ser. Yes Sir.
Hyl. And who else?
Ser. Mistress *Alice.*
Hyl. Oh!
Tho. Hark ye sirrah,
No word of my being here, unless she know it.
Ser. I do not think she does.
Tho. Take that, and mum then.

Ser. You have ty'd my tongue up. [*Exit.*
Tho. Sit you down good *Francis*,
And not a word of me till ye hear from me,
And as you find my humour, follow it:
You two come hither, and stand close, unseen Boys,
And do as I shall tutor ye.
Fran. What, new work?
Tho. Prethee no more but help me now.
Hyl. I would fain talk
With the Gentlewomen.
Tho. Talk with the Gentlewomen?
Of what forsooth? whose Maiden-head the last Mask
Suffer'd impression? or whose Clyster wrought best?
Take me as I shall tell thee.
Hyl. To what end?
What other end came we along?
Sam. Be rul'd though.
Tho. Your weasel face must needs be ferretting
About the Farthing-ale;
Do as I bid ye,
Or by this light—
Hyl. Come then.
Thom. Stand close and mark me.
Fran. All this forc'd foolery will never do it.

Enter Alice *and* Mary.

Ali. I hope we bring ye health, Sir: how is't with ye?
Ma. You look far better trust me, the fresh colour
Creeps now again into his cheeks.
Ali. Your enemy
I see has done his worst. Come, we must have ye
Lusty again, and frolick man; leave thinking.
Ma. Indeed it does ye harm, Sir.
Fran. My best visitants,
I shall be govern'd by ye.
Ali. You shall be well then,
And suddenly, and soundly well.
Ma. This Air, Sir,
Having now season'd ye, will keep ye ever.
Tho. No, no, I have no hope, nor is it fit friends,

My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,
That any thing but curses light upon me,
Exorbitant in all my wayes.
Ali. Who's that, Sir,
Another sick man?
Ma. Sure I know that voice well.
Tho. In all my courses, careless disobedience.
Fran. What a strange fellow's this?
Tho. No counsel friends,
No look before I leapt.
Ali. Do you know the voyce, Sir?
Fra. Yes, 'tis a Gentlemans that's much afflicted
In's mind: great pity Ladies.
Ali. Now heaven help him.
Fra. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me,
For some things done long since, which his distemper
Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.
Ma. O that this could be truth.
Hyl. Perswade your self.
Tho. To what end Gentlemen, when all is perish'd
Upon a wrack, is there a hope remaining?
The Sea, that ne'r knew sorrow, may be pitiful,
My credit's split, and sunk, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as—
Ma. I like this well.
Sam. Your mind is too mistrustful.
Tho. I have a vertuous Sister, but I scorn'd her,
A Mistris too, a noble Gentlewoman,
For goodness all out-going.
Alice. Now I know him.
Tho. With these eyes friends, my eyes must never see more.
Alice. This is for your sake *Mary*: take heed Cousin,
A man is not so soon made.
Tho. O my fortune!
But it is just, I be despis'd and hated.
Hyl. Despair not, 'tis not manly: one hours goodness
Strikes off an infinite of ills.
Alice. Weep truly
And with compassion, Cousin.

Fra. How exactly
This cunning young Thief playes his part!
Ma. Well *Tom*,
My *Tom* again, if this be truth.
Hyl. She weeps Boy.
Tho. O I shall die.
Ma. Now Heaven defend.
Sam. Thou hast her.
Tho. Come lead me to my Friend to take his farewel,
And then what fortune shall befal me, welcome,
How does it show?
Hyl. O rarely well.
Ma. Say you so, Sir.
Fra. O ye grand Ass.
Ma. And are ye there my Juggler?
Away we are abus'd, *Alice*.
Alice. Fool be with thee. [*Ex.* Mary *and* Alice.
Tho. Where is she?
Fra. Gone; she found you out, and finely,
In your own noose she halter'd ye: you must be whispering
To know how things shew'd: not content to fare well
But you must roar out roast-meat; till that suspicion
You carried it most neatly, she believed too
And wept most tenderly; had you continu'd,
Without doubt you had brought her off.
Tho. This was thy Roguing,
For thou wert ever whispering: fye upon thee
Now could I break thy head.
Hyl. You spoke to me first.
Tho. Do not anger me,
For by this hand I'le beat the buzard blind then.
She shall not scape me thus: farewel for this time.
Fra. Good night, 'tis almost bed time: yet no sleep
Must enter these [eyes], till I work a wonder. [*Exit.*
Tho. Thou shalt along too, for I mean to plague thee
For this nights sins, I will never leave walking of thee
Till I have worn thee out.
Hyl. Your will be done, Sir.
Tho. You will not leave me, *Sam.*
Sam. Not I.

Tho. Away then: I'le be your guide now, if my man be trusty,
My spightful Dame, I'le pipe ye such a hun[t]sup
Shall make ye dance a tipvaes: keep close to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sebastian, *and* Dorothy.

Seb. Never perswade me, I will marry again,
What should I leave my state to, Pins and Poaking-sticks,
To Farthingals, and frownces? to fore-horses
And an old Leather Bawdy house behind 'em,
To thee?
Dor. You have a Son, Sir.
Seb. Where, what is he?
Who is he like?
Dor. Your self.
Seb. Thou lyest, thou hast marr'd him,
Thou, and thy prayer books: I do disclaim him:
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly Ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a Catechism in's pocket, Damsel,
One of your dear disciples, I perceive it?
When did he ride abroad since he came over?
What Tavern has he us'd to? what things done
That shews a man, and mettle? when was my house
At such a shame before, to creep to bed
At ten a clock, and twelve, for want of company?
No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals; when, and where
Has he but shew'd his sword of late?
Dor. Despair not
I do beseech you, Sir, nor tempt your weakness,
For if you like it so, I can assure you
He is the same man still.
Seb. Would thou wert ashes
On that condition; but believe it Gossip
You shall know you have wrong'd.
Dor. You never, Sir,
So well I know my duty: and for Heaven sake,
Take but this counsel with ye ere you marry,

You were wont to hear me: take him, and confess him,
Search him to the quick, and if you find him false,
Do as you please; a Mothers name I honour.
Seb. He is lost, and spoil'd, I am resolv'd my roof
Shall never harbour him: and for you Minion
I'le keep you close enough, lest you break loose,
And do more mischief; get ye in: who waits? [*Exit* Dor.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Do you call, Sir?
Seb. Seek the Boy: and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning: mark what house
He is in, and what he does: and truly tell me.
Ser. I will not fail, Sir.
Seb. If ye do, I'le hang ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Thomas, Hylas, *and* Sam.

Tho. Keep you the back door there, and be sure
None of her servants enter, or go out,
If any Woman pass, she is lawful prize, Boys,
Cut off all convoyes.
Hyl. Who shall answer this?
Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful widgeon,
I shall appear to th' action.
Hyl. May we discourse too,
On honourable terms?
Tho. With any Gentlewoman
That shall appear at window: ye may rehearse too
By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of Poetry to a Chamber-maid.
Hyl. May we sing too?
For there's my master-piece.
Tho. By no means, no Boys,
I am the man reserv'd for Air, 'tis my part,
And if she be not rock, my voyce shall reach her:
Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister, but for main singing,
Pray ye satisfie your selves: away, be careful.

Hyl. But hark ye, one word *Tom*, we may be beaten.
Tho. That's as ye think good your selves: if you deserve it,
Why 'tis the easiest thing to compass: beaten?
What Bugbears dwell in thy brains? who should beat thee?
Hyl. She has men enough.
Tho. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: if all that mass
Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dogs-meat: get you gone;
I have things of moment in my mind: that door,
Keep it as thou would'st keep thy Wife from a Servingman.
No more I say: away, *Sam.*
Sam. At your will, Sir. [*Exeunt* Hylas *and* Sam.

Enter Launcelot, *and Fidler.*

Lan. I have him here, a rare Rogue, good sweet Master,
Do something of some savour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live: I am almost starv'd,
No point manieur, *no point devein*, *no Signieur*,
Not by the vertue of my languages,
Nothing at my old masters to be hoped for,
O Signieur *du*, nothing to line my life with,
But cold Pyes with a cudgel, till you help us.
Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee: come hither Fidler,
What Ballads are you seen in best? be short Sir.
Fidler. Under your masterships correction, I can sing
The Duke of *Norfolk*, or the merry Ballad
Of *Diverus* and *Lazarus*, the Rose of *England*,
In *Creet* when *Dedimus* first began,
Jonas his crying out against *Coventry*.
Tho. Excellent,
Rare matters all.
Fid. *Mawdlin* the Merchants Daughter,
The Devil, and ye dainty Dames.
Tom. Rare still.
Fid. The landing of the Spaniards at *Bow*,
With the bloudy battel at *Mile-end*.
Tho. All excellent:
No tuning as ye love me; let thy Fidle
Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune,

The vilder still the better, like thy self,
For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance.
Fid. Nay truly, ye shall have it ev'n as homely.
Tho. Keep ye to that key, are they all abed trow?
Lan. I hear no stirring any where, no light
In any window, 'tis a night for the nonce Sir.
Tho. Come strike up then: and say the Merchants daughter,
We'l bear the burthen: proceed to incision Fidler. [*Song.*

Enter Servant, above.

Ser. Who's there? what noise is this? what rogue
At these hours?
Thom. O what is that to you my fool?
O what is that to you,
Pluck in your face you bawling Ass,
Or I will break your brow. *hey down, down, down.*
A new Ballad, a new, a new.
Fid. The twelfth of *April*, on *May* day,
My house and goods were burnt away, *&c.* [*Maid above.*
Maid. Why who is this?
Lan. O damsel dear,
Open the door, and it shall appear,
Open the door,
Maid. [O gentle squire.]
I'le see thee hang'd first: farewel my dear,
'Tis master *Thomas*, there he stands.

Enter Mary *above.*

Mary. 'Tis strange
That nothing can redeem him: rail him hence,
Or sing him out in's own way, any thing
To be deliver'd of him.
Maid. Then have at him:
My man Thomas *did me promise*
He would visit me this night.
Tho. *I am here Love, tell me dear Love,*
How I may obtain thy sight.
Maid. *Come up to my window love, come, come, come,*
Come to my window my dear,
The wind, nor the rain shall trouble thee again,

But thou shalt be lodged here.
Thom. And art thou strong enough?
Lan. Up, up, I warrant ye.
Mary. What do'st thou mean to do?
Maid. Good Mistress peace,
I'le warrant ye we'l cool him: *Madge.* [*Madge above.*
Madge. I am ready.
Tho. *The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,*
That he devised a way to goe.
Now sing the Duke of *Northumberland.*
Fidler. *And climbing to promotion,*
He fell down suddenly. [Madge *with a Devils vizard roaring, offers to kiss him, and he falls down.*
Maid. Farewel Sir.
Mary. What hast thou done? thou hast broke his neck.
Maid. Not hurt him,
He pitcht upon his legs like a Cat.
Tho. O woman:
O miserable woman, I am spoil'd,
My leg, my leg, my leg, oh both my legs!
Mary. I told thee what thou hadst done, mischief go with thee.
Tho. O I am lam'd for ever: O my leg,
Broken in twenty places: O take heed,
Take heed of women, Fidler: oh a Surgeon,
A Surgeon, or I dye: oh my good people,
No charitable people, all despightfull,
Oh what a misery am I in! oh my leg.
Lan. Be patient Sir, be patient: let me bind it.

Enter Samuel, *and* Hylas, *with his head broken.*

Tho. Oh do not touch it rogue.
Hyl. My head, my head,
Oh my head's kill'd.
Sam. You must be courting wenches
Through key-holes, Captain *Hylas*, come and be comforted,
The skin is scarce broke.
Tho. O my leg.
Sam. How do ye Sir?
Tho. Oh maim'd for ever with a fall, he's spoil'd too,
I see his brains.

Hyl. Away with me for Gods sake,
A Surgeon.
Sam. Here's a night indeed.
Hyl. A Surgeon. [*Ex. all but Fidler.*

Enter Mary, *and Servant below.*

Mary. Go run for help.
Tho. Oh.
Mary. Run all, and all too little,
O cursed beast that hurt him, run, run, flye,
He will be dead else.
Tho. Oh.
Mary. Good friend go you too.
Fid. Who pays me for my Musick?
Mary. Pox o' your Musick,
There's twelve pence for ye.
Fid. There's two groats again forsooth,
I never take above, and rest ye merry. [*Exit.*
Ma. A grease pot guild your fidle strings: how do you,
How is my dear?
Tom. Why well I thank ye sweet heart,
Shall we walk in, for now there's none to trouble us?
Ma. Are ye so crafty, Sir? I shall meet with ye,
I knew your trick, and I was willing: my *Tom*,
Mine own *Tom*, now to satisfie thee, welcom, welcom,
Welcom my best friend to me, all my dearest.
Tom. Now ye are my noble Mistress: we lose time sweet.
Ma. I think they are all gone.
Tom. All, ye did wisely.
Ma. And you as craftily.
Tom. We are well met Mistress.
Ma. Come, let's goe in then lovingly: O my Skarf *Tom.*
I lost it thereabout, find it, and wear it
As your poor Mistress favour. [*Exit.*
Tom. I am made now,
I see no venture is in no hand: I have it,
How now? the door lock't, and she in before?
Am I so trim'd?
Ma. One parting word sweet *Thomas*,
Though to save your credit, I discharg'd your Fidler,

I must not satisfie your folly too Sir,
Ye'are subtle, but believe it Fox, I'le find ye,
The Surgeons will be here straight, roar again boy,
And break thy legs for shame, thou wilt be sport else,
Good night.
Tom. She saies most true, I must not stay: she has bob'd me,
Which if I live, I'le recompence, and shortly,
Now for a Ballad to bring me off again.
All young men be warn'd by me, how you do goe a wooing.
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall, thereby comes your undoing, &c.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Alice, *and Servant.*

Val. HE cannot goe and take no farewel of me,
Can he be so unkind? he's but retir'd
Into the Garden or the Orchard: see Sirs.
Ali. He would not ride there certain, those were planted
Only for walks I take it.
Val. Ride? nay then,
Had he a horse out?
Ser. So the Groom delivers
Somewhat before the break of day.
Val. He's gone,
My best friend's gone *Alice*; I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man I e're found yet.
Alice. Indeed Sir, he deserves all praise.
Val. All Sister,
All, all, and all too little: O that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness.
Alice. Sure he will return Sir,
He cannot be so harsh.
Val. O never, never,
Never return, thou know'st not where the cause lyes.
Alice. He was the worthiest welcom.
Val. He deserv'd it.
Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge.

Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee,
He never must return.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Good morrow Signieur.
Val. Good morrow Master *Michael.*
Mich. My good neighbour,
Me thinks you are stirring early since your travel,
You have learn'd the rule of health sir, where's your mistress?
She keeps her warm I warrant ye, i' bed yet?
Val. I think she does.
Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.
Mich. Did you lye with her, Lady?
Alice. Not to night Sir,
Nor any night this week else.
Mich. When last saw ye her?
Alice. Late yesternight.
Mich. Was she 'bed then?
Alice. No Sir,
I left her at her prayers: why do ye ask me?
Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a dream
All this long night, and after many wakings,
The same dream still; me thought I met young *Cellide*
Just at S. *Katherines* gate the Nunnery.
Val. Ha?
Mic. Her face slubber'd o're with tears, and troubles,
Me thought she cry'd unto the Lady Abbess,
For charity receive me holy woman,
A Maid that has forgot the worlds affections,
Into thy virgin order: me thought she took her,
Put on a Stole, and sacred robe upon her,
And there I left her.
Val. Dream?
Mich. Good Mistress *Alice*
Do me the favour (yet to satisfie me)
To step but up, and see.
Alice. I know she's there Sir,
And all this but a dream.
Mich. You know not my dreams,

They are unhappy ones, and often truths,
But this I hope, yet.
Alice. I will satisfie ye. [*Exit.*
Mich. Neighbours, how does the Gentleman?
Val. I know not,
Dream of a Nunnery?
Mich. How found ye my words
About the nature of his sickness *Valentine*?
Val. Did she not cry out, 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this nunnery? did she not curse me?
For God sake speak: did you not dream of me too,
How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tir'd with his joyes?
Mich. Alas poor Gentleman,
Ye promis'd me Sir to bear all these crosses.
Val. I bear 'em till I break again.
Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh.
Val. Good neighbours, no more of it,
Ye do but fling flax on my fire: where is she?

Enter Alice.

Ali. Not yonder Sir, nor has not this night certain
Been in her bed.
Mich. It must be truth she tells ye,
And now I'le shew ye why I came: this morning
A man of mine being employed about business,
Came early home, who at S. *Katherines* Nunnery,
About day peep, told me he met your Mistress,
And as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled
And so received by the Abbess, did he see her,
The wonder made me rise, and hast unto ye
To know the cause.
Val. Farewel, I cannot speak it. [*Exit* Val.
Alice. For Heaven sake leave him not.
Mich. I will not Lady.
Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted.
Mich. We shall know shortly more, apply your own care
At home good *Alice*, and trust him to my counsel,
Nay, do not weep, all shall be well, despair not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Enter Sebastian, *and a Servant.*

Seb. At *Valentines* house so merry?
Ser. As a pie Sir.
Seb. So gamesom dost thou say?
Ser. I am sure I heard it.
Seb. Ballads, and Fidles too?
Ser. No, but one Fidle;
But twenty noyses.

Enter Launcelot.

Seb. Did he do devises?
Ser. The best devises Sir: here's my fellow *Launcelot*
He can inform ye all: he was among 'em,
A mad thing too: I stood but in a corner.
Seb. Come Sir, what can you say? is there any hope yet
Your Master may return?
Laun. He went far else,
I will assure your worship on my credit
By the faith of a Travellor, and a Gentleman,
Your son is found again, the son, the *Tom.*
Seb. Is he the old *Tom*?
Laun. The old *Tom.*
Seb. Go forward.
Laun. Next, to consider how he is the old *Tom.*
Seb. Handle me that.
Laun. I would ye had seen it handled
Last night Sir, as we handled it: *cap à pe,*
Footra for leers, and learings; O the noise,
The noise we made.
Seb. Good, good.
Lan. The windows clattering
And all the Chambermaids in such a whobub,
One with her smock half off, another in hast
With a serving-mans hose upon her head.
Seb. Good still.
Lan. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,
And his mouth stopt with durt.
Seb. I' faith a fine Boy.

Lan. Here one of our heads broke.
Seb. Excellent good still.
Lan. The Gentleman himself, young M. *Thomas*,
Inviron'd with his furious Myrmidons
The fiery Fidler, and my self; now singing,
Now beating at the door, there parlying,
Courting at that window, at the other scalling
And all these several noises to two Trenchers,
Strung with a bottom of brown thred, which show'd admi-
Seb. There eat, and grow again, I am pleas'd. (rable.
Lan. Nor here Sir,
Gave we the frolick over: though at length
We quit the Ladies Skonce on composition;
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies:
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shooes from,
There made a noise, at which he wakes, and follows:
The streets are durty, takes a queen-hith cold,
Hard cheese, and that choaks him o' Munday next:
Windows, and signs we sent to *Erebus*;
A crue of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out parishes,
O the brave cry we made as high as *Algate*!
Down comes a Constable, and the Sow his Sister
Most traiterously tramples upon Authority,
There a whole stand of rug gowns rowted manly
And the Kings peace put to flight: a purblind pig here
Runs me his head into the Admirable Lanthorn,
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion:
A potter rises, to enquire this passion,
A Boar imbost takes sanctuary in his shop,
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering,
Down goe the pots, and pipkins, down the pudding pans,
The cream-bolls cry revenge here, there the candlesticks.
Seb. If this be true, thou little tyney page,
This tale that thou tell'st me,
Then on thy back will I presently hang
A handsom new Livery:
But if this be false, thou little tyney page
As false it well may be,
Then with a cudgel of four foot long

I'le beat thee from head to toe.

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the boy come?
Ser. He will Sir.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. Time tries all then.
Lan. Here he comes now himself Sir.
Seb. To be short *Thomas*,
Because I feel a scruple in my conscience
Concerning thy demeanour, and a main one,
And therefore like a Father would be satisfi'd,
Get up to that window there, and presently
Like a most compleat Gentleman, come from *Tripoly*.
Tom. Good Lord Sir, how are you misled: what fancies
(Fitter for idle boys, and drunkards, let me speak't,
And with a little wonder I beseech [y]ou)
Choak up your noble judgement?
Seb. You Rogue *Launcelot*,
You lying Rascal.
Lan. Will ye spoil all again Sir.
Why, what a Devil do you mean?
Tom. Away knave,
Ye keep a company of sawcy fellows,
Debosh'd, and daily drunkards, to devour ye,
Things, whose dull souls, tend to the Celler only,
Ye are ill advis'd Sir, to commit your credit.
Seb. Sirrah, Sirrah.
Lan. Let me never eat again Sir,
Nor feel the blessing of another blew-coat,
If this young Gentleman, sweet Master *Thomas*,
Be not as mad as heart can wish: your heart Sir,
If yesternights discourse: speak fellow *Robin*,
And if thou speakest less than truth.
Tom. 'Tis strange these varlets.
Ser. By these ten bones Sir, if these eyes, and ears
Can hear and see.
Tom. Extream strange, should thus boldly
Bud in your sight, unto your son.

Lan. O *deu guin*
Can ye deny, ye beat a Constable
Last night?
Tom. I touch Authoritie, ye Rascal?
I violate the Law?
Lan. Good Master *Thomas.*
Ser. Did you not take two wenches from the watch too
And put 'em into pudding lane?
Lan. We mean not
Those civil things you did at M. *Valentines,*
The Fiddle, and the fa'las.
Tom. O strange impudence!
I do beseech you Sir give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus:
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off: we live Sir
In a State govern'd civilly, and soberly,
Where each mans actions should confirm the Law,
Not crack, and cancel it.
Seb. *Lancelot du Lake,*
Get you upon adventures: cast your coat
And make your exit.
Lan. *Pur lamour de dieu.*
Seb. *Pur me no purs:* but *pur* at that door, out Sirrah,
I'le beat ye purblind else, out ye eight languages.
Lan. My bloud upon your head. [*Exit* Lan.
Tom. Purge me 'em all Sir.
Seb. And you too presently.
Tom. Even as you please Sir.
Seb. Bid my maid servant come, and bring my Daughter,
I will have one shall please me. [*Exit servant.*
Tom. 'Tis most fit Sir.
Seb. Bring me the mony there: here M. *Thomas.*

Enter two Servants with two bags.

I pray sit down, ye are no more my son now,
Good Gentleman be cover'd.
Tom. At your pleasure.
Seb. This mony I do give ye, because of whilom
You have been thought my son, and by my self too,
And some things done like me: ye are now another:

There is two hundred pound, a civil summe
For a young civil man: much land and Lordship
Will as I take it now, but prove temptation
To dread ye from your setled, and sweet carriage.
Tom. You say right Sir.
Seb. Nay I beseech ye cover.
Tom. At your dispose: and I beseech ye too Sir,
For the word civil, and more setled course
It may but put to use, that on the interest
Like a poor Gentleman.
Seb. It shall, to my use,
To mine again: do you see Sir: good fine Gentleman,
I give no brooding mony for a Scrivener,
Mine is for present traffick, and so I'le use it.
Tom. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, *and four Maids.*

Seb. For the main cause Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of story work, and view it.
I want a right heir to inherit me,
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my back, but I will get one.
Tom. Will you choose there Sir?
Seb. There, among those Damsels,
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities
Which cannot fail to please me: for their beauties
A matter of a three farthings, makes all perfect,
A little beer, and beef broth: they are sound too.
Stand all a breast: now gentle M. *Thomas*
Before I choose, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too,
Which fault I never frown'd upon; pray shew me
(For fear we confound our Genealogies)
Which have you laid aboord? speak your mind freely,
Have you had copulation with that Damsel?
Tom. I have.
Seb. Stand you aside then: how with her Sir?
Tom. How, is not seemly here to say.

Dor. Here's fine sport.
Seb. Retire you too: speak forward M. *Thomas.*
Tom. I will: and to the purpose; even with all Sir.
Seb. With all? that's somewhat large.
Dor. And yet you like it.
Was ever sin so glorious?
Seb. With all *Thomas*?
Tom. All surely Sir.
Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet,
In again all: and to your several functions. [*Ex. Maids.*
What say you to young *Luce*, my neighbours Daughter,
She was too young I take it, when you travel'd;
Some twelve years old?
Tom. Her will was fifteen Sir.
Seb. A pretty answer, to cut off long discourse,
For I have many yet to ask ye of,
Where I can choose, and nobly, hold up your finger
When ye are right: what say ye to *Valeria*
Whose husband lies a dying now? why two,
And in that form?
Tom. Her husband is recover'd.
Seb. A witty moral: have at ye once more *Thomas*,
The Sisters of St. *Albons*, all five; dat boy,
Dat's mine own boy.
Dor. Now out upon thee Monster.
Tom. Still hoping of your pardon.
Seb. There needs none man:
A straw on pardon: prethee need no pardon:
I'le aske no more, nor think no more of marriage,
For o' my conscience I shall be thy Cuckold:
There's some good yet left in him: bear your self well,
You may recover me, there's twenty pound Sir,
I see some sparkles which may flame again,
You may eat with me when you please, you know me.
[*Exit* Seb.
Dor. Why do you lye so damnably, so foolishly?
Tom. Do'st thou long to have thy head broke? hold thy (peace
And do as I would have thee, or by this hand
I'le kill thy Parrat, hang up thy small hand,
And drink away thy dowry to a penny.

Dor. Was ever such a wilde Asse?
Tom. Prethee be quiet.
Dor. And do'st thou think men will not beat thee mon-
For abusing their wives and children? (strously
Tom. And do'st thou think
Mens wives and children can be abus'd too much?
Dor. I wonder at thee.
Tom. Nay, thou shalt adjure me
Before I have done.
Dor. How stand ye with your mistress?
Tom. I shall stand nearer
E're I be twelve hours older: there's my business,
She is monstrous subtile *Dol.*
Dol. The Devil I think
Cannot out-subtile thee.
Tom. If he play fair play,
Come, you must help me presently.
Dor. I discard ye.
Tom. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat.
Dor. I'le no hand with ye,
No bawd to your abuses.
Tom. By this light *Dol*,
Nothing but in the way of honesty.
Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I hear your vigils.
Tom. Sweet honey *Dol*, if I do not marry her,
Honestly marry her, if I mean not honourably,
Come, thou shalt help me, take heed how you vex me,
I'le help thee to a husband too, a fine Gentleman,
I know thou art mad, a tall young man, a brown man,
I swear he has his maidenhead, a rich man.
Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'le answer ye.
Tom. Nay I'le go with thee *Dol*: four hundred a year wench.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Michael, *and* Valentine.

Mich. Good Sir go back again, and take my counsel,
Sores are not cur'd by sorrows, nor time broke from us,
Pull'd back again by sighs.

Val. What should I do friend?
Mich. Do that that may redeem ye, go back quickly,
Sebastians Daughter can prevail much with her,
The Abbess is her Aunt too.
Val. But my friend then
Whose love and loss is equal ty'd.
Mich. Content ye,
That shall be my task if he be alive,
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
I'le bring him back again.
Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor friends life out? and my Mistress
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?
Mich. So suddenly
She cannot, hast ye therefore instantly away Sir,
To put that Daughter by; first as to a Father,
Then as a friend she was committed to ye,
And all the care she now has: by which priviledge
She cannot do her this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows ye.
Val. O but I forc'd her to it.
Mich. Leave disputing
Against your self, if you will needs be miserable
Spight of her goodness, and your friends perswasions.
Think on, and thrive thereafter.
Val. I will home then.
And follow your advice, and good, good *Michael.*
Mich. No more, I know your soul's divided, *Valentine,*
Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage
E're my return, for then those thoughts that vext her,
While there ran any stream for loose affections,
Will be stopt up, and chaste ey'd honour guide her.
Away, and hope the best still: I'le work for ye,
And pray too heartily, away, no more words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hylas, *and* Samuel.

Hyl. I care not for my broken head,
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,

A lowzie, lazie wench prepar'd to do it.
Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet, for o' my conscience
He'l put another on thee else.
Hyl. I am resolv'd
To call him to account, was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laughed at me,
When he lay roaring out, his leg was broken,
And no such matter? had he broke his neck,
Indeed 'twould ne'r have griev'd me; gallows gall him.
Why should he chuse out me?
Sam. Thou art ever ready
To thrust thy self into these she occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.
Hyl. Well, if I live I'll have a new trick for him.
Sam. That will not be amiss, but to fight with him
Is to no purpose; besides, he's truly valiant,
And a most deadly hand; thou never fought'st yet,
Nor o' my Conscience hast no faith in fighting.
Hyl. No, no, I will not fight.
Sam. Besides the quarrel,
Which has a woman in't to make it scurvy,
Who would lye stinking in a Surgeons hands,
A month or two this weather? for believe it,
He never hurts under a quarters healing.
Hyl. No, upon better thought, I will not fight, *Sam*,
But watch my time.
Sam. To pay him with a project;
Watch him too, I would wish ye; prithee tell me,
Dost thou affect these women still?
Hyl. Yes, 'faith, *Sam*,
I love 'em ev'n as well as e'r I did,
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.
Sam. Dost thou love any woman?
Hyl. Any woman
Of what degree or calling.
Sam. Of any age too?
Hyl. Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen, Boy,
Of any fashion.
Sam. And defect too?
Hyl. Right,

For those I love to lead me to repentance;
A woman with no Nose, after my surquedry,
Shews like King *Philip*'s Moral, *Memento mori*;
And she that has a wooden leg, demonstrates
Like *Hypocrites*, we halt before the gallows;
An old one with one tooth, seems to say to us,
Sweets meats have sowr sauce; she that's full of aches,
Crum not your Bread before you taste your Porridge,
And many morals we may find.
Sam. 'Tis well, Sir,
Ye make so worthy uses; but *quid igitur*,
What shall we now determine?
Hyl. Let's consider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.
Sam. Let's find him first, he'll quickly give occasion,
But take heed to your self, and say I warn'd ye;
He has a plaguey pate.
Hyl. That at my danger. [*Exeunt.*
[*Musick.*

SCENE V.

Enter Saylers singing, to them Michael, *and* Francis.

Sayl. Aboard, aboard, the wind stands fair.
Mich. These call for Passengers, I'll stay and see
What men they take aboard.
Fran. A Boat, a Boat, a Boat.
Sayl. Away then.
Fran. Whither are ye bound, Friends?
Sayl. Down to the Straits.
Mich. Ha! 'tis not much unlike him.
Fran. May I have passage for my money?
Sayl. And welcome too.
Mich. 'Tis he, I know 'tis he now.
Fran. Then merrily aboard, and noble friend,
Heavens goodness keep thee ever, and all vertue
Dwell in thy bosome, *Cellide*, my last tears
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice,
For I dare stay no longer to betray ye.
Mich. Be not so quick, Sir; Saylers I here charge ye

By virtue of this Warrant, as you will answer it,
For both your Ship and Merchant I know perfectly,
Lay hold upon this fellow.
Fran. Fellow?
Mich. I, Sir.
Sayl. No hand to Sword, Sir, we shall master ye,
Fetch out the manacles.
Fran. I do obey ye;
But I beseech you, Sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.
Mich. You have rob'd a Gentleman,
One that you are bound to for your life and being;
Money and horse unjustly ye took from him,
And something of more note, but—for y'are a Gentleman.
Fra. It shall be so, and here I'll end all miseries,
Since friendship is so cruel, I confess it,
And which is more, a hundred of these robberies:
This Ring I stole too from him, and this Jewel,
The first and last of all my wealth; forgive me
My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompence
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I have eaten;
'Pray see 'em render'd noble Sir, and so
I yield me to your power.
Mich. Guard him to th' water,
I charge you, Saylers, there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a Justice.
Sayl. Come, Sir,
Look to your neck, you are like to sail i'th' air now.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, *and Maid.*

Thom. Come quickly, quickly, paint me handsomely,
Take heed my nose be not in grain too;
Come *Doll*, *Doll*, disen me.
Dor. If you should play now
Your Devils parts again.
Thom. Yea and nay, *Dorothy.*

Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn to,
Which only is access.
Thom. As I am a Gentleman;
Out with this hair, *Doll*, handsomely.
Dor. You have your Breeches? (ticklish,
Thom. I prithee away, thou know'st I am monstrous
What, dost thou think I love to blast my Buttocks?
Dor. I'll plague ye for this Roguery; for I know well
What ye intend, Sir.
Thom. On with my muffler.
Dor. Ye are a sweet Lady; come, let's see you courtesie;
What, broke i'th bum? hold up your head.
Thom. Plague on't,
I shall bepiss my Breeches if I cowr thus,
Come, I am ready.
Maid. At all points as like, Sir,
As if you were my Mistress.
Dor. Who goes with ye?
Thom. None but my fortune, and my self. [*Exit* Tho.
Dor. 'Bless ye:
Now run for thy life, and get before him,
Take the by-way, and tell my Cousin *Mary*
In what shape he intends to come to cozen her;
I'll follow at thy heels my self, fly Wench.
Maid. I'll do it. [*Exit.*

Enter Sebastian, *and* Thomas.

Dor. My Father has met him; this goes excellent,
And I'll away in time; look to your Skin, *Thomas.* [*Exit.*
Seb. What, are you grown so corn fed, Goody *Gillian*,
You will not know your Father? what vagaries
Have you in hand? what out-leaps, durty heels,
That at these hours of night ye must be gadding,
And through the Orchard take your private passage?
What, is the breeze in your Breech? or has your Brother
Appointed you an hour of meditation
How to demean himself; get ye to bed, drab,
Or I'll so crab your Shoulders; ye demure Slut,
Ye civil dish of sliced Beef, get ye in.
Thom. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is't ev'n so, Dame?
Have at ye with a night Spell then.
Thom. 'Pray hold, Sir.
Seb. St. *George*, St. *George*, our Ladies Knight,
He walks by day, so does he by night,
And when he had her found,
He her beat, and her bound,
Until to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night.
Thom. Then have at ye with a Counter Spell,
From Elves, Hobs, and Fayries, that trouble our Dayries,
From Fire-Drakes and Fiends, and such as the Devil sends,
Defend us good Heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Bless me master; look up, Sir, I beseech ye,
Up with your eyes to heaven.
Seb. Up with your nose, Sir,
I do not bleed, 'twas a sound knock she gave me,
A plaguey mankind Girl, how my [brain] totters?
Well, go thy ways, thou hast got one thousand pound more
With this dog trick,
Mine own true spirit in her too.
Laun. In her? alas Sir,
Alas poor Gentlewom[a]n, she a hand so heavy,
To knock ye like a Calf down, or so brave a courage
To beat her father? if you could believe, Sir. (Devil?
Seb. Who would'st thou make me believe it was, the
Laun. One that spits fire as fast as he sometimes, Sir,
And changes shapes as often; your Son *Thomas*;
Never wonder, if it be not he, straight hang me.
Seb. He? if it be so,
I'll put thee in my Will, and there's an end on't.
Laun. I saw his legs, h'as Boots on like a Player,
Under his wenches cloaths, 'tis he, 'tis *Thomas*
In his own Sisters Cloaths, Sir, and I can wast him.
Seb. No more words then, we'll watch him, thou'lt not
How heartily glad I am. (believe *Launce*,
Laun. May ye be gladder,

But not this way, Sir.
Seb. No more words, but watch him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Mary, Dorothy, *and Maid.*

Mary. When comes he?
Dor. Presently.
Mary. Then get you up, *Doll*,
Away, I'll straight come to you: is all ready?
Maid. All.
Mary. Let the light stand far enough.
Maid. 'Tis placed so.
Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his chamber,
But keep close, Wench, he flyes at all.
Maid. I warrant ye.
Mary. You need no more instruction?
Maid. I am perfect. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Valentine, *and* Thomas.

Tho. More stops yet? sure the fiend's my ghostly father,
Old *Valentine*; what wind's in his poop?
Val. Lady,
You are met most happily; O gentle *Doll*,
You must now do me an especial favour.
Tho. What is it, master *Valentine*? I am sorely troubled
With a salt rheum faln i' my gums.
Val. I'll tell ye,
And let it move you equally; my blest Mistress,
Upon a slight occasion taking anger,
Took also (to undo me) your Aunts Nunnery,
From whence by my perswasion to redeem her,
Will be impossible: nor have I liberty
To come and visit her; my good, good *Dorothy*,
You are most powerful with her, and your Aunt too,
And have access at all hours liberally,
Speak now or never for me.
Thom. In a Nunnery?

That course must not be suffered, Master *Valentine*,
Her Mother never knew it; rare sport for me;
Sport upon sport, by th' break of day I'll meet ye,
And fear not, Man, we'll have her out I warrant ye,
I cannot stay now.
Val. You will not break?
Thom. By no means.
Good night.
Val. Good night kind Mistress *Doll.* [*Exit.*
Thom. This thrives well,
Every one takes me for my Sister, excellent;
This Nunnery's faln so pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall know it,
If once I creep in, ere they get me out again;
Stay, here's the house, and one of her Maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?
O Mistress *Dorothy*! you are a stranger.
Thom. Still Mistress *Dorothy*? this geer will cotton.
Maid. Will you walk in, Forsooth?
Thom. Where is your Mistress?
Maid. Not very well; she's gone to bed, I am glad
You are come so fit to comfort her.
Thom. Yes, I'll comfort her.
Maid. 'Pray make not much noise, for she is sure asleep,
You know your side, creep softly in, your company
Will warm her well.
Thom. I warrant thee I'll warm her.
Maid. Your Brother has been here, the strangest fellow.
Thom. A very Rogue, a rank Rogue.
Maid. I'll conduct ye
Even to her Chamber-door, and there commit ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Michael, Francis, *and Officers.*

Mich. Come Sir, for this night I shall entertain ye,
And like a Gentleman, how e'r your fortune
Hath cast ye on the worst part.

Fran. How you please, Sir,
I am resolv'd, nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.
Mich. I am angry with my self now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience,
Yet any other course had been too slender:
Yet what to think I know not, for most liberally
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which if they prove so,
How e'r the others long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way.
Drink that; and now to my care leave your Prisoner,
I'll be his guard for this night.
Officers. Good night to your Worship.
Mich. Good night, my honest friends; come, Sir, I hope
There shall be no such cause of such a sadness
As you put on.
Fran. 'Faith, Sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull shall no more afflict me
Than if I plaid at span-Counter, nor is my face
The map of any thing I seem to suffer,
Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, Sir.
Mich. A constant Gentleman; would I had taken
A Feaver when I took this harsh way to disturb him.
Come, walk with me, Sir, ere to morrow night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hylas.

Hyl. I Have dog'd his Sister, sure 'twas she,
And I hope she will come back again this night too;
Sam I have lost of purpose; now if I can
With all the art I have, as she comes back,
But win a parley for my broken Pate,
Off goes her maiden-head, and there's *vindicta.*
They stir about the house, I'll stand at distance. [*Exit.*

Enter Mary *and* Dorothy, *and then* Thomas *and Maid.*

Dor. Is he come in?

Mary. Speak softly,
He is, and there he goes.
Thom. Good night, good night, Wench.
[*A Bed discovered with a Black-moore in it.*
Maid. As softly as you can. [*Exit.*
Thom. I'll play the mouse, *Nan*,
How close the little thief lies!
Mary. How he itches!
Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, *Mall*?
Mary. Peace for shame.
Thom. In what a figure
The little fool has pull'd it self together!
Anon you will lye straighter;
Ha! there's rare circumstance
Belongs to such a treatise; do ye tumble?
I'll tumble with ye straight, wench: she sleeps soundly,
Full little think'st thou of thy joy that's coming,
The sweet, sweet joy, full little of the kisses,
But those unthought of things come ever happiest.
How soft the Rogue feels! O ye little Villain,
Ye delicate coy Thief, how I shall thrum ye!
Your ['] fy away, good servant, as you are a Gentleman.[']
Mary. Prithee leave laughing.
Thom. Out upon ye, *Thomas*,
What do you mean to do? I'll call the house up.
O God, I am sure ye will not, shall not serve ye,
For up ye go now and ye were my father.
[*Ma.*] Your courage will be cool'd anon.
Thom. If it do I'll hang for't,
Yet I'le be quartered here first.
Dor. O fierce Villain.
Ma. What would he do indeed, *Doll*?
Dor. You had best try him.
Tho. I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet *Mary*.
Ma. Prithee leave laughing.
Dor. O for gentle *Nicholas*.
Tho. And view that stormy face that has so thundred me,
A coldness crept over't now? by your leave, candle,
And next door by yours too, so, a pretty, pretty,

Shall I now look upon ye? by this light it moves me.
Ma. Much good may it do you, Sir.
Thom. Holy Saints defend me,
The Devil, Devil, Devil, O the Devil.
Ma. Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, the Devil, O the Devil.
Thom. I am abus'd most damnedly, most beastly,
Yet if it be a she-Devil; but the house is up,
And here's no staying longer in this Cassock.
Woman, I here disclaim thee; and in vengeance
I'll marry with that Devil, but I'll vex thee.
Ma. By'r Lady, but you shall not, Sir, I'll watch ye.
Tho. Plague o' your Spanish leather hide: I'll waken ye;
Devil good night: good night, good Devil.
Moor. Oh.
Thom. Roar again, Devil, roar again. [*Exit* Tho.
Moor. O, O, Sir.
Ma. Open the doors before him; let him vanish:
Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder.
How now Wench?
Moor. 'Pray lye here your self next, Mistress,
And entertain your sweet-heart.
Ma. What said he to thee?
Moor. I had a soft Bed, and I slept out all
But his kind farewel: ye may bake me now,
For o' my conscience, he has made me Venison.
Ma. Alas poor *Kate*: I'll give thee a new Petticoat.
Dor. And I a Wastecoat, wench.
Ma. Draw in the Bed, Maids,
And see it made again; put fresh sheets on too,
For *Doll* and I; come Wench, let's laugh an hour now.
To morrow, early, will we see young *Cellide*,
They say she has taken a Sanctuary; Love and they
Are thick sown, but come up so full of thistles.
Dor. They must needs, *Mall*, for 'tis a pricking age grown,
Prithee to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy.
Mary. A match, but art not thou thy Brother?
Dor. I would I were, Wench,
You should hear further.
Ma. Come, no more of that, *Doll*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hylas, *and* Thomas.

Hyl. I heard the doors clap; now, and't be thy will, wench.
By th' Mass she comes; you are surely met fair Gentlewoman,
I take it, Mistress *Doll Sebastians* Daughter.
Thom. I take right, Sir; *Hylas*, are you ferretting?
I'll fit you with a penny-worth presently.
Hyl. How dare you walk so late, sweet, so weak guarded?
Thom. 'Faith Sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for,
Yet I am glad I have met so good a Gentleman,
Against all chances; for though I never knew ye,
Yet I have heard much good spoke of ye.
Hyl. Hark ye,
What if a man should kiss ye?
Thom. That's no harm, Sir;
'Pray God he 'scapes my Beard, there lies the mischief.
Hyl. Her lips are monstrous rugged, but that surely
Is but the sharpness of the weather; hark ye [once] more,
And in your ear, sweet Mistress, for ye are so,
And ever shall be from this hour: I have vow'd it.

Enter Sebastian, *and* Launcelot.

Seb. Why, that's my daughter, Rogue, dost thou not see
Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner? (her
Laun. Kissing?
Seb. Now, now, now they agree o'th' match too.
Thom. Nay then you love me not.
Hyl. By this white hand, *Doll.*
Thom. I must confess I have long desir'd your sight, Sir.
Laun. Why, there's the Boots still, Sir.
Seb. Hang Boots, Sir,
Why, they'll wear Breeches too.
Thom. Dishonest me?
Not for the World.
Seb. Why, now they kiss again, there
I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing
Out the back way must needs have such a meaning.
Laun. I am at my small wits ends.
Thom. If ye mean honourably.

Laun. Did she ne'r beat ye before, Sir?
Seb. Why dost thou follow me?
Thou Rascal, Slave, hast thou not twice abus'd me?
Hast thou not spoil'd the Boy? by thine own Covenant,
Wouldst thou not now be hang'd?
Laun. I think I would, Sir,
But you are so impatient; does not this shew, Sir,
(I do beseech ye speak, and speak with judgment,
And let the case be equally consider'd)
Far braver in your Daughter? in a Son now,
'Tis nothing, of no mark; every man does it,
But to beget a Daughter, a man maiden,
That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable;
Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he,
But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of?
This is *Sebastian* truly.
Seb. Thou sayest right, *Launce*,
And there's my hand once more.
Thom. Not without Marriage.
Seb. Didst thou hear that?
Laun. I think she spoke of Marriage.
Seb. And he shall marry her, for it seems she likes him,
And their first Boy shall be my heir.
Laun. I, marry,
Now ye go right to work.
Thom. Fye, fie, Sir,
Now I have promis'd ye this night to marry,
Would ye be so intemperate? are ye a Gentleman?
Hyl. I have no maw to marriage, yet this Rascal
Tempts me extreamly: will ye marry presently?
Thom. Get you afore, and stay me at the Chapel,
Close by the Nunnery, there you shall find a night Priest,
Little Sir *Hugh*, and he can say the Matrimony
Over without Book, for we must have no company,
Nor light, for fear my Father know, which must not yet be;
And then to morrow night.
Hyl. Nothing to night, Sweet?
Thom. No, not a bit, I am sent of business,
About my dowry, Sweet, do not spoil all now,
'Tis of much haste: I can scarce stay the marriage,

Now if you love me, get you gone.
Hyl. You'll follow?
Thom. Within this hour, my sweet Chick.
Hyl. Kiss.
Thom. A Rope kiss ye,
Come, come, I stand o' thorns.
Hyl. Methinks her mouth still
Is monstrous rough, but they have ways to mend it,
Farewel.
Thom. Farewel, I'll fit ye with a wife, Sir.
Seb. Come, follow close, I'll see the end she aims at,
And if he be a handsome fellow, *Launcelot*,
Fiat, 'tis done, and all my 'state is setled. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Abbess, Cellide, *and Nuns.*

Ab. Come to your Mattins Maids; these early hours
My gentle Daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtur'd in ease.
Cel. No, vertuous Mother,
'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which,
They shall forget the Child of ease, soft slumbers.
O my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd!
And Love, how like a Tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant;
Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all liberty to make me happy?
Why did'st thou bring that young man home, O *Valentine*,
That vertuous Youth? why didst thou speak his goodness
In such a phrase, as if all tongues, all praises
Were made for him? O fond and ignorant!
Why didst thou foster my affection
Till it grew up to know no other Father,
And then betray it?
Ab. Can ye sing?
Cel. Yes, Mother,
My sorrows only.
Ab. Be gone, and to the Quire then. [*Exeunt.*
[*Musick singing.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Michael *and Servant, and* Francis.

Mich. Hast thou enquir'd him out?
Serv. He's not at home, Sir,
His Sister thinks he's gone to th' Nunnery.
Mich. Most likely; I'll away, an hour hence, Sirrah,
Come you along with this young Gentleman,
Do him all service, and fair office.
Serv. Yes Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Hylas, *and* Sam.

Sam. Where hast thou been, man?
Hyl. Is there ne'r a shop open?
I'll give thee a pair of Gloves, *Sam.*
Sam. What's the matter?
Hyl. What dost thou think?
Sam. Thou art not married?
Hyl. By th' mass but I am, all to be married,
I am i'th' order now, *Sam.*
Sam. To whom prithee?
I thought there was some such trick in't, you stole from me,
But who, for Heavens sake?
Hyl. Ev'n the sweetest woman,
The rarest Woman, *Samuel*, and the lustiest,
But wondrous honest, honest as the ice, Boy,
Not a bit before hand, for my life, Sirrah,
And of a lusty kindred.
Sam. But who, *Hylas*? (again,
Hyl. The young Gentleman and I are like to be friends
The fates will have it so.
Sam. Who, Monsieur *Thomas*?
Hyl. All wrongs forgot.
Sam. O now I smell ye, *Hylas*;
Does he know of it?
Hyl. No, there's the trick I owe him;
'Tis done, Boy, we are fast 'faith, my Youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no trick in't?
Hyl. None, but up and ride, Boy:
I have made no Joynture neither, there I have paid him.
Sam. She's a brave wench.
Hyl. She shall be as I'll use her,
And if she anger me, all his abuses
I'll clap upon her Cassock.
Sam. Take heed, *Hylas.*
Hyl. 'Tis past that, *Sam*, come, I must meet her presently,
And now shalt see me a most glorious Husband.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, Valentine.

Dor. In troth, Sir, you never spoke to me.
Val. Can ye forget me?
Did not you promise all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one hour to see her,
Did you not swear it? by this hand, no strictness
Nor rule this house holds, shall by me be broken.
Dor. I saw ye not these two days.
Val. Do not wrong me,
I met ye, by my life, just as you entred
This gentle Ladies Lodge, last night, thus suited
About eleven a clock.
Dor. 'Tis true, I was there,
But that I saw or spoke to you.
Mar. I have found it,
Your Brother *Thomas*, *Doll.*
Dor. Pray Sir, be satisfi'd,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.
What a mad fool is this! stay here a while, Sir,
Whilst we walk in, and make your peace. [*Exit.*

Enter Abbess.

Val. I thank ye. [*Squeak within.*
Ab. Why, what's the matter there among these maids?
Now *benedicite*, have ye got the breeze there?
Give me my holy sprinkle.

Enter 2 *Nuns.*

1 *Nun.* O Madam, there's a strange thing like a Gentle-
Like Mistress *Dorothy*, I think the fiend (woman,
Crept into th' Nunnery we know not which way,
Plays revel rout among us.

Ab. Give me my holy water-pot.

1 *Nun.* Here, Madam.

Ab. Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure thee, {*Squeak within.*
Of water or of fire.

1 *Nun.* Hark Madam, hark.

Ab. Be thou Ghost that cannot rest,
Or a shadow of the blest,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen.

Enter Thomas *and* Cellide.

2 *Nun.* It comes, it comes.

Cell. What are ye? speak, speak gently,
And next, what would ye with me?

Tho. Any thing you'l let me.

Cell. You are no Woman certain.

Tho. Nor you no Nun, nor shall not be.

Cell. What make ye here?

Tho. I am a holy Fryer.

Ab. Is this the Spirit?

Tho. Nothing but spirit Aunt.

Ab. Now out upon thee.

Tho. Peace, or I'le conjure too, Aunt.

Ab. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one, here's my purpose:
Out with this Nun, she is too handsome for ye,
I'le tell thee, Aunt, and I speak it with tears to thee,
If thou keepst her here, as yet I hope thou art wiser,
Mark but the mischief follows.

Ab. She is a Votress.

Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undo thee,
Let her but one hour out, as I direct ye,
Or have among your Nuns again.

Ab. You have no project
But fair and honest?

Tho. As thine eyes, sweet *Abbess.*
Ab. I will be rul'd then.
Tho. Thus then and perswade her,
But do not juggle with me, if ye do Aunt.
Ab. I must be there my self.
Tho. Away and fit her.
Ab. Come Daughter, you must now be rul'd, or never.
Cell. I must obey your will.
Ab. That's my good Daughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Dorothy, *and* Mary.

Ma. What a coyle has this fellow kept i'th' Nunnery,
Sure he has run the *Abbess* out of her wits.
Do. Out of the Nunnery I think, for we can neither see her,
Nor the young *Cellide.*
Ma. Pray Heavens he be not teasing. (structures.
Dor. Nay you may thank your self, 'twas your own

Enter Hylas, *and* Sam.

Sam. Why there's the Gentlewoman.
Hyl. Mass 'tis she indeed;
How smart the pretty Thief looks! 'morrow Mistress.
Dor. Good morrow to you, Sir.
Sam. How strange she bears it!
Hyl. Maids must do so, at first.
Dor. Would ye ought with us, Gentlemen?
Hyl. Yes marry would I,
A little with your Ladyship.
Dor. Your will, Sir.
Hyl. *Doll*, I would have ye presently prepare your self
And those things you would have with you,
For my house is ready.
Dor. How, Sir?
Hyl. And this night not to fail, you must come to me,
My friends will all be there too: for Trunks, and those things,
And houshold-stuff, and cloaths you would have carried,
To morrow, or the next day, I'le take order:
Only what mony you have, bring away with ye,

And Jewels.
Dor. Jewels, Sir?
Hyl. I, for adornment,
There's a bed up, to play the game in, *Dorothy*:
And now come kiss me heartily.
Dor. Who are you?
Hyl. This Lady shall be welcome too.
Ma. To what, Sir?
Hyl. Your neighbour can resolve ye.
Dor. The man's foolish,
Sir, you look soberly: who is this fellow,
And where's his business?
Sam. By Heaven, thou art abus'd still.
Hyl. It may be so: Come, ye may speak now boldly,
There's none but friends, Wench.
Dor. Came ye out of Bedlam?
Alas, 'tis ill, Sir, that ye suffer him
To walk in th' open Air thus: 'twill undo him.
A pretty handsome Gentleman: great pity.
Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'st not cozen'd.
Hyl. Are not you my Wife? did not I marry you last night
At S^t^ *Michaels* Chapel?
Dor. Did not I say he was mad?
Hyl. Are not you Mistress *Dorothy*, *Thomas*'s Sister?
Mar. There he speaks sence, but I'le assure ye, Gentleman,
I think no Wife of yours: at what hour was it?
Hyl. 'S pretious; you'l make me mad; did not the Priest,
Sir *Hugh*, that you appointed, about twelve a Clock
Tye our hands fast? did not you swear you lov'd me?
Did not I court ye, coming from this Gentlewomans?
Ma. Good Sir, go sleep: for if I credit have,
She was in my arms then, abed.
Sam. I told ye.
Hyl. Be not so confident.
Dor. By th' mass, she must, Sir;
For I'le no Husband here, before I know him:
And so good morrow to ye: Come, let's go seek 'em.
Sam. I told ye what ye had done.
Hyl. Is the Devil stirring?
Well, go with me; for now I will be married. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Michael, Valentine, *and* Alice.

Mich. I have brought him back again.
Val. You have done a friendship,
Worthy the love you bear me.
Mich. Would he had so too.
Val. O he's a worthy young man.
Mich. When all's try'd,
I fear you'll change your faith: bring in the Gentleman.

Enter Francis, *Servant*, *Abbess*, *and* Cellide, *severally.*

Val. My happy Mistress too! now Fortune help me,
And all you Stars that govern chast desires
Shine fair, and lovely.
Ab. But one hour, dear Daughter,
To hear your Guardian, what he can deliver
In Loves defence, and his: and then your pleasure.
Cell. Though much unwilling, you have made me yield,
More for his sake I see: how full of sorrow
Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! O love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us.
Mich. Be rul'd by me: I see her eye fast on him:
And what ye heard, believe, for 'tis so certain
He neither dar'd, nor must oppose my evidence;
And be you wise, young Lady, and believe too,
This man you love, Sir?
Val. As I love my soul, Sir.
Mich. This man you put into a free possession
Of what his wants could ask: or your self render?
Val. And shall do still.
Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair Maid; that friendship first was broken,
And you, and she abus'd; next, (to my sorrow
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions)
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being
Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of laying Felony to his charge, to fright the Sailers)
Divers abuses done, Thefts often practis'd,
Monyes, and Jewels too, and those no trifles.

Cell. O where have I bestrew'd my faith! in neither!
Let's in for ever now, there is vertue.
Mich. Nay do not wonder at it, he shall say it:
Are ye not guilty thus?
Fran. Yes: O my Fortune!
Mich. To give a proof I speak not enviously,
Look here; do you know these Jewels?
Cell. In, good Mother.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, *and* Mary: *then* Sebastian, *and* Launcelot.

Val. These Jewels I have known.
Dor. You have made brave sport.
Tho. I'le make more, if I live Wench,
Nay do not look on me; I care not for ye.
Lan. Do you see now plain? that's Mistris *Dorothy*,
And that's his Mistris.
Seb. Peace, let my joy work easily,
Ha, boy! art there my boy? mine own boy, *Tom*, boy,
Home *Lance*, and strike a fresh piece of Wine, the Town's (ours.
Val. Sure, I have know[n] these Jewels.
Alice. They are they, certain.
Val. Good Heaven, that they were.
Alice. I'le pawn my life on't,
And this is he; come hither Mistris *Dorothy*,
And Mistris *Mary*: who does that face look like;
And view my Brother well?
Dor. In truth like him.
Ma. Upon my troth exceeding like.
Mich. Beshrew me,
But much, and main resemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: now Heaven grant it.
Ali. My Brother's full of passion, I'le speak to him.
Now, as you are a Gentleman, resolve me,
Where did you get these Jewels?
Fran. Now I'le tell ye,
Because blind fortune yet may make me happy,
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But from my infancy, upon this arm
I ever wore 'em.

Ali. 'Tis *Francisco*, Brother,
By Heaven I ty'd 'em on: a little more, Sir,
A little, little more, what parents have ye?
Fra. None,
That I know yet: the more my stubborn fortune,
But as I heard a Merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, dyed a poor man,
When I reach'd eighteen years.
Ali. What said that Merchant?
Fra. He said, an infant, in the *Genoway* Galleys,
But from what place he never could direct me,
I was taken in a Sea-fight, and from a Mariner,
Out of his manly pity he redeem'd me.
He told me of a Nurse that waited on me,
But she, poor soul, he said was killed.
A Letter too I had enclos'd within me,
To one *Castruccio* a Venetian Merchant,
To bring me up: the man, when years allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I sought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The Wars was my retreat then, and my travel
In which I found this Gentlemans free bounty,
For which Heaven recompenc'd him: now ye have all.
Val. And all the worldly bliss that Heaven can send me,
And all my prayers and thanks.
Alice. Down o' your knees, Sir,
For now you have found a Father, and that Father
That will not venture ye again in Galleys.
Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, Sir, and we all joy with ye.
Val. My best friend still: my dearest: now Heaven bless (thee,
And make me worthy of this benefit.
Now my best Mistress.
Cel. Now Sir, I come to ye.
Ab. No, no, let's in Wench.
Cell. Not for the world, now, Mother,
And thus, Sir, all my service I pay to you,
And all my love to him.
Val. And may it prosper,
Take her *Francisco*: now no more young *Callidon*,
And love her dearly, for thy Father does so.

Fran. May all hate seek me else, and thus I seal it.
Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter Hylas *and* Sam.

Hyl. Nay, I will find him.
Sam. What do all these here?
Tho. You are a trusty Husband,
And a hot lover too.
Hyl. Nay then, good morrow,
Now I perceive the Knavery.
Sam. I still told ye.
Tho. Stay, or I'le make ye stay: come hither, Sister.
Val. Why how now Mistris *Thomas*?
Tho. Peace a little,
Thou would'st fain have a Wife?
Hyl. Not I, by no means. (*Hylas*,
Tho. Thou shalt have a wife, and a fruitful wife, for I find,
That I shall never be able to bring thee Children.
Seb. A notable brave boy.
Hyl. I am very well, Sir. (a year,
Tho. Thou shalt be better, *Hylas*, thou hast 7 hundred pound
And thou shalt make her 3 hundred joynture.
Hyl. No.
Tho. Thou shalt boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pound in Cloaths, look on her,
A delicate lusty wench, she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible: strike hands, or I'le strike first.
Dor. You'l let me like?
Mar. He's a good handsome fellow,
Play not the fool.
Tho. Strike, Brother *Hylas*, quickly.
Hyl. If you can love me, well.
Dor. If you can please me.
Tho. Try that out soon, I say, my Brother *Hylas*.
Sam. Take her, and use her well, she's a brave Gentle-
Hyl. You must allow me another Mistriss. (woman.
Dor. Then you must allow me another Servant.
Hyl. Well, let's together then, a lusty kindred.
Seb. I'le give thee five hundred pound more for that word.
Ma. Now Sir, for you and I to make the feast full.

Tho. No, not a bit, you are a vertuous Lady,
And love to live in contemplation.
Ma. Come fool, I am friends now.
Tho. The fool shall not ride ye,
There lye my Woman, now my man again,
And now for travel once more.
Seb. I'le barr that first.
Ma. And I next.
Tho. Hold your self contented: for I say I will travel,
And so long I will travel, till I find a Father
That I never knew, and a Wife that I never look'd for,
And a state without expectation,
So rest you merry Gentlemen.
Ma. You shall not,
Upon my faith, I love you now extreamly,
And now I'le kiss ye.
Tho. This will not do it, Mistress.
Ma. Why when we are married, we'l do more.
Seb. There's all Boy,
The keyes of all I have, come, let's be merry,
For now I see thou art right.
Tho. Shall we to Church straight?
Val. Now presently, and there with nuptial
The holy Priest shall make ye happy all.
Tho. Away then, fair afore. [*Exeunt.*

MONSIEUR THOMAS

TO THE NOBLE HONOURER

OF THE

Dead Author's Works and Memory,

Master *CHARLES COTTON.*

SIR,

MY directing of this piece unto you, renders me obvious to many censures, which I would willingly prevent by declaring mine own and your right thereto. Mine was the fortune to be made the unworthy preserver of it; yours is the worthy opinion you have of the Author and his Poems; neither can it easily be determined, whether your affection to them hath made you (by observing) more able to judge of them, than your ability to judge of them hath made you to affect them, deservedly, not partially. In this presumptuous act of mine, I express my twofold zeal; to him and your noble self, who have built him a more honourable monument in that fair opinion you have of him, than any inscription subject to the wearing of time can be. You will find him in this Poem as active as in others, to many of which, the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malitious custom more than reason: yet they have since by your candid self and others, been clearly vindicated. You shall oblige by your acceptance of this acknowledgment (which is the best I can render you, mine own weak la[b]ours being too unworthy your judicious perusal) him that is ambitious to be known

Your most humble Servant,

RICHARD BROME.

THE CHANCES. A COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Duke of Ferrara.
Petruccio, *Governour of* Bolognia.
Don John, } *two Spanish Gentle-*
Don Frederick, } *men, and Comerades.*
Antonio, *an old stout Gentleman, Kinsman to* Petruccio.
Three Gentlemen, friends to the Duke.
Two Gentlemen, friends to Petruccio.
Francisco, *a Musician,* Antonio's *Boy.*
Peter Vecchio, *a Teacher of Latine and Musick, a reputed Wizard.*
Peter *and* Anthonie, } *two Servants to Don* John *and* Frederick.
A Surgeon.

WOMEN.

Constancia, *Sister to* Petruccio, *and Mistriss to the Duke.*
Gentlewoman, Servant to Constancia.
Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John *and* Frederick.
Constancia, *a Whore to old* Antonio.
Bawd.

The Scene Bolognia.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter 2. *Serving-men,* Peter *and* Anthony.

Peter. I WOULD we were remov'd from this town, (*Anthony,*
That we might taste some quiet; for mine own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where? serve wenching soldiers,
That knows no other Paradise but Plackets:
I'll serve a Priest in Lent first, and eat Bell-ropes.

Ant. Thou art the froward'st fool—
Pet. Why, good tame *Anthonie*?
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?
Ant. To wait upon our Masters.
Pet. But how, *Anthony*?
Answer me that; resolve me there, good *Anthony*?
Ant. To serve their uses.
Pet. Shew your uses, *Anthony*.
Ant. To be imploy'd in any thing.
Pet. No *Anthony*,
Not any thing I take it; nor that thing
We travel to discover, like new islands;
A salt itch serve such uses; in things of moment
Concerning things, I grant ye, not things errant,
Sweet Ladies things, and things to thank the Surgeon;
In no such things, sweet *Anthony*, put case—
Ant. Come, come, all will be mended; this invisible
Of infinite report for shape and vertue, (woman
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on,
But fall close to their studies.
Pet. Was there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wonder after [that] they know not where
To find? or if found, how to enjoy? are mens brains
Made now adays of malt, that their affections
Are never sober? but like drunken People
Founder at every new Fame? I do believe too
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.
Ant. Prithee be thou sober,
And know, that they are none of those, not guilty
Of the least vanity of love, only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The Graces of this Woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which since they find so blocked
And lockt up from their searches, they are now setled
To give the wonder over.
Pet. Would they were setled
To give me some new shoos too: for I'll be sworn

These are e'en worn out to the reasonable souls
In their good worships business; and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a Bell-man on me; and what now
Mean they to study, *Anthony*, moral Philosophy
After their mar-all women?

Ant. Mar a fools head.

Pet. 'Twill mar two fools heads and they take not heed,
Besides the Giblets to 'em.

Ant. Will you walk, Sir,
And talk more out of hearing? your fools head
May chance to find a wooden night-cap else.

Pet. I never lay in any.

Enter Don John, *and* Frederick.

Ant. Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying: here they come,
You had best tell them as much.

Pet. I am no tell-tale. [*Exeunt.*

John. I would we could have seen her though; for sure
She must be some rare Creature, or Report lies.
All mens Reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen her;
But since she is so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserv'd from view, so like a Paradise,
Plac'd where no knowledge can come near her; so guarded,
As 'twere impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me from this hour
If I more think upon her, or believe her,
But as she came a strong Report unto me,
So the next Fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way;
But whither are you walking?

John. My old Round
After my meat, and then to Bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

John. Will not you stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

Joh. Upon my life this Lady still—

Fred. Then you will lose it.
John. 'Pray let's walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have something to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miss to meet you.
John. Where?
Fred. I'th' high street;
For not to lie, I have a few Devotions
To do first, then I am yours.
John. Remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe I say.
1 *Gent.* Fye, *Antonio.*
Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him,
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th'hilts,
A Surgeon may see through him.
1 *Gent.* You are too violent.
2 *Gent.* Too open undiscreet.
Pet. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my house crack'd? my bloud poyson'd?
My Credit and my Name?
2 *Gent.* Be sure it be so,
Before ye use this violence: Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger so much sway ye,
Your wisedom may be question'd.
Ant. I say kill him,
And then dispute the cause; cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.
2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish!
Alas, is this good Justice?
Pet. I know as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence;
Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever

In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd, and shameful; I must kill him,
Necessity compells me.
1 *Gent.* But think better.
Pet. There is no other cure left; yet witness with me,
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed mans blood, and would 'twere possible,
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred Image of my Maker,
My Sword could only kill his Crimes; no, 'tis Honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that Idol, Honour,
That all the world now worships, not *Petruchio*
Must do this Justice.
Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you, or honour,
Or both, be accessary.
2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The value of the person, power, and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?
Pet. To perform it,
So much I am ty'd to Reputation,
And Credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires,
That all this Dukedom smoak, and storms that toss me
Into the waves of everlasting ruine,
Yet I must through; if ye dare side me.
Ant. Dare?
Pet. Y'are friends indeed, if not.
2 *Gent.* Here's none flyes from you,
Do it in what design ye please, we'll back ye.
1 *Gent.* But then be sure ye kill him.
2 *Gent.* Is the cause
So mortal, nothing but his life?
Pet. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.
2 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?
Pet. There is, but never to be hoped for.
2 *Gent.* Think an hour more,
And if then ye find no safer Road to guide ye,

We'll set up our Rests too.
Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part
Goes less than life.
2 *Gent.* If we see noble cause, 'tis like our Swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this Town, *Bologna*,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all Travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Beside the wholsome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers vertuous; But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good Governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for see,
A fair house yet stands open, yet all about it
Are close, and no lights stirring, there may be foul play;
I'le venture to look in: if there be knaves,
I may do a good office. [*woman within.*
Within. Signieur?
John. What? how is this?
Within. Signieur *Fabritio*?
John. I'le go nearer.
Within. Fabritio?
Joh. This is a womans tongue, here may be good done.
Within. Who's there?
Fabritio?
John. I.
Within. Where are ye?
Joh. Here.
Within. O come, for Heavens sake!
Joh. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman with a Child.

Within. I have stay'd this long hour for you, make no
For things are in strange trouble: here, be secret, (noise,
'Tis worth your care; begon now; more eyes watch us,
Than may be for our safeties.

Joh. Hark ye?

Within. Peace: good night.

Joh. She is gone, and I am loaden; fortune for me;
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: byth' mass 'tis heavie;
If it be Coyn or Jewels, 'tis worth welcom:
I'le ne're refuse a fortune: I am confident
'Tis of no common price: now to my lodging:
If it hit right, I'le bless this night. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,
I cannot meet him; sure he has encountred
Some light o' love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this night. Well *Don John*,
If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
Till ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks:
You must be still a bootehalling: one round more,
Though it be late, I'le venture to discover ye,
I do not like your out-leaps. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, *and* 3 *Gentlemen.*

Duke. Welcom to Town, are ye all fit?

1 *Gent.* To point Sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private, and whatsoever fortune
Offer it self, let's stand sure.

3 *Gent.* Fear not us,
E're ye shall be endangered, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your Quarters?
1 *Gent.* Will you go alone Sir?
Du. Ye shall not be far from me, the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.
2 *Gent.* We are counsell'd. [*Exeun*

SCENE VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious?
Ever so bob'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? did the Devil lead me? must I needs be peepin
Into mens houses where I had no business,
And make my self a mischief? 'Tis well carried;
I must take other mens occasions on me,
And be I know not whom: most finely handled:
What have I got by this now? what's the purchase?
A piece of evening Arras work, a child,
Indeed an Infidel: this comes of peeping:
A lump got out of laziness; good white bread
Let's have no bawling with ye: 'sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches
Their snares and subtilties? have I read over
All their School learnings, div'd into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-fidled with a Bastard?
Fetch'd over with a Card of five, and in mine old days,
After the dire massacre of a million
Of Maiden-heads? caught the common way, i'th' night t
Under anothers name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? well *Don John*,
You will be wiser one day, when ye have purchas'd
A beavy of these Butter-prints together,
With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
Without commission: why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this Ginger-bread: never stirr'd me,
So I had had a stroak for't: 't had been Justice
Then to have kept it; but to raise a dayrie
For other mens adulteries, consume my self in candles,
And scowring works, in Nurses Bells and Babies,

Only for charity, for meer I thank you,
A little troubles me: the least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.
Whose e're it is, sure 't had a wealthy Mother,
For 'tis well cloathed, and if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within: to leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it: a more sin
Then his that got it: well, I will dispose on't,
And keep it, as they keep deaths heads in rings,
To cry *memento* to me; no more peeping.
Now all the danger is to qualifie
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live,
For she will fall upon me with a Catechism
Of four hours long: I must endure all;
For I will know this Mother: Come good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging: your starv'd trebble
Will waken the rude watch else: all that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home:
I have beaten all the purlews,
But cannot bolt him: if he be a bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: To morrow morning
I shall have further knowledge from a Surgeon's—
Where he lyes moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter Constantia.

Con. I'm ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to ye.
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else:
Where are your people? which way must we travel?
For Heaven sake stay not here Sir.
Fred. What may this prove?
Con. Alas I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd. Sir, for Heaven sake tell me,
Are ye a Gentleman?
Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?
Fred. No, born in *Spain.*
Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust ye.
Fred. Y'ave charm'd me,
Humanity and honour bids me help ye;
And if I fail your trust.—
Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe ye,
Alas, I must believe ye: From this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but your self,
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place se[t]tle me: what I am
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a strangers hand, the fears and dangers,
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty,
He must strike through my life that takes ye from me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and* 2 *Gent.*

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye well arm'd?
Ant. Never fear us.
Here's that will make 'em dance without a Fiddle.
Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.
Ant. Best gamesters make the best game,
We shall fight close and handsom then.
1 *Gent.* *Antonio,*
You are a thought too bloudy.
Ant. Why? all Physicians
And penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this moneth: why do ye talk of bloudy?
What come we for, to fall to cuffes for apples?

What, would ye make the cause a Cudgel quarrel?
On what terms stands this man? is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pickt out like an Oyster?
His credit like a quart pot knockt together,
Able to hold no liquor? clear but this point.
Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.
Ant. I'le speak truly;
What should men do ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o're his enemie, sit down, and dance him?
2 *Gent.* You are as far o'th' bow hand now.
Ant. And crie;
That's my fine boy, thou wilt do so no more child.
Petr. Here are no such cold pities.
Ant. By Saint *Jaques*
They shall not find me one: here's old tough *Andrew*,
A special friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'le strike 'em such a hornpipe: knocks I come for,
And the best bloud I light on; I profess it,
Not to scare Coster-mongers; If I lose mine own,
Mine audits cast, and farewel five and fifty.
Pet. Let's talk no longer, place your selves with silence,
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew your selves.
Ant. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don John, *and his Land-lady.*

Land. Nay Son, if this be your regard.
John. Good Mother.
Lan. Good me no goods; your cousin, and your self
Are welcom to me, whilst you bear your selves
Like honest and true Gentlemen: Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A Gentlewoman of a decent, and fair carriage,
And so behav'd my self—
John. I know ye have.
Lan. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbours nostrils? your Devises,
Your Brats, got out of Alligant, and broken oaths?

Your Linsey Woolsy work, your hasty puddings?
I, foster up your filch'd iniquities?
Y'are deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of those receivers.
John. Have I not sworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?
Land. Ye found an easie fool that let you get it,
She had better have worn pasterns.
John. Will ye hear me? (ends,
Lan. Oaths? what do you care for oaths to gain your
When ye are high and pamper'd? What Saint know ye?
Or what Religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accus'd Cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lye beyond all Faulconers:
I'me sick to see this dealing.
John. Heaven forbid Mother.
Lan. Nay, I am very sick.
John. Who waits there?
Ant. Sir. [*within.*
John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.
Lan. Exceeding sick, Heav'n help me.
John. Haste ye Sirrah,
I must ev'n make her drunk; nay gentle mother.
Lan. Now fie upon ye, was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening walks for your digestions,
For this pretended holiness? no weather,
Not before day could hold ye from the Matins.
Were these your bo-peep prayers? ye'have pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal: watcht well too; your Saint
It seems was pleas'd as well: still sicker, sicker.

Enter Anthony, *with a bottle of wine.*

Joh. There is no talking to her till I have drencht her.
Give me: here mother take a good round draught,
'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: deeper mother.
Lan. I, I, son, you imagine this will mend all.
John. All i' faith Mother.
Lan. I confess the Wine
Will do his part.

John. I'le pledge ye.
Lan. But son *John.*
Joh. I know your meaning mother; touch it once more,
Alas you look not well; take a round draught,
It warms the bloud well, and restores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large.
Land. A civil Gentleman?
A stranger? one the Town holds a good regard of?
John. Nay I will silence thee.
Lan. One that should weigh his fair name? oh, a stitch!
Joh. There's nothing better for a stitch, good Mother,
Make no spare of it, as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.
Land. As I said, a Gentleman,
Lodge in my house? now heav'ns my comfort, Signior!
John. I look'd for this.
Lan. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A woman of my credit: one, heaven knows,
That lov'd you but too tenderly.
John. Dear Mother,
I ever found your kindness, and [ac]knowledge it.
Lan. No, no, I am a fool to counsel ye. Where's the infant?
Come, let's see your Workmanship.
John. None of mine, Mother,
But there 'tis, and a lusty one.
Land. Heaven bless thee,
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good mans fortune: as I live
Your own eyes Signior, and the nether lip
As like ye, as ye had spit it.
John. I am glad on't.
Lan. Bless me, what things are these?
John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost, 'tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich, and right I hope.
Lan. Well, well son *John*,
I see ye are a wood-man, and can chuse
Your dear, though it be i'th' dark, all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clapt aboard:
Here I am with you now; when as they say

Your pleasure comes with profit; when ye must needs do,
Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a wisedom
Becomes a young man well: be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together,
It seasons of a fool, son, time is pretious,
Work wary whilst ye have it: since ye must traffick
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold Signior,
Trade with no broken Merchants, make your lading,
As you would make your rest, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.

John. All this time Mother,
The child wants looking to, wants meat and Nurses.

Lan. Now blessing o' thy care; it shall have all,
And instantly; I'le seek a Nurse my self, son;
'Tis a sweet child: ah my young *Spaniard*,
Take you no further care Sir.

John. Yes of these Jewels,
I must by your leave Mother: these are yours,
To make your care the stronger: for the rest
I'le find a Master; the gold for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.

Lan. No more words,
Nor no more children, (good son) as you love me,
This may do well.

John. I shall observe your Morals.
But where's *Don Frederick*, Mother?

Lan. Ten to one
About the like adventure: he told me,
He was to find you out. [*Exit.*

John. Why should he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in't: sleep I will not,
Before I have found him: now this woman's pleas'd,
I'le seek my friend out, and my care is eas'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Enter Duke, *and Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Believe Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to remove the City; the main faction
Swarm th[r]ough the streets like hornets, arm'd with angers

Able to ruine States: no safety left us,
Nor means to dye like men, if instantly
You draw not back again.
Duke. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now; were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too.
1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.
Du. I would not crack my vow, start from my honour,
Because I may find danger; wound my soul,
To keep my body safe.
1 *Gent.* I speak not Sir,
Out of a baseness to you.
Du. No, nor do not
Out of a baseness leave me: what is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o'th' bloud? who takes it hold of?
Cowards, and wicked livers: valiant minds
Were made the Masters of it: and as hearty Sea-men
In desperate storms, stem with a little Rudder
The tumbling ruines of the Ocean:
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to dye all in this venture,
As I am confident against it: is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lye a bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In Sugar-sops, and Syrups? Give me dying
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with man-kind, by a man that's manly:
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on.
2 *Gent.* You may Sir,
But with what safety?
1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive Sir, here be those amongst us
Can dye as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony: on brave Sir.
Duke. That's spoken heartily.
1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,

May he dye lowzie in a ditch.
Duke. No more dying,
There's no such danger in it:
What's a clock?
3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your hour.
Duke. Away then quickly,
Make no noise, and no tr[o]uble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick, *and* Peter, *(with a candle.)*

Fred. Give me the candle: so, go you out that way.
Peter. What have we now to do?
Fred. And o' your life Sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge,
No not my Landlady, nor my friend.
Peter. 'Tis done Sir.
Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.
Peter. Is the wind there again?
Fred. Be gone.
Peter. I am Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Constantia.

Fre. Now enter without fear.—And noble Lady
That safety and civility ye wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you: no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here; your own desires and Innocence,
Joyn'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts.
Const. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a womans trust: let it become me,
(I do beseech you, Sir) for all your kindness,
To render with my thanks, this worthless trifle;
I may be longer troublesome.
Fred. Fair offices
Are still their own rewards: Heav'n bless me Lady
From selling civil courtesies: may it please ye,
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,

Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfie me
For what good Angel I am engag'd.
Const. It shall be,
For I am truly confident ye are honest:
The Piece is scarce worth looking on.
Fred. Trust me
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness,
Defend me honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else:
What eyes are there, rather what little heavens,
To stir mens contemplations! what a Paradise
Runs through each part she has! good bloud be temperate:
I must look off: too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it. Noble Lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole Families.
Const. Your service is too liberal, worthy Sir,
Thus far I shall entreat.
Fred. Command me Lady,
You make your power too poor.
Const. That presently
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.
Fred. 'Tis done.
Const. There, if you find a Gentleman opprest
With force and violence, do a mans office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.
Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will, and let his foes be Devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire, this key will guide ye: all things necessary
Are there before ye.
Const. All my prayers go with ye. [*Exit.*
Fred. Ye clap on proof upon me: men say gold
Does all, engages all, works through all dangers:
Now I say beauty can do more: The Kings Exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into: we are all like sea-Cards,
All our endeavours and our motions,

(As they do to the North) still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest: for a handsom woman,
(Setting my soul aside) it should go hard,
But I would strain my body: yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes ye shall dye, and thou tongue rot within me,
E're I infringe my faith: now to my rescue. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, *pursued by* Petruccio, Antonio, *and that Faction.*

Duke. YOu will not all oppress me? (him.
Ant. Kill him i'th' wanton eye: let me come to
Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly.
Petr. Say you so Sir?
Ant. I say cut his Wezand, spoil his piping;
Have at your love-sick heart Sir.

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting.
My friend may be engag'd: fie Gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds.
Ant. I'le stop your mouth Sir. {Du. *fals down,*
John. Nay, then have at thee freely: {*Don* John *bestrides him.*
There's a plumb Sir to satisfie your longing.
Petr. Away: I hope I have sped him: here comes rescue,
We shall be endangered: where's *Antonio*?
Ant. I must have one thrust more Sir.
John. Come up to me.
Ant. A mischief confound your fingers.
Petr. How is't?
Ant. Well:
Ha's given me my *quietus est*, I felt him
In my small guts, I'me sure, has feez'd me:
This comes of siding with ye.
2 *Gent.* Can you go Sir?
Ant. I should go man, and my head were off,
Never talk of going.

Petr. Come, all shall be well then,
I hear more rescue coming.

Enter the Dukes *Faction.*

Ant. Let's turn back then;
My skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.
Petr. Away for Heaven sake with him.
John. How is't?
Duke. Well Sir,
Only a little stagger'd.
Faction Duke. Let's pursue 'em.
Du. No not a man, I charge ye: thanks good coat,
Thou hast sav'd me a shrewd welcom: 'twas put home too,
With a good mind I'me sure on't.
John. Are ye safe then?
Duke. My thanks to you brave Sir, whose timely valour,
And manly courtesie came to my rescue.
John. Ye'had foul play offer'd ye, and shame befal him
That can pass by oppression.
Duke. May I crave Sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name?
And him I am so bound to?
John. For the Bond Sir,
'Tis every good mans tye: to know me further
Will little profit ye; I am a stranger,
My Country *Spain*; my name *Don John*, a Gentleman
That lye here for my study.
Duke. I have heard Sir,
Much worthy mention of ye, yet I find
Fame short of what ye are.
John. You are pleas'd Sir,
To express your courtesie: may I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?
Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon: you shall know me
E're it be long Sir, and a nobler thanks
Than now my will can render.
John. Your will's your own Sir.
Duke. What is't you look for sir, have you lost any thing?

John. Only my hat i'th' scuffle; sure these fellows
Were night-snaps.
Duke. No, believe Sir: pray ye use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.
John. No Sir.
Du. Indeed ye shall, I can command another:
I do beseech ye honour me.
John. I will Sir,
And so I'le take my leave.
Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge,
Till when I love your memory. [*Exit* Duke, *&c.*
John. I yours.
This is some noble fellow.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis [h]is tongue sure.
Don John?
John. *Don Frederick?*
Fred. Ye're fairly met Sir:
I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling: prethee tell me,
What Revelations hast thou had to night,
That home was never thought of?
John. Revelations?
I'le tell thee *Frederick*, but before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir. (*Frederick,*
John. Why then mark what shall follow. This night
This bawdy night.
Fred. I thought no less.
John. This blind night,
What dost think I have got?
Fred. The Pox it may be.
John. Would 'twere no worse: ye talk of Revelations,
I have got a Revelation will reveal me
An arrant Coxcomb while I live.
Fred. What is't?
Thou hast lost nothing?
John. No, I have got I tell thee.
Fred. What hast thou got?

John. One of the Infantry, a child.
Fred. How?
John. A chopping child, man.
Fred. 'Give ye joy, Sir.
John. A lump of lewdness *Frederick*, that's the truth on't:
This Town's abominable.
Fred. I still told ye *John*
Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd ye:
But where no grace is—
John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.
Fred. Answer the Parish so.
John. Cheated introth:
Peeping into a house, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again: no *Frederick*,
Had I but kist the ring for't; 'tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.
Fred. Where is't?
John. At home.
Fred. A saving voyage: But what will you say Signior,
To him that searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?
John. How, good *Frederick*?
A militant girle now to this boy would hit it? (Sir
Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture: What do you think
Of a distressed Lady, one whose beauty
Would oversell all *Italy*?
John. Where is she—
Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified, as admiration
Dwells round about her: of that perfect spirit—
John. I marry Sir.
Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his.
John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming,
I have her sure Boy.
John. Hark ye *Frederick*,

What truck betwixt my Infant?
Fred. 'Tis too light Sir,
Stick to your charges good *Don John*, I am well.
John. But is there such a wench?
Fred. First tell me this,
Did ye not lately as ye walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?
John. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had spirit.
Fred. Pray go forward.
Joh. A Gentleman I found ingag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave metal,
As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,
And without hurt (I thank heaven) rescued him,
And came my self off safe too.
Fred. My work's done then:
And now to satisfie you, there is a woman,
Oh *John*, there is a woman—
John. Oh, where is she?
Fred. And one of no less worth than I assure ye;
And which is more, faln under my protection.
John. I am glad of that: forward sweet *Frederick*.
Fred. And which is more than that, by this nights wan-
And which is most of all, she is at home too Sir. (dring,
John. Come, let's be gone then.
Fred. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her, *John*.
John. Why?
Fred. She has sworn me
That none else shall come near her: not my Mother,
Till some few doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her? What chamber is she in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let's go I say:
A womans oaths are wafers, break with making,
They must for modestie a little: we all know it.
Fred. No, I'le assure you Sir.
John. Not see her?
I smell an old dog trick of yours, well *Frederick*,

Ye talkt to me of whoring, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wish ye.
Fred. When 'tis come,
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine Sir.
John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?
Fred. By all our friendship, *John*,
'Tis honest, and of great end.
John. I am answer'd:
But let me see her though: leave the door open
As ye go in.
Fred. I dare not.
John. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.
Fred. That courtesie,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye: come, 'tis now near morning. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Peter, *and* Anthony.

Pet. Nay the old woman's gone too.
Ant. She's a Catterwauling
Among the gutters: But conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good Masters should be?
Pet. Where they should be
I do conceive, but where they are, good *Anthony*—
Ant. I, there it goes: my Masters bo-peep with me,
With his slye popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.
Pet. Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel.
Ant. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a Master for that chase,
That till he spend his main Mast—
Pet. Pray remember
Your courtesie good *Anthony*, and withal,

How long 'tis since your Master sprung a leak,
He had a sound one since he came. { *Lute sounds within.*
Ant. Hark.
Pet. What?
Ant. Dost not hear a Lute?
Again?
Pet. Where is't?
Ant. Above in my Masters chamber.
Pet. There's no creature: he hath the key himself man.

SING *within.*

MErciless Love, whom nature hath deny'd
The use of eyes, lest thou should'st take a pride
And glorie in thy murthers: Why am I
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never
Flew disdainfull dart
Whose hard heart never,
Slew those rewarders?
Thou art young and fair,
Thy Mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with praier.
Then everlasting Love restrain thy will
'Tis God-like to have power but not to kill.

Ant. This is his Lute: let him have it.
Pet. I grant you; but who strikes it?
Ant. An admirable voice too, hark ye.
Pet. *Anthony,*
Art sure we are at home?
Ant. Without all doubt, *Peter.*
Pet. Then this must be the Devil.
Ant. Let it be, [*Sing again.*
Good Devil sing again: O dainty Devil!
Peter believe it, a most delicate Devil,
The sweetest Devil—

Enter Frederick, *and Don* John.

Fred. If ye could leave peeping.
John. I cannot by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly,
And as ye love your faith, presume no further
Than ye have promised.
John. *Basta.*
Fred. What make you up so early Sir?
John. You Sir in your contemplations.
Pet. O pray ye peace Sir.
Fred. Why peace Sir?
Pet. Do you hear?
John. 'Tis your Lute.
Fred. Pray ye speak softly,
She's playing on't.
Ant. The house is haunted Sir,
For this we have heard this half year.
Fred. Ye saw nothing?
Ant. Not I.
Pet. Nor I Sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfast then,
And make no words on't; we'll undertake this spirit,
If it be one.
Ant. This is no Devil *Peter.* [*Sing.*
Mum, there be Bats abroad. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Fred. Stay, now she sings.
John. An Angels voice I'le swear.
Fred. Why did'st thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat; or as I live
I will not trust ye.
John. Pass: I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Constantia.

Con. To curse those stars, that men say govern us,
To rail at fortune, fall out with my Fate,
And tax the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own desires
Are our own fates, our own stars, all our fortunes,
Which as we sway 'em, so abuse, or bless us.

Enter Frederick, *and Don* John, *peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your meditations.

John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o'th' light.
Const. I crave your mercy Sir,
My minde o're-charg'd with care made me unmannerly.
Fred. Pray ye set that mind at rest, all shall be perfect.
John. I like the body rare; a handsom body,
A wondrous handsom body: would she would turn:
See, and that spightful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.
Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be: the Gentleman
Is safely off all danger.
John. *O de dios.*
Const. How shall I thank ye Sir? how satisfie?
Fr. Speak softly, gentle Lady, all's rewarded,
Now does he melt like Marmalad.
John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman I e're look'd on:
I hope thou art not honest.
Fred. None disturb'd ye?
Const. Not any Sir, nor any sound came near me,
I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
John. I would fain pray now,
But the Devil and that flesh there, o' the world,
What are we made to suffer?
Fred. He'll enter;
Pull in your head and be hang'd.
John. Hark ye *Frederick*,
I have brought ye home your Pack-saddle.
Fred. Pox upon ye.
Con. Nay let him enter: fie my Lord the Duke,
Stand peeping at your friends.
Fred. Ye are cozen'd Lady,
Here is no Duke.
Const. I know him full well Signior.
John. Hold thee there wench.
Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.
Const. I do beseech your grace come in.
John. My Grace,

There was a word of comfort.
Fred. Shall he enter?
Who e're he be?
John. Well follow'd *Frederick.*
Const. With all my heart.
Fred. Come in then.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Bless ye Lady.
Fr. Nay start not, though he be a stranger to ye,
He's of a noble strain, my kinsman, Lady,
My Country-man, and fellow Traveller,
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one faith free between us; do not fear him,
He's truly honest.
John. That's a lye.
Fred. And trusty:
Beyond your wishes: valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.
Jo. Now may I hang my self; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes: for now
Must I cry, no forsooth, and I forsooth, and surely,
And truly as I live, and as I am honest.
Has done these things for 'nonce too; for he knows
Like a most envious Rascal as he is,
I am not honest, nor desire to be,
Especially this way: h'as watch'd his time,
But I shall quit him.
Const. Sir, I credit ye.
Fred. Go kiss her *John.*
John. Plague o' your commendations.
Const. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.
John. Never to me, sweet Lady: Thus I seal
My faith, and all my service.
Const. One word Signior.
John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest,
She kisses with a conjuration
Would make the Devil dance: what points she at?
My leg I warrant, or my well knit body,
Sit fast *Don Frederick.*

Fred. 'Twas given him by that Gentleman
You took such care of; his own being lost i'th' scuffle.
Con. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right one,
I can assure ye Gentleman, and right happy
May you be in all fights for that fair service.
Fred. Why do ye blush?
Const. 'T had almost cozen'd me,
For not to lye, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another Master of it: but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*
Fred. Who's there?

Enter Anthony.

Stand ye a little close: Come in Sir, [*Exit* Const.
Now what's the news with you?
Anth. There is a Gentleman without,
Would speak with *Don John.*
John. Who Sir?
Ant. I do not know Sir, but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.
Fred. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser.
Ant. Well Sir. [*Exit* Anthony.
Fred. How do you like her *John*?
John. As well as you *Frederick*,
For all I am honest: you shall find it so too.
Fred. Art thou not honest?
John. Art thou an Ass?
And modest as her blushes? What block-head
Would e're have popt out such a dry Apologie,
For his dear friend? and to a Gentlewoman,
A woman of her youth, and delicacy.
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral man? 'tis for a Constable:
A handsome man, a wholsome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like *Hercules*, unslak'd with service:
The same to night, to morrow night, the next night,
And so to perpetuitie of pleasures,
These had been things to hearken to, things catching:
But you have such a spic'd consideration,

Such qualms upon your worships conscience,
Such chil-blains in your bloud, that all things pinch ye,
Which nature, and the liberal world makes custom,
And nothing but fair honour, O sweet honor,
Hang up your Eunuch honour: That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
A modest Gentleman! O wit where wast thou?
Fred. I am sorrie *John.*
John. My Ladies Gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a S[c]hool-boy, make me blush
With playing with my Codpiece point: fie on thee,
A man of thy discretion?
Fred. It shall be mended:
And henceforth ye shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't: How now, who is't?
Ant. A Gentleman of this Town
And calls himself *Petrucchio.*

Enter Constantia.

John. I'le attend him.
Const. How did he call himself?
Fre. Petrucchio,
Does it concern you ought?
Const. O Gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me,
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruine:
As ever ye had pity—
John. Do not fear,
Let the great devil come, he shall come through me:
Lost here, and we about ye?
Fred. Fall before us?
Const. O my unfortunate estate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his—
Fred. Let his, and all mens,
Whilst we have power and life—stand up for heaven sake.
Con. I have offended heaven too; yet heaven knows—
John. We are all evil:
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts.

What is he?
Con. Too too near to my offence Sir;
O he will cut me piece-meal.
Fred. 'Tis no Treason?
John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I'le find him cut-work.
Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common lives.
John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By heaven I'le fire the Town before ye perish,
And then, the more the merrier, we'l jog with ye.
Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.
John. Pray no more weeping:
Spoil a sweet face for nothing? my return
Shall end all this I warrant you.
Const. Heaven grant it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Petrucchio, *with a Letter.*

Petr. This man should be of special rank:
For these commends carry no common way,
No slight worth with 'em:
He shall be he.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Save ye Sir: I am sorrie
My business was so unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.
Petr. Occasions must be serv'd Sir:
But is your name *Don John*?
John. It is Sir.
Petr. Then,
First, for your own brave sake I must embrace ye:
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvara, make ye mine:
Who lays his charge upon me in this Letter
To look ye out, and for the goodness in ye,
Whilst your occasions make ye resident
In this place, to supply ye, love and honour ye;

Which had I know[n] sooner—
John. Noble Sir,
You'l make my thanks too poor: I wear a sword, Sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.
Petr. Gentle Sir,
That manly courtesie is half my business:
And to be short, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth like Oracle,
And how above my friends, which are not few,
And those not slack, I estimate your vertues,
Make your self understand, This day *Petrucchio*,
A man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.
John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.
Petr. Thus then:
I do beseech ye mark me.
John. I shall do it.
Petr. *Ferrara's* Duke, would I might call him worthie,
But that he has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with Infamie, This man,
Rather this powerfull Monster, we being left
But two of all our house, to stock our memories,
My Sister, and my self; with arts, and witchcrafts,
Vows, and such oaths heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by stealths,
And secret passages I knew not of,
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her:
I am asham'd to say the rest: This purchas'd,
And his hot bloud allay'd, as friends forsake us
At a miles end upon our way, he left her,
And all our name to ruine.
John. This was foul Play,
And ought to be rewarded so.
Petr. I hope so;
He scap'd me yester-night: which if he dare
Again adventure for, Heaven pardon him,
I shall with all my heart.
John. For me, brave Signior,

What do ye intend?
Petr. Only, fair Sir, this trust,
Which from the commendations of this Letter,
I dare presume well plac'd, nobly to bear him
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,
That man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.
John. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home: When shall I visite ye?
Petr. Please you this after-noon, I will ride with you:
For at a Castle six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.
John. I'le be ready.
Petr. To attend ye,
My man shall wait: with all my love. [*Ex.* Petr.
John. My service shall not fail ye.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?
John. All's well: who dost thou think this wench is?
Ghess, and thou canst?
Fred. I cannot.
John. Be it known then,
To all men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs
Were errant two moneths after.
Fred. Who, *Constantia*?
Thou talk'st of Cocks and Bulls.
John. I talk of wenches,
Of cocks and Hens *Don Frederick*; this is the Pullet
We two went proud after.
Fred. It cannot be.
John. It shall be;
Sister to *Don Petrucchio*: I know all man.
Fred. Now I believe.
John. Go to, there has been stirring,
Fumbling with Linnen *Frederick*.
Fred. 'Tis impossible,
You know her fame was pure as fire.
John. That pure fire

Has melted out her maiden-head: she is crackt:
We have all that hope of our side, boy.
Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I see no loose thought in her.
John. That's all one,
She is loose i'th' hilts by heaven: but the world must know
A fair way, upon vow of marriage.
Fred. There may be such a slip.
John. And will be, *Frederick*,
Whil'st the old game's a foot: I fear the boy
Will prove hers too I took up.
Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.
John. There thou hitst it, *Frederick*:
Come, let's walk in and comfort her: her being here
Is nothing yet suspected: anon I'le tell thee
Wherefore her Brother came, who by this light
Is a brave noble fellow, and what honour
H'as done to me a stranger: there be Irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart blouds,
E're all be ended; so much for this time.
Fred. Well Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Land-lady, and Peter.

Land. COme, ye do know.
Pet. I do not by this hand Mistris.
But I suspect.
Land. What?
Peter. That if egges continue
At this price, women will ne're be sav'd
By their good works.
Land. I will know.
Peter. Ye shall, any thing
Lyes in my power: The Duke of *Loraine* now
Is seven thousand strong: I heard it of a fish-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.

Land. Sirrah, Sirrah.
Pet. The Popes Bulls are broke loose too, and 'tis suspected
They shall be baited in *England.*
Land. Very well Sir.
Peter. No, 'tis not so well neither.
Land. But I say to ye,
Who is it keeps your Master company?
Peter. I say to you, *Don John.*
Land. I say what woman?
Peter. I say so too.
Land. I say again, I will know.
Peter. I say 'tis fit ye should.
Land. And I tell thee
He has a woman here.
Peter. And I tell thee
'Tis then the better for him.
Land. You are no Bawd now?
Peter. Would I were able to be call'd unto it:
A worshipfull vocation for my elders;
For as I understand it is a place
Fitting my betters far.
Land. Was ever Gentlewoman
So frumpt off with a fool? well sawcy Sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these Inflammations: if this geer hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the Signiors,
Here ye may have lewdness at Liverie.

Enter Frederick.

Peter. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.
Fred. How now?
Why what's the matter Land-lady?
Land. What's the matter?
Ye use me decently among ye Gentlemen.
Fred. Who has abus'd her, you Sir?
Land. 'Ods my witness
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.
Peter. I gave her no ill language.
Land. Thou lyest lewdly,

Thou tookst me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a Mawkin, a flurt Gillian;
And thou thinkst, because thou canst write and read,
Our noses must be under thee.
Fred. Dare you Sirrah?
Pet. Let but the truth be known Sir, I beseech ye,
She raves of wenches, and I know not what Sir.
Lan. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou instrument of evil.
Peter. As I live Sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.
Fred. Get ye in,
I'le answer you anon Sir.
Peter. By this hand
I'le break your Posset pan. [*Exit.*
Land. Then by this hood
I'le lock the meat up.
Fred. Now your grief, what is't?
For I can ghesse—
Land. Ye may with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst ye; nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house? not satisfi'd
With bringing home your Bastards to undoe me,
But you must drill your whores here too? my patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now.
Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings Lady: for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger,
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear your self discreetly to this woman,
For such an one there is indeed.
Land. 'Tis well son.
Fre. Leaving your devils Matins, and your melancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.
Land. You have much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:
Ye had that might content
(At home within your selves too) right good Gentlemen,

Wholsome, and ye said handsom: But you gallants,
Beast that I was to believe ye—
Fred. Leave your suspicion:
For as I live there's no such thing.
Land. Mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour.
Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: sleek up your self, leave crying,
For I must have ye entertain this Lady
With all civility, she well deserves it,
Together with all secresie: I dare trust ye,
For I have found ye faithfull: when you know her,
You will find your own fault: no more words, but do it.
Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful Lady,
How does thy velvet Scabbard? by this hand
Thou lookst most amiably, now could I willingly,
And 'twere not for abusing thy *Geneva* print there,
Venture my Body with thee.
Land. You'll leave this Roguery
When you come to my years.
John. By this light
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer Girl,
Thou hast not half thy teeth: come—
Fred. Prithee *John*
Let her alone, she has been vex'd already;
She'll grow stark mad, man.
John. I would see her mad,
An old mad woman—
Fred. Prithee be patient.
John. Is like a Millers Mare, troubled with tooth-ach.
She'll make the rarest faces.
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.
Land. Well, *Don John*,
There will be times again; when O good Mother,
What's good for a Carnosity in the Bladder?

O the green water, Mother.
John. Doting take ye;
Do ye remember that?
Fred. She has paid ye now, Sir.
Land. Clary, sweet mother, clary.
Fred. Are ye satisfied?
Land. I'll never whore again, never give petticoats
And Wastcoats at five pound apiece: good mother,
Quickly mother; now mock on Son.
John. A Devil grind your old Chaps. [*Exit Landlady.*
Fred. By this hand, wench,
I'll give thee a new hood for this.
Has she met with your Lordship?
John. Touch-wood take her.

Enter A[n]thony.

She's a rare ghostly Mother.
Ant. Below attends ye
The Gentlemans man, Sir, that was with you.
John. Well, Sir;
My time is come then; yet if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind; I'll rather trust

Enter Constantia.

A Cat with sweet milk, *Frederick*; by her face,
I feel her fears are working.
Const. Is there no way,
I do beseech ye think yet, to divert
This certain danger?
Fred. 'Tis impossible;
Their Honours are engag'd.
Const. Then there must be murther,
Which, Gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't: you may if you please, Sir,
Make all go less yet.
John. Lady, were't mine own Cause,
I could dispense; but loaden with my friends trust,
I must go on; though general massacres
As much I fear—
Const. Do ye hear, Sir; for Heavens pity

Let me request one love of you.
Fred. Yes, any thing.
Const. This Gentleman I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the Cause; as ever
You did a vertuous deed, for honours sake
Go with him, and allay him; your fair temper
And noble disposition, like wish'd showrs,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all else.
I see in him destruction.
Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour, hark ye, *John*;
I will go with ye.
John. No.
Fred. Indeed I will,
Ye go upon a hazard; no denial,
For as I live, I'll go.
John. Then make ye ready,
For I am straight o' horse-back.
Fred. My Sword on,
I am as ready as you; what my best labour,
With all the art I have can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end; the old Gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she is both grave and private,
And ye may trust her in all points.
Const. You are noble;
And so I kiss your hand.
John. That seal for me too,
And I hope happy issue, Lady.
Const. All Heavens Care upon ye, and my Prayers.
John. So,
Now my mind's at rest.
Fred. Away, 'tis late, *John*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, *a Surgeon, and* 2 *Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Come, Sir, be hearty, all the worst is past.
Ant. Give me some Wine.
Sur. 'Tis death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a Horse, Sir.
To be drest to the tune of Ale only!
Nothing but sawces to my sores!
2 *Gent.* Fie, *Antonio*,
You must be govern'd.
Ant. H'as given me a damn'd Clyster,
Only of sand and snow water, Gentlemen,
Has almost scour'd my guts out.
Sur. I have giv'n you that, Sir,
Is fittest for your state.
Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of Rooks, and drown'd Chickens,
Stew'd Pericraniums, and Pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heaven 'tis true Gentlemen)
He rolls me up in Lints, with Labels at 'em,
That I am just the man i'th' Almanack,
In Head and Face, is *Aries* place.
Sur. Will't please ye
To let your friends see you open'd?
Ant. Will't please you, Sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my Body
Open enough for that yet.
Sur. How, a Wench?
Ant. Why look ye, Gentlemen; thus I am us'd still,
I can get nothing that I want.
1 *Gent.* Leave these things,
And let him open ye.
Ant. D'ye hear, Surgeon?
Send for the Musick, let me have some pleasure
To entertain my friends, besides your Sallads,
Your green salves, and your searches, and some Wine too,
That I may only smell to it; or by this light
I'll dye upon thy hand, and spoil thy custome.
1 *Gent.* Let him have Musick.

Enter Rowl. with Wine.

Sur. 'Tis in the house, and ready,
If he will ask no more but Wine— [*Musick.*
2 *Gent.* He shall not drink it.
Sur. Will these things please ye?

Ant. Yes, and let 'em sing
John Dorrie.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis too long.
Ant. I'll have *John Dorrie,*
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd:
Give me some drink, have ye stopt the leaks well, Surgeon,
All will run out else?
Surg. Fear not.
Ant. Sit down, Gentlemen:
And now advance your Plaisters. [*Song of* John Dorrie.
Give 'em ten shillings, friends; how do ye find me?
What symptoms do you see now?
Surg. None, Sir, dangerous;
But if you will be rul'd—
Ant. What time?
Surg. I can cure you
In forty days, if you will not transgress me.
Ant. I have a Dog shall lick me whole in twenty;
In how long canst thou kill me?
Surg. Presently.
Ant. Do it, there's more delight in't.
1 *Gent.* You must have patience.
Ant. Man, I must have business; this foolish fellow
Hinders himself; I have a dozen Rascals
To hurt within these five days; good man-mender,
Stop me with some Parsley, like stuft Beef,
And let me walk abroad.
Surg. Ye shall walk shortly.
Ant. For I must find *Petrucchio.*
2 *Gent.* Time enough. (these three days
1 *Gent.* Come, lead him in, and let him sleep: within
We'll beg ye leave to play.
2 *Gent.* And then how things fall,
We'll certainly inform ye.
Ant. But Surgeon, promise me
I shall drink Wine then too.
Surg. A little temper'd.
Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, Surgeon.
Surg. Well, as't please ye,
So ye exceed not.

Ant. Farewell: and if ye find
The mad Slave that thus slash'd me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his Skin close.
1 *Gent.* Take your rest, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Constantia, *and Land-lady.*

Const. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet
Those Gentlemen know of me; ever trusting
Your Counsel and Concealment; for to me
You seem a worthy Woman; one of those
Are seldome found in our Sex, wise and vertuous,
Direct me I beseech ye.
Land. Ye say well, Lady,
And hold ye to that point, for in these businesses
A Womans Counsel that conceives the matter,
(Do ye mark me? that conceives the matter, Lady)
Is worth ten mens engagements: She knows something,
And out of that can work like Wax; when men
Are giddy-headed, either out of Wine,
Or a more Drunkenness, vain Ostentation,
Discovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold upon an Eeles tail; Nay, 'tis held fashion
To defame now all they can.
Const. I, but these Gentlemen—
Land. Do not you trust to that; these Gentlemen
Are as all Gentlemen of the same Barrel;
I, and the self same pickle too. Be it granted,
They have us'd ye with respect and fair behaviour,
Ere since ye came, do you know what must follow?
They are Spaniards, Lady, Gennets of high mettle,
Things that will thrash the Devil, or his Dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven.
Const. Now Heaven bless me.
Land. Mad Colts will court the wind; I know 'em, Lady,
To the least hair they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the pint pot bless 'em,
They'll offer to my years—
Const. How?

Land. Such rude gambols—
Const. To you?
Land. I, and so handle me, that oft I am forc'd
To fight of all four for my safety; there's the younger,
Don John, the arrantest *Jack* in all this City;
The other, Time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
If not o'rflown, and freely on the quarry;
Has been a Dragon in his days. But *Tarmont*,
Don Jenkin is the Devil himself, the dog-days,
The most incomprehensible Whore-master,
Twenty a night is nothing; Beggars, Broom-women,
And those so miserable, they look like famine,
Are all sweet Ladies in his drink.
Const. He's a handsome Gentleman;
Pity he should be master of such follies.
Land. He's ne'r without a noise of Sirynges
In's Pocket, those proclaim him; birding Pills,
Waters to cool his Conscience, in small Viols:
With thousand such sufficient emblems; the truth is,
Whose Chastity he chops upon he cares not,
He flies at all; Bastards upon my conscience,
He has now in making, multitudes; the last night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak Vessels, some rich Woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with Jewels; the bearing Cloath
No less than Crimson Velvet.
Const. How?
Land. 'Tis true, Lady.
Const. Was it a Boy too?
Land. A brave Boy; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in's getting, as I'll say for him,
He's as well paced for that sport—
Const. May I see it?
For there is a neighbour of mine, a Gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.
Land. Ye shall see it:
But what do ye think of these men now ye know 'em,

And of the cause I told ye of? Be wise,
Ye may repent too late else; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you will find it, Lady.
Const. I am advis'd.
Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of, be ready;
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps.
Const. I shall be:
But shall I see this Child?
Land. Within this half hour,
Let's in, and there think better; she that's wise,
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petrucchio, *Don* John, *and* Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledg, and a Gentleman
If I that so much love him, may commend him,
Of free and vertuous parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us, for which fear I brought him,
Will not flye back for phillips.
Pet. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.
Fred. Stay, what Troop
Is that below i' th' Valley there?
John. Hawking I take it.
Pet. They are so; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he, Gentlemen,
Sirrah, draw back the Horses till we call ye,
I know him by his Company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Pet. So he does.
John. Stand you still
Within that Covert till I call: you, *Frederick*,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us; he comes forward,
Here will I wait him fairly: to your Cabins.
Pet. I need no more instruct ye?
John. Fear me not,
I'le give it him, and boldly. [*Ex.* Pet. *and* Fred.

Enter Duke and his faction.

Duke. Feed the Hawks up,
We'll flie no more to day, O my blest fortune!
Have I so fairly met the man?
John. Ye have, Sir,
And him you know by this.
Duke. Sir all the honour,
And love—
John. I do beseech your Grace stay there,
(For I know you too now) that love and honour
I come not to receive; nor can you give it,
Till ye appear fair to the world; I must beseech ye
Dismiss your train a little.
Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing I command ye: Now, Sir.
John. Last time we met, I was a friend.
Duke. And Nobly,
You did a friends office: let your business
Be what it may, you must be still—
John. Your pardon,
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend
To his own honour.
Duke. In what have I transgress'd it?
Ye make a bold breach at the first, Sir.
John. Bolder,
You made that breach that let in infamy,
And ruine, to surprise a noble stock.
Duke. Be plain, Sir.
John. I will, and short;
Ye have wrong'd a Gentleman,
Little behind your self, beyond all justice,
Beyond mediation of all friends.
Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?
John. *Petrucchio*,
The wrong, ye have Whor'd his Sister.
Duke. What's his will in't?
John. His will is to oppose you like a Gentleman,
And single, to decide all.
Duke. Now stay you, Sir,

And hear me with the like belief: this Gentleman,
His Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd,
Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it;
As true, I have enjoy'd her: no less truth,
I have a Child by her: but that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a Sword to satisfie the world no,
And him in this cause when he please; for know, Sir,
She is my Wife, contracted before Heaven,
(Witness I owe more tye to, than her Brother)
Nor will I flye from that name, which long since
Had had the Churches approbation,
But for his jealous danger.

John. Sir, your pardon,
And all that was my anger, now my service.

Duk. Fair Sir, I knew I should convert ye; had we
But that rough man here now too—

John. And ye shall, Sir,
Whoa, hoa, hoo.

Duke. I hope ye have laid no Ambush?

Enter Petrucchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble Brother welcome:
Come put your anger off, we'll no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Pet. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly; the first Priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Pet. Now I love ye;
And I beseech you pardon my suspicions,
You are now more than a Brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How, how, how goes it? (*Frederick*,

John. Why, the man has his Mare again, and all's well,
The Duke professes freely he's her Husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.
John. Yes, for modest Gentlemen.
I must present ye: may it please your Grace,
To number this brave Gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants. (me
Duke. O my brave friend! you shower your bounties on
Amongst my best thoughts, Signior, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May place your friend to honour me.
Fred. My love, Sir,
And where your Grace dares trust me, all my service.
Pet. Why! this is wondrous happy: But now Brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: *Constantia.*
Duke. Why, what of her?
Pet. Nor what, nor where, do I know!
Wing'd with her fears last night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my house, but whither—
Fred. Let not that—
Duke. No more good Sir, I have heard too much.
Pet. Nay sink not,
She cannot be so lost.
John. Nor shall not, Gentlemen;
Be free again, the Lady's found; that smile, Sir,
Shews ye distrust your Servant.
Duke. I do beseech ye.
John. Ye shall believe me: by my soul she is safe.
Duke. Heaven knows, I would believe, Sir.
Fred. Ye may safely.
John. And under noble usage: this fair Gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his Guard,
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person,
Who waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service now attend her.
Pet. Ye may believe now.
Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly:
Well my good friends, or rather my good Angels,
For ye have both preserv'd me; when these vertues
Dye in your friends remembrance—
John. Good your Grace,
Lose no more time in complement, 'tis too precious,

I know it by my self there can be no Hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes; especially
In way of lustly pleasures.
Pet. He has hit it.
Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'le crown
With all the joyes ye wish for.
Pet. Happy Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief: never fool
Was so fob'd off, as I am; made ridiculous,
And to my self mine own Ass: trust a Woman?
I'le trust the Devil first; for he dare be
Better than's word sometime: what faith have I broke?
In what observance fail'd? Let me consider,

Enter Don John, *and* Frederick.

For this is monstrous usage.
Fred. Let them talk,
We'll ride on fair and softly.
Fran. Well, *Constantia.*
Fred. *Constantia*, what's this fellow? stay by all means.
Fran. Ye have spun your self a fair thread now.
Fred. Stand still, *John.*
Fran. What cause had you to fly? what fear possest ye?
Were you not safely lodg'd from all suspicion?
Us'd with all gentle means? did any know
How ye came thither, or what your sin was.
Fred. *John*,
I smell some juggling, *John.*
John. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be found so.
Fran. So strangely,
Without the counsel of your friends; so desperately
To put all dangers on ye?
Fred. 'Tis she.
Fran. So deceitfully,
After a strangers lure!
John. Did ye mark that, *Frederick?*
Fran. To make ye appear more monster; and the Law
More cruel to reward ye? to leave all,

All that should be your safegard, to seek evils?
Was this your wisdom? this your promise? well,
He that incited ye—
Fred. Mark that too.
John. Yes Sir.
Fran. 'Had better have plough'd farther off; now Lady,
What will your last friend, he that should preserve ye,
And hold your credit up, the brave *Antonio*,
Think of this slip? he'll to *Petrucchio*,
And call for open justice.
John. 'Tis she, *Frederick*.
Fred. But what that he is, *John*?
Fra. I do not doubt yet
To bolt ye out, for I know certainly
Ye are about the Town still: ha, no more words. [*Exit.*
Fred. Well.
John. Very well.
Fred. Discreetly.
John. Finely carried.
Fred. You have no more of these tricks?
John. Ten to one, Sir,
I shall meet with 'em if ye have.
Fred. Is this honest?
John. Was it in you a friends part to deal double?
I am no Ass *Don Frederick*.
Fred. And *Don John*,
It shall appear I am no fool;
Disgrace me to make your self a lecher?
'Tis boyish, 'tis base.
John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid me,
Nor will I be your bolster, Sir.
Fre. Thou wanton boy, thou hadst better have been Eunuch,
Thou common womans courtesie, than thus
Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour.
A friend? I'[l]e make a horse my friend first.
John. Holla, holla,
Ye kick too fast, Sir: what strange brains have you got,
That dare crow out thus bravely? I better been an Eunuch?
I privy to this dog trick? clear your self,
For I know where the wind sits, and most nobly,

Or as I have a life—
Fred. No more: they're horses. [*A noise within*
Nor shew no discontent: to morrow comes; [*like horses.*
Let's quietly away: if she be at home,
Our jealousies are put off.
John. The fellow,

Enter Duke, Petrucchio.

We have lost him in our spleens, like fools.
Duke. Come, Gentlemen,
Now set on roundly: suppose ye have all Mistresses,
And mend your pace according.
Petr. Then have at ye. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Petrucchio, Frederick, *and* John.

Petr. NOW to *Bologna*, my most honoured Brother,
I dare pronounce ye a hearty, and safe welcome,
Our loves shall now way-lay ye; welcome, Gentlemen.
John. The same to you brave Sir; *Don Frederick*,
Will ye step in and give the Lady notice
Who comes to honour her?
Petr. Bid her be sudden,
We come to see no curious wench: a night-gown
Will serve the turn: here's one that knows her nearer.
Fred. I'le tell her what ye say, Sir. [*Exit* Fred.
Duke. My dear brother,
Ye are a merry Gentleman.
Petr. Now will the sport be,
To observe her alterations; how like a wildfire
She'll leap into your bosom; then seeing me,
Her conscience, and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead as a fowl at souse, she'll sink.
Duke. Fair Brother,
I must intreat you—
Petr. I conceive your mind, Sir,
I will not chide her: yet ten Duckets, Duke,
She falls upon her knees, ten more she dare not—

Duke. I must not have her frighted.
Petr. Well you shall not:

Enter Frederick, *and* Peter.

But like a Summers evening against heat,
Mark how I'le guild her cheeks!
John. How now?
Fred. Ye may, Sir:
Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance,
For you must know—
Petr. What?
Duke. Where is she?
Fred. Gone, Sir.
Duke. How?
Petr. What did you say, Sir?
Fred. Gone, by Heaven removed,
The woman of the house too.
John. Well *Don Frederick.*
Fred. *Don John*, it is not well, but—
Pet. Gone?
Fred. This fellow
Can testifie I lye not.
Peter. Some four hours after
My Master was departed, with this Gentleman,
My fellow and my self being sent of business,
(As we must think) of purpose—
Petr. Hang these circumstances,
They appear like Owls, to ill ends.
John. Now could I eat
The Devil in his own broth, I am so tortur'd.
Gone?
Petr. Gone? (me say?
Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted: what would you have
Duke. Well, Gentlemen,
Wrong not my good opinion.
Fred. For your Dukedom
I will not be a Knave, Sir.
John. He that is,
A rot run in his bloud.

Petr. But hark ye Gentlemen,
Are ye sure ye had her here, did ye not dream this?
John. Have you your nose, Sir?
Petr. Yes, Sir.
John. Then we had her.
Petr. Since you are so short, believe your having her
Shall suffer more construction.
John. Let it suffer,
But if I be not clear of all dishonour,
Or practice that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this Woman is,
Make me your Cities monster.
Duke. I believe ye.
John. I could lye with a Witch now, to be reveng'd,
Upon that Rascal did this.
Fred. Only thus much
I would desire your Grace, for my mind gives me
Before night yet she is yours: stop all opinion,
And let no anger out, till full cause call it,
Then every mans own work's to justifie him,
And this day let us give to search: my man here
Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
(Which place he has taken notice of) such a face
As our old Landladies, he believes the same too,
And by her hood assures it: Let's first thither,
For she being found, all's ended.
Duke. Come, for Heavens sake,
And Fortune, and thou be'st not ever turning,
If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,
Now settle it, and save my hopes: away friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio *and his Servant.*

Ant. With all my Jewels?
Ser. All, Sir.
Ant. And that mony
I left i'th' trunk?
Ser. The Trunk broke, and that gone too.
Ant. *Francisco* of the plot?

Ser. Gone with the wench too.
Ant. The mighty pox go with 'em: belike they thought
I was no man of this world, and those trifles
Would but disturb my conscience.
Ser. Sure they thought, Sir,
You would not live to persecute 'em.
Ant. Whore and Fidler,
Why, what a consort have they made! Hen and Bacon!
Well my sweet Mistris, well good Madam mar-tail?
You that have hung about my neck, and lick't me,
I'le try how handsomely your Ladyship
Can hang upon a Gallows, there's your Master-piece;
But hark ye Sirrah, no imagination
Of where they should be?
Ser. None, Sir, yet we have search'd
All places we suspected; I believe, Sir,
They have taken towards the Ports.
Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raise a water Devil, I'le port 'em;
Play at duck and drake with my mony; take heed Fidler;
I'le dance ye by this hand, your Fidle-stick
I'le grease of a new fashion, for presuming
To meddle with my degamboys: get me a Conjurer,
Enquire me out a man that lets out Devils:
None but my C. Cliffe serve your turn?
Ser. I know not—
Ant. In every street, *Tom* fool, any blear-ey'd people
With red heads, and flat noses can perform it;
Thou shalt know 'em by their half Gowns and no Breeches:
Mount my Mare Fidler? ha boy! up at first dash?
Sit sure, I'le clap a nettle, and a smart one,
Shall make your Filly firk: I will fine Fidler,
I'le put you to your plunge, Boy: Sirrah meet me
Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time
Find out a conjurer and know his price,
How he will let his Devils by the day out,
I'le have 'em, and they be above ground. [*Ex.* Ant.
Ser. Now bless me,
What a mad man is this! I must do something
To please his humour: such a man I'le ask for,

And tell him where he is: but to come near him,
Or have any thing to do with his don Devils,
I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petrucchio, Frederick, John, Peter, *and Servant with Bottles.*

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?
[*Pet.*] 'Tis hard by, Sir.
And ten to one this wine goes thither.
Duke. Forward.
Petr. Are they grown so merry?
Duke. 'Tis [most] likely,
She has heard of this good fortune, and determines
To wash her sorrows off.
[*Pet.*] 'Tis so; that house, Sir,
Is it: out of that window certainly
I saw my old Mistresses face.
Petr. They are merry indeed, [*Musick.*
Hark I hear Musick too.
Duke. Excellent Musick.
John. Would I were ev'n among 'em, and alone now;
A pallat for the purpose in a corner,
And good rich Wine within me; what gay sport
Could I make in an hour now!

SONG.

Welcome sweet liberty, and care farewel,
I am mine own,
She is twice damn'd, that lives in Hell,
When Heaven is shown.
Budding beauty, blooming years
Were made for pleasure, farewel fears,
For now I am my self, mine own command,
My fortune alwayes in my hand.

Fred. Hark a voice too;
Let's not stir yet by any means.
John. Was this her own voice?

Duke. Yes, sure.
Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Enter Bawd (above.)

Du. The Song confirms her here too: for if ye mark it,
It spake of liberty, and free enjoying
The happy end of pleasure.
[*Pet.*] Look ye there, Sir,
Do ye know that head?
Fred. 'Tis my good Landlady,
I find fear has done all this.
John. She I swear,
And now do I know by the hanging of her Hood,
She is parcel drunk: shall we go in?
Duke. Not yet, Sir.
Petr. No, let 'em take their pleasure.
Duke. When it is highest, [*Musick.*
We'll step in, and amaze 'em: peace, more Musick.
John. This Musick murders me: what bloud have I now!
Fred. I should know that face. [*Enter* Fran. *and Exit.*
John. By this light 'tis he, *Frederick*,
That bred our first suspicions, the same fellow.
Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Discoursing of *Constantia.*
John. Still the same;
Now he slips in.
Duke. What's that?
Fred. She must be here Sir:
This is the very fellow, I told your Grace

Enter Francisco.

We found upon the way; and what his talk was.
Petr. Why, sure I know this fellow; yes, 'tis he,
Francisco, *Antonio's* boy, a rare Musician,
He taught my Sister on the Lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice so well) about her: certain,
Without all doubt she is here: it must be so.
John. Here? that's no question: what should our hen
Do here without her? if she be not here (o'th' game else
(I am so confident) let your grace believe,

We two are arrant Rascals, and have abus'd ye.
Fred. I say so too.
John. Why there's the hood again now,
The guard that guides us; I know the fabrick of it,
And know the old tree of that saddle yet, 'twas made of,
A hunting hood, observe it.
Duke. Who shall enter?
Petr. I'le make one.
John. I, another.
Duke. But so carry it,
That all her joyes flow not together.
John. If we told her,
Your grace would none of her?
Duke. By no means Signior,
'Twould turn her wild, stark frantick.
John. Or assur'd her—
Duke. Nothing of that stern nature: this ye may Sir,
That the conditions of our fear yet stand
On nice and dangerous knittings: or that a little
I seem to doubt the child.
John. Would I could draw her
To hate your grace with these things.
Petr. Come let's enter. [*Ex.* Petr. *and* John.
And now he sees me not, I'le search her soundly.
Duke. Now luck of all sides. [*Musick.*
Fred. Doubt it not: more Musick:
Sure she has heard some comfort.
Duke. Yes, stand still Sir.
Fred. This is the maddest song.
Duke. Applyed for certain
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with.
Fred. Now all the sport begins—hark!
Duke. They are amongst 'em,
The fears now, and the shakings! [*Trampling above.*
Fred. Our old Lady
(Hark how they run) is even now at this instant
Ready to lose her head-piece by *Don John*,
Or creeping through a Cat hole. [Petr. *and* John *within.*
Petr. Bring 'em down,
And you Sir, follow me.

Duke. He's angry with 'em,
I must not suffer this.
John, within. Bowl down the Bawd there
Old *Erra mater*: you Lady leachery,
For the good will I bear to th' game, most tenderly
Shall be lead out, and lash'd.

Enter Petrucchio, John, *Whore, and Bawd, with* Francisco.

Duke. Is this *Constantia*?
Why Gentlemen? what do you mean? is this she?
Whore. I am *Constantia* Sir.
Duke. A whore ye are Sir.
Whore. 'Tis very true: I am a whore indeed Sir.
Petr. She will not lye yet, though she steal.
Whore. A plain whore,
If you please to imploy me.
Duke. And an impudent—
Whore. Plain dealing now is impudence.
One, if you will Sir, can shew ye as much sport
In one half hour, and with as much variety,
As a far wiser woman can in half a year:
For there my way lies.
Duke. Is she not drunk too?
Whore. A little guilded o're Sir,
Old sack, old sack boys.
Petr. This is *saliant.*
John. A brave bold quean.
Duke. Is this your certainty?
Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, Gentlemen?
Is this the woman meant?
Fred. No.
Duke. That your Land-lady?
John. I know not what to say.
Duke. Am I a person
To be your sport, Gentlemen?
John. I do believe now certain
I am a knave; but how, or when—
Duke. What are you?
Petr. Bawd to this piece of pye meat.

Bawd. A poor Gentlewoman
That lyes in Town, about Law business,
And't like your worships.
Petr. You shall have Law, believe it.
Bawd. I'le shew your Mastership my case.
Petr. By no means,
I had rather see a Custard.
Bawd. My dead Husband
Left it even thus Sir.
John. Bless mine eyes from blasting,
I was never so frighted with a case.
Bawd. And so Sir—
Petr. Enough, put up good velvet head.
Duke. What are you two now,
By your own free confessions?
Fred. What you shall think us,
Though to my self I am certain, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it.
John. We are sure of nothing, *Fred*, that's the truth on't:
I do not think my name's *Don John*, nor dare not
Believe any thing that concerns me, but my debts,
Nor those in way of payment: things are so carried,
What to entreat your grace, or how to tell ye
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning,
But I would fain imagine we are honest,
And o' my conscience, I should fight in't—
Duke. Thus then,
For we may be all abus'd.
Petr. 'Tis possible,
For how should this concern them?
Duke. Here let's part—
Until to morrow this time: we to our way,
To make this doubt out, and you to your way;
Pawning our honours then to meet again,
When if she be not found.
Fred. We stand engaged
To answer any worthy way we are call'd to.
Duke. We ask no more.
Whore. Ye have done with us then?
Petr. No, Dame.

Duke. But is her name *Constantia*?
Petr. Yes a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine: come out Fidler,
What say you to this Lady? be not fearfull.
Fra. Saving the reverence of my Masters pleasure,
I say she is a whore, and that she has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.
Whore. Who provok't me?
Nay Sirrah squeak, I'le see your treble strings
Ty'd up too; if I hang, I'le spoil your piping,
Your sweet face shall not save ye.
Petr. Thou damn'd impudence,
And thou dry'd Devil; where's the officer?
[*Pet.*] He's here Sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em;
Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard
Of where they are, or why: away.
John. By this hand
A handsom whore: Now will I be arrested,
And brought home to this officers: a stout whore,
I love such stirring ware: pox o' this business,
A man must hunt out morsels for another,
And starve himself: a quick-ey'd whore, that's wild-fire,
And makes the bloud dance through the veins like billows.
I will reprieve this whore.
Duke. Well, good luck with ye.
Fred. As much attend your grace.
Petr. To morrow certain—
John. If we out-live this night Sir.
Fred. Come *Don John*,
We have something now to do.
John. I am sure I would have.
Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.
John. I am glad on't,
I have not fought a great while.
Fred. If we dye—
Jo. There's so much mony sav'd in lecherie. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Petrucchio, *below, and* Vecchio, *above.*

Duke. IT should be hereabouts.
Petr. Your grace is right,
This is the house, I know it.
Vec. Grace?
Duke. 'Tis further
By the description we received.
Petr. Good my Lord the Duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house.
Vec. My Lord the Duke?
Duke. Pray Heaven this man prove right now.
Petr. Believe it, he's a most sufficient Scholar,
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better; I have heard strange wonders of him.
Duke. But can he shew us where she is?
Petr. Most certain,
And for what cause too she departed.
Duke. Knock then,
For I am great with expectation,
Till this man satisfie me: I fear the *Spaniards*,
Yet they appear brave fellows: can he tell us?
Petr. With a wet finger, whether they be false.
Duke. Away then.
Petr. Who's within here?

Enter Vecchio.

Vec. Your grace may enter.
Duke. How can he know me?
Petr. He knows all.
Vec. And you Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Don John, *and* Frederick.

John. What do you call his name?
Fred. Why, *Peter Vecchio.*
John. They say he can raise Devils,

Can he make 'em
Tell truth too, when he has rais'd 'em? for believe it,
These Devils are the lyingst Rascals.
Fred. He can compel 'em.
John. With what? can he
Tye squibs in their tails, and fire the truth out?
Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan,
Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an Earth-quake?
Fred. With Spells man.
John. I with spoons as soon, dost thou think
The Devil such an Asse as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?
Compel'd with cross and pile to run of errands?
With *Asteroth*, and *Behemoth*, and *Belfagor*?
Why should he shake at sounds, that lives in a smiths forge?
Or if he do—
Fred. Without all doubt he do's *John.*
John. Why should not Bilbo raise him, or a pair of bul-
They go as big as any? or an unshod Car, (lyons,
When he goes tumble, tumble o're the stones,
Like *Anacreons* drunken verses, [make us tremble?]
These make as fell a noise; me thinks the colick
Well handled, and fed with small beer—
Fred. 'Tis the vertue—
John. The vertue? nay, and goodness fetch him up once,
H'as lost a friend of me; the wise old Gentleman
Knows when, and how; I'le lay this hand to two pence,
Let all the Conjurers in Christendom,
With all their spells, and vertues call upon him,
And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
He shall be sooner mine than theirs; where's vertue?
Fred. Thou art the most sufficient, (I'le say for thee)
Not to believe a thing—
John. O Sir, slow credit
Is the best child of knowl[e]dge; I'le go with ye,
And if he can do any thing, I'le think
As you would have me.
Fred. Let's enquire along,
For certain we are not far off.
John. Nor much nearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petrucchio, *and* Vecchio.

Vec. You lost her yester-night.
Pet. How think you Sir?
Duke. Is your name *Vecchio*?
Vec. Yes Sir.
Du. And you can shew me
These things you promise.
Vec. Your graces word bound to me,
No hand of Law shall seize me.
Duke. As I live Sir—
Petr. And as I live, that can do something too Sir.
Vec. I take your promises: stay here a little,
Till I prepare some Ceremonies, and I'le satisfie ye.
The Ladies name's *Constantia*?
Petr. Yes.
Vec. I come straight. [*Exit* Vec.
Duke. Sure he's a learned man.
Petr. The most now living;
Did your grace mark when we told all these circumstances,
How ever and anon he bolted from us
To use his studies help?
Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some familiar.
Petr. Not unlikely,
For sure he has 'em subject.
Duke. How could he else
Tell when she went, and who went with her?
Petr. True.
Du. Or hit upon mine honour: or assure me
The Lady lov'd me dearly?

Enter Vecchio, *in his habiliments.*

Petr. 'Twas so.
Vec. Now,
I do beseech your grace sit down, and you Sir;
Nay pray sit close like Brothers.
Petr. A rare fellow.
Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a word,

Until I ask ye; for what shall appear
Is but weak apparition and thin air,
Not to be held, nor spoken to. [*Knocking within.*
[John, Frederick, *and a Servant within.*

Duke. We are counsell'd—
Vec. What noise is that without there?
Fred. within. We must speak with him.
Serv. within. He's busie, Gentlemen.
John within. That's all one friend,
We must and will speak with him.
Duke. Let 'em in, Sir,
We know their tongues and business, 'tis our own,
And in this very cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.
Vec. Let 'em in then:
Sit down, I know your meaning.

Enter Frederick, John, *and Servant.*

Fred. The Duke before us?
Now we shall sure know something.
Vec. Not a question,
But make your Eyes your Tongues—
John. This is a strange Jugler,
Neither indent before-hand for his payment,
Nor know the Breadth of the business; sure his Devil
Comes out of *Lapland*, where they sell men Winds
For dead drink, and old Doublets.
Fred. Peace, he conjures.
John. Let him, he cannot raise my Devil.
Fred. Prithee Peace.

Vec. *Appear, appear,*
And you soft Winds so clear,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them sing
Gentle Love-lays to the Spring,
Gilding all the Vales below,
With your Verdure as ye blow,
Raise these forms from under ground
With a soft and happy sound. [Soft Musick.

John. This is an honest Conjurer, and a pretty Poet;

I like his words well, there's no bumbast in 'em,
But do you think now he can cudgel up the Devil
With this short Staff of Verses?
Fred. Peace, the Spirits— [2 *shapes of women pas-*
John. Nay, and they be no worse— (*sing by.*
Vec. Do ye know these faces?
Duke. No.
Vec. Sit still upon your lives then, and mark what follows;
Away, away.
John. These Devils do not paint sure?
Have they no sweeter shapes in Hell?
Fred. Hark now, *John.* [Constantia *passes by.*
John. I, marry, this moves something like, this Devil
Carries some metal in her gate.
Vec. I find ye,
You would see her face unvail'd?
Duke. Yes.
Vec. Be uncovered.
Duke. O Heaven!
Vec. Peace.
Pet. See how she blushes.
John. *Frederick*,
This Devil for my mony; this is she, Boy,
Why dost thou shake? I burn.
Vec. Sit still, and silent.
Duke. She looks back at me, now she smiles, Sir.
Vec. Silence.
Duke. I must rise, or I burst. [*Exit* Constantia.
Vec. Ye see what follows—
Duke. O gentle Sir, this shape agen.
Vec. I cannot.
'Tis all disso[l]v'd again; this was the Figure?
Duke. The very same, Sir.
No hope once more to see it?
Vec. You might have kept it longer, had ye spar'd it,
Now 'tis impossible.
Du. No means to find it?
Vec. Yes, that there is, sit still a while, there's Wine
To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well, Sir.
[*Exit* Vecchio.

John. This Conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A Lad of mettle; two such Devils more
Would make me a Conjurer; what wine is it?
Fred. Hollock.
John. The Devil's in it then; look how it dances.
Well, if I be—
Pet. We are all before ye,
That's your best comfort, Sir.
John. By th' Mass, brave Wine;
Nay, and the Devils live in this Hell, I dare venture
Within these two months yet to be delivered
Of a large Legion of 'em.

Enter Vecchio.

Du. Here he comes,
Silence of all sides, Gentlemen.
Vec. Good your Grace,
Observe a stricter temper, and you too, Gallants,
You'll be deluded all else. This merry Devil
That next appears, for such a one you'll find it,
Must be call'd up by a strange incantation,
A Song, and I must sing it: 'pray bear with me,
And pardon my rude Pipe; for yet, ere parting
Twenty to one I please ye.
Du. We are arm'd, Sir.
Pet. Nor shall you see us more transgress.
Fred. What think'st thou
Now, *John*?
John. Why, now do I think, *Frederick*,
(And if I think amiss Heaven pardon me)
This honest Conjurer, with some four or five
Of his good fellow Devils, and my self,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.

SONG.

Come away, thou Lady gay,
Hoist; how she stumbles!
Hark how she mumbles.
Dame Gillian. *Answer. I come, I come.*
By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,

By Britain, *Mathewglin, and Peeter,*
Appear and answer me in meeter.

Why when?
Why Gill*?*
Why when?

Answer. You'll tarry till I am ready.

Once again I conjure thee,
By the Pose in thy Nose,
And the Gout in thy Toes;
By thine old dryed Skin,
And the Mummie within;
By thy little, little Ruff,
And thy Hood that's made of Stuff;
By thy Bottle at thy Breech,
And thine old salt Itch;
By the Stakes, and the Stones,
That have worn out thy Bones.

Appear.
Appear.
Appear.

Answer. Oh I am here.

Fred. Peace, he conjures. (now,

John. Why, this is the Song, *Frederick*; twenty pound To see but our *Don Gillian.*

Enter Land-lady and the Child.

Fred. Peace, it appears.

John. I cannot peace; Devils in French hoods, *Frederick*? Satans old Syringes?

Duke. What's this?

Vec. Peace.

John. She, Boy.

Fred. What dost thou mean?

John. She, Boy, I say.

Fred. Ha?

John. She Boy,
The very Child too, *Frederick.*

Fred. She laughs on us
Aloud, *John*, has the Devil these affections?
I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

Vec. Stand still.
John. I will not;
Who calls *Jeronimo* from his naked Bed?
Sweet Lady, was it you? if thou beest the Devil,
First, having crost my self, to keep out wildfire,
Then said some special Prayers to defend me
Against thy most unhallowed Hood, have at thee.
Land. Hold, Sir, I am no Devil.
John. That's all one.
Land. I am your very Landlady.
John. I defie thee;
Thus as St. *Dunstan* blew the Devil's Nose
With a pair of tongs, even so, Right Worshipful—
Land. Sweet Son, I am old *Gillian.*
Duke. This is no Spirit.
John. Art thou old *Gillian*, flesh and bone?
Land. I am, Son.
Vec. Sit still, Sir, now I'll shew you all. [*Ex.* Vec.
John. Where's thy Bottle?
Land. Here, I beseech ye, Son—
John. For I know the Devil
Cannot assume that shape.
Fred. 'Tis she, *John*, certain—
John. A hogs pox o'your mouldy chaps, what makes you
Tumbling and juggling here?
Land. I am quit now, Seignior,
For all the pranks you plaid, and railings at me,
For to tell true, out of a trick I put
Upon your high behaviours, which was a lie,
But then it serv'd my turn, I drew the Lady
Unto my Kinsman's here, only to torture
Your *Don*-ships for a day or two; and secure her
Out of all thoughts of danger; here she comes now.

Enter Vecchio, *and* Constantia.

Duke. May I yet speak?
Vec. Yes, and embrace her too,
For one that loves you dearer—
Duke. O my Sweetest.
Pet. Blush not, I will not chide ye.

Const. To add more
Unto the joy I know, I bring ye, see Sir,
The happy fruit of all our Vows!
Duke. Heavens Blessing
Be round about thee ever.
John. Pray bless me to[o],
For if your Grace be well instructed this way,
You'll find the keeping half the getting.
Duke. How, Sir?
John. I'll tell you that anon.
Const. 'Tis true, this Gentleman
Has done a charity worthy your favour,
And let him have it, dear Sir.
Duke. My best Lady
He has, and ever shall have: so must you, Sir,
To whom I am equal bound as to my being.
Fred. Your Graces humble servant—
Du. Why kneel you, Sir?
Vec. For pardon for my boldness: yet 'twas harmless,
And all the art I have, Sir; those your Grace saw,
Which you thought spirits, were my Neighbours Children
Whom I instruct in Grammar here, and Musick;
Their shapes, the Peoples fond opinions,
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things stoln from 'em, I keep about me,
And always have in readiness, by conjecture
Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fallen out so; which way
(Having the persons here, I knew you sought for)
I wrought upon your Grace; my end is mirth,
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.
Duke. I believe it,
For you have pleas'd me truly: so well pleas'd me,
That when I shall forget it—
Pet. Here's old *Antonio*,
I spy'd him at a window, coming mainly
I know about his Whore, the man you light on,
As you discovered unto me; good your Grace,
Let's stand by all, 'twill be a mirth above all,
To observe his pelting fury.

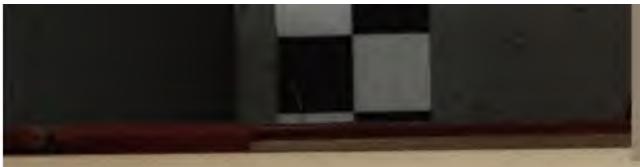
Vec. About a wench, Sir?
Pet. A young whore that has rob'd him.
Vec. But do you know, Sir,
Where she is?
Pet. Yes, and will make that perfect—
Vec. I am instructed well then.
John. If he come
To have a Devil shew'd him, by all means
Let me be he, I can roar rarely.
Pet. Be so,
But take heed to his anger.
Vec. Slip in quickly,
There you shall find suits of all sorts: when I call
Be ready and come forward. [*Exeunt all but* Vecchio.
Who's there comes in?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the Conjurer?
Vec. Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you please to employ me.
Ant. Presently, shew me a Devil that can tell—
Vec. Where your wench is.
Ant. You are i'th' right; as also where the Fidler
That was consenting to her.
Vec. Sit ye there, Sir,
Ye shall know presently: can ye pray heartily?
Ant. Why, is your Devil so furious?
Vec. I must shew ye
A form may chance affright ye.
Ant. He must fart fire then:
Take you no care for me.
Vec. Ascend, *Asterth*,

Enter Don John *like a Spirit.*

Why, when, appear I say—Now question him.
Ant. Where is my whore, *Don* Devil?
John. Gone to *China*,
To be the great *Chams* Mistress.
Ant. That's a lye, Devil,
Where are my jewels?



John. Pawn'd for Petticoats.
Ant. That may be: where's the Fidler?
John. Condemn'd to th' Gallows
For robbing of a Mill.
Ant. The lyingst Devil
That e'r I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!
What was that Rascal hurt me?
John. I.
Ant. How?
John. I.
Ant. Who was he?
John. I.
Ant. Do you hear conjurer,
Dare you venture your Devil?
Vec. Yes.
Ant. Then I'll venture my dagger;
Have at your Devils pate; do you mew?

Enter all.

Vec. Hold.
Pet. Hold there,
I do command you hold.
Ant. Is this the Devil?
Why, Conjurer—
Pet. He has been a Devil to you, Sir;
But now you shall forget all; your whore's safe,
And all your jewels, your Boy too.
John. Now the Devil indeed
Lay his ten claws upon thee, for my pate
Finds what it is to be a Fiend.
Ant. All safe?
Pet. 'Pray ye know this person; all's right now.
Ant. Your Grace
May now command me then: but where's my whore?
Pet. Ready to go to whipping.
Ant. My whore whipt?
Pet. Yes, your whore without doubt, Sir.
Ant. Whipt! 'pray Gentlemen.
Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob ye? the (young Boy
You may forgive, he was entic'd.

John. The whore, Sir,
Would rather carry pity: a handsome whore.
Ant. A Gentleman I warrant thee.
Pet. Let's in all,
And if we see contrition in your whore, Sir,
Much may be done.
Duke. Now my dear fair to you,
And the full consummation of my Vow. [*Exeunt.*

Prologue.

Aptness for Mirth to all, this instant Night
Thalia *hath prepar'd for your delight,*
Her Choice and curious Viands, in each part
Season'd with rarities of Wit and Art;
Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast,
My Promise will find Credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher *made it, he*
Being in himself a perfect Comedie:
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare averr
Living he made that House a Theatre
Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but pay to his lo[*v*]*d Memorie.*
For our selves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect strange turns, and windings in the Plot,
Objects of State, and now and then a Rhime,
To gall particular Persons with the time;
Or that his towring Muse hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehension than your sight;
But if that sweet Expressions, quick Conceit,
Familiar Language, fashion'd to the weight
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
Your Grace to us, with Trophies to his Praise;
We may profess, presuming on his Skill,
If his Chances *please not you, our Fortune's ill.*

THE CHANCES

Epilogue.

WE have not held you long, nor do I see
One Brow in this selected Companie
Assuring a dislike, our Pains were eas'd
Could we be confident that all rise pleas'd:
But such ambition soars too high; If We
Have satisfi'd the best, and they agree
In a fair Censure, We have our Reward,
And in them arm'd desire no surer Guard.

THE
Bloody Brother;
OR,
ROLLO.
A
TRAGEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

Rollo, } *Brothers, Dukes of* Nor-
Otto, } mandy.
Aubrey, *their kinsman.*
Gisbert, *the Chancellour.*
Baldwin, *the Princes Tutour.*
Grandpree, } *Captains of* Rollo's
Verdon, } *faction.*
Trevile, } *Captains of* Otto's *faction.*
Duprete, }
Latorch, Rollo's *Earwig.*
Hamond, *Captain of the Guard to* Rollo.
Allan, *his Brother.*
Norbrett, }
La Fisk, }
Ru[s]ee, } *Five cheating Rogues.*
De Bube, }
Pipeau, }

Cook.
Yeoman of the Seller.
Butler.
Pantler.
Lords.
Sheriff.
Guard.
Officers.
Boys.

WOMEN.

Sophia, *Mother to the Dukes.*
Matilda, *her Daughter.*
Edith, *Daughter to* Baldwin.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gisbert *and* Baldwin.

Bal. THE Brothers then are met?
Gis. They are, Sir.
Bald. 'Tis thought, they may be reconcil'd.
Gis. 'Tis rather wish't, for such, whose reason

Doth direct their thoughts without self flattery,
Dare not hope it.

Bald. The fires of Love, which the dead Duke believ'd
His equal care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided: and there are
Too many on both parts, that know they cannot
Or rise to wealth or honour, their main ends,
Unless the tempest of the Princes fury
Make troubled Seas, and those Seas yield fit Billows
In their bad Arts to give way to a calm,
Which yielding rest and good, prove their ruin,
And in the shipwrack of their hopes and fortunes,
The Dukedom might be sav'd, had it but ten
That stood affected to the general good,
With that confirm'd zeal which brave *Aubrey* does.

Gis. He is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

Bald. But did you observe the many doubts, and cautions
The Brothers stood upon before they met?

Gis. I did; and yet, that ever Brothers should
Stand on more nice terms, than sworn Enemies
After a War proclaim'd, would with a stranger
Wrong the reporters credit; they saluted
At distance; and so strong was the suspicion
Each had of other, that before they durst
Embrace, they were by sev'ral servants searcht,
As doubting conceal'd weapons, Antidotes
Ta'ne openly by both, fearing the room
Appointed for the enter-view was poyson'd,
The Chairs, and Cushions, with like care survay'd;
And in a word in every circumstance
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd, concord can never joyn,
Minds so divided.

Bald. Yet our best endeavours,
Should not be wanting, *Gisbert.*

Gis. Neither shall they.

Enter Grandpree, *a*[*n*]*d* Verdon.

But what are these?

Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But by their manners, and behaviours,
They should express themselves.
Grand. Since we serve *Rollo*
The Elder Brother, we'll be *Rollians*,
Who will maintain us, lads, as brave as *Romans*;
You stand for him?
Ver. I do.
Grand. Why, then observe
How much the business, your so long'd for business,
By men that are nam'd from their swords, concerns you.
Lechery, our common friend, so long kept under,
With whips, and beating fatal hemps, shall rise,
And Bawdery, in a French-hood plead, before her
Virginity shall be Carted.
Ver. Excellent!
Grand. And Hell but grant, the quarrel that's between
The Princes may continue, and the business
That's of the sword, t'outlast three suits in Law,
And we will make Atturnies Lansprisadoes,
And our brave gown-men practisers of back-sword;
The pewter of all Serjeants maces shall
Be melted, and turn'd into common Flaggons,
In which it shall be lawful to carouse
To their most lowsie fortunes.
Bald. Here's a Statesman.
Grand. A creditor shall not dare, but by Petition,
To make demand of any debt; and that
Only once every leap-year, in which, if
The debtor may be won for a French Crown,
To pay a Soulz, he shall be registred
His benefactor.
Ver. The Chancellor hears you.
Grand. Fear not, I now dare speak as loud as he,
And will be heard, and have all I speak, Law;
Have you no eyes? there is a reverence due,
From Children of the Gown, to Men of Action.
Gis. How's this?
Gran. Even so; the times, the times are chang'd,
All business is not now prefer'd in Parchment,

Nor shall a grant pass that wants this broad seal;
This seal d'ye see? your gravity once laid
My head and heels together in the Dungeon,
For cracking a scald Officers crown, for which
A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three hours to live.

Gis. Yes, somewhat longer.

Gran. To what end?

Gis. To hang you; think on that, Ruffian.

Gran. For you, School-master,
You have a pretty Daughter; let me see,
Near three a Clock, (by which time I much fear,
I shall be tyr'd with killing some five hundred)
Provide a Bath, and her to entertain me,
And that shall be your Ransom.

Bald. Impudent Rascal.

Enter to them Trevile *and* Duprete.

Gis. More of the crew?

Grand. What are you? *Rollians*?

Tre. No; this for *Rollo*, and all such as serve him;
We stand for *Otto*.

Grand. You seem men of fashion,
And therefore I'le deal fairly, you shall have
The honour this day to be Chronicled
The first men kill'd by *Grandpree*; you see this sword,
A pretty foolish toy, my valour's Servant,
And I may boldly say a Gentleman,
It having made when it was *Charlemaigns*,
Three thousand Knights; this, Sir, shall cut your throat,
And do you all fair service else.

Tre. I kiss your hands for the good offer; here's another too, the servant of your servant shall be proud to be scour'd in your sweet guts; till when pray you command me.

Grand. Your Idolater, Sir. [*Exeunt. Manent* Gis. & Bal.

Gis. That e're such should hold the names of men,
Or Justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such weeds up!

Bald. Yet they are protected, and by the great ones.

Gis. Not the good ones, *Baldwin*.

Enter to them Aubrey.

Aub. Is this a time to be spent thus by such
As are the principal Ministers of the State?
When they that are the heads, have fill'd the Court
With factions, a weak Woman only left
To stay their bloudy hands? can her weak arms
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was. Oh *Gisbert*, the fair tryals,
And frequent proofs which our late master made,
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance,
To chuse you at his death a Guardian; nay,
A Father to his Sons; and that great trust,
How ill do you discharge! I must be plain,
That, at the best, y'are a sad looker on
Of those bad practices you should prevent.
And where's the use of your Philosophy
In this so needful a time? be not secure;
For, *Baldwin*, be assur'd, since that the Princes,
When they were young, and apt for any form,
Were given to your instruction, and grave ordering;
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad manners will b' imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in one, my Lord, to alter nature.

Gis. Nor can my counsels work on them that will not
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Aub. Do these answers sort,
Or with your place, or persons, or your years?
Can *Gisbert* being the pillar of the Laws,
See them trod under foot, or forc'd to serve
The Princes unjust ends; and with a frown
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th' abuse?
Or *Baldwin* only weep the desp'rate madness
Of his seduced pupills? see their minds,
Which with good Arts he labour'd to build up
Examples of succeeding times, o'return'd
By undermining parasites; no one precept
Leading to any Art, or great, or good,

But is forc'd from their memory, in whose room
Black counsels are receiv'd, and their retirements,
And secret conference producing only
Dev'lish designs, a man would shame to father;
But I talk when I should do, and chide others
For that I now offend in: see't confirm'd,
Now do, or never speak more.

Gis. We are yours.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon, *and* Duprete.

Rol. You shall know who I am.

Otto. I do, my equal.

Rol. Thy Prince; give way—were we alone, I'de force thee,
In thy best bloud, to write thy self my subject,
And glad I would receive it.

Aub. Sir.

Gis. Dear Lord.

Otto. Thy subject?

Rol. Yes, nor shall tame patience hold me
A minute longer, only half my self;
My birth gave me this Dukedom, and my sword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her bosom, e're I part with
A piece of earth, or title that is mine.

Otto. It needs not, and I would scorn to receive,
Though offer'd, what I want not: therefore know
From me, though not deliver'd in great words,
Eyes red with rage, poor pride, and threatned action;
Our Father at his death, then, when no accent,
Wer't thou a Son, could fall from him in vain,
Made us Co-heirs, our part of Land and Honours
Of equal weight; and to see this confirm'd,
The Oaths of these are yet upon record,
Who though they should forsake me, and call down
The plagues of perjury on their sinful heads,
I would not leave my self.

Tre. Nor will we see the Will of the dead Duke infring'd.

Lat. Nor I the elder rob'd of what's his right.

Grand. Nor you?

Let me take place, I say, I will not see't;
My sword is sharpest.
Aub. Peace you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame,
Which will consume you.
Rol. You are troublesome, [*To* Baldwin.
This is no time for arguments, my Title
Needs not your School-defences, but my sword,
With which the Gordian of your Sophistry
Being cut, shall shew th' Imposture. For your laws [*To* Gis-
It is in me to change them when I please, [bert.
I being above them; *Gisbert*, would you have me protect them;
Let them now stretch their extreamest rigour,
And seize upon that Traytor; and your tongue
Make him appear first dangerous, then odious;
And after, under the pretence of safety
For the sick State, the Lands and Peoples quiet,
Cut off his head: and I'le give up my sword,
And fight with them at a more certain weapon
To kill, and with Authority.
Gis. Sir, I grant the Laws are useful weapons, but found out
T'assure the Innocent, not to oppress.
Rol. Then you conclude him Innocent?
Gis. The power your Father gave him, must not prove a
Aub. Nor should you so receive it. (Crime.
Bald. To which purpose,
All that dare challenge any part in goodness,
Will become suppliants to you.
Rol. They have none
That dare move me in this: hence, I defie you,
Be of his party, bring it to your Laws,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular fool,
Your moral rules of justice and her ballance;
I stand on mine own guard.
Otto. Which thy unjustice
Will make thy enemies; by the memory
Of him, whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes with an impious hand
Thou throw'st out to contempt, in thy repining
At this so just decree; thou art unworthy

Of what his last Will, not thy merits, gave thee,
That art so swoln within, with all those mischiefs
That e're made up a Tyrant, that thy breast,
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and in thy own words
Discover, what a monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee.

Rol. Thou shalt not live to be so happy.

Aub. Nor your miseries begin in murther.

[*He offers his sword at* Otto, *the faction joyning,*
[Aubrey *between severs the Brothers.*

Duty, allegeance, and all respects of what you are, forsake me:
Do you stare on? is this a Theater?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencers,
To make you sport? keep them asunder, or
By Heaven I'le charge on all.

Grand. Keep the peace,
I am for you, my Lord, and if you'l have me,
I'le act the Constables part.

Aub. Live I to see this?
Will you do that your enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in your selves those furies, which
Hell would cast out? Do, I am ready; kill me,
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason,
And make you men again, which now you are not.

Rol. These are your bucklers boy.

Otto. My hinderances;
And were I not confirm'd, my justice in
The taking of thy life, could not weigh down
The wrong, in shedding the least drop of bloud
Of these whose goodness only now protects thee,
Thou should'st feel I in act would only prove my self
What thou in words do'st labour to appear.

Rol. Hear this, and talk again! I'le break through all,
But I will reach thy heart.

Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it, who are those?

My Sons? my shames; turn all your swords on me,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnatural quarrel find a grave
In the unhappy womb that brought you forth:
Dare you remember that you had a Mother,
Or look on these gray hairs, made so with tears,
For both your goods, and not with age; and yet
Stand doubtful to obey her? from me you had
Life, Nerves, and faculties, to use these weapons;
And dare you raise them against her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?
Otto. All peace is meant to you.
Soph. Why is this War then?
As if your arms could be advanc'd, and I
Not set upon the rack? your bloud is mine,
Your dangers mine, your goodness I should share in;
I must be branded with those impious marks
You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,
If you go on thus: for my good name therefore,
Though all respects of honour in your selves
Be in your fury choakt, throw down your swords;
Your duty should be swifter than my tongue;
And joyn your hands while they be innocent;
You have heat of bloud, and youth apt to Ambition,
To plead an easie pardon for what's past:
But all the ills beyond this hour committed,
From Gods or men must hope for no excuse.
Gis. Can you hear this unmov'd?
No Syllable of this so pious charm, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceits,
With which the Devil blinds you.
Otto. I begin to melt, I know not how.
Rol. Mother, I'le leave you;
And, Sir, be thankful for the time you live,
Till we meet next (which shall be soon and sudden)
To her perswasion for you.
Soph. O yet, stay,
And rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing,
As enemies; how is my soul divided?
My love to both is equal, as my wishes;

But are return'd by neither; my griev'd heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break.
I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes from me th' authority of a mothers power;
And therefore, like my self, *Otto*, to thee,
(And yet observe, son, how thy mothers tears
Outstrip her forward words, to make way for'em)
Thou art the younger, *Otto*, yet be now
The first example of obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my love.

Otto. The means to be so happy?

Soph. This; yield up thy sword,
And let thy piety give thy mother strength
To take that from thee, which no enemies force
Could e're despoil thee of: why do'st thou tremble,
And with a fearful eye fixt on thy Brother,
Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against thee?
I am thy armour, and will be pierc'd through,
Ten thousand times, before I will give way
To any peril may arrive at thee;
And therefore fear not.

Otto. 'Tis not for my self,
But for you, mother; you are now ingag'd
In more tha[n] lies in your unquestion'd vertue;
For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world
May say it was your practice.

Soph. All worlds perish,
Before my piety turn treasons parent,
Take it again, and stand upon your guard,
And while your Brother is, continue arm'd;
And yet, this fear is needless, for I know,
My *Rollo*, though he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.
You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
Both; for others safety, and not mine own.
Know yet, my sons, when of necessity
You must deceive, or be deceiv'd; 'tis better
To suffer Treason, than to act the Traytor;

And in a War like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome; consider then
What 'tis for which you strive: is it the Dukedom?
Or the command of these so ready subjects?
Desire of wealth? or whatsoever else
Fires your ambition? This still desp'rate madness,
To kill the people which you would be Lords of;
With fire, and sword to lay that Country waste
Whose rule you seek for: to consume the treasures,
Which are the sinews of your Government,
In cherishing the factions that destroy it:
Far, far be this from you: make it not question'd
Whether you have interest in that Dukedom,
Whose ruine both contend for.

Otto. I desire but to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

Rol. And rather than posterity shall have cause
To say I ruin'd all, divide the Dukedom,
I will accept the moiety.

Ott. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me first, or tear me limb by limb,
And let them find as many several Graves
As there are villages in *Normandy*:
And 'tis less sin, than thus to weaken it.
To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead Lord, and almost Blaspheme
Those powers that heard my prayer for fruitfulness,
And did not with my first birth close my womb:
To me alone my second blessing proves
My first of misery, for if that Heaven
Which gave me *Rollo*, there had staid his bounty,
And *Otto*, my dear *Otto*, ne're had been,
Or being, had not been so worth my love,
The stream of my affection had run constant
In one fair current, all my hopes had been
Laid up in one; and fruitful *Normandy*
In this division had not lost her glories:
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair Diamond,
Which being preserv'd intire, exceeds all value,
But cut in pieces (though these pieces are
Set in fine gold by the best work-mans cunning)

Parts with all estimation: So this Dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may covet,
But cannot compass; which divided, will
Become the spoil of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.
Gis. How this works in both!
Bal. Prince *Rollo*'s eyes have lost their fire.
Gis. And anger, that but now wholly possessed
Good *Otto*, hath given place to pity. (begun.
Aub. End not thus Madam, but perfect what's so well
Soph. I see in both, fair signs of reconcilement,
Make them sure proofs they are so: the Fates offer
To your free choice, either to live Examples
Of Piety, or wickedness: if the later
Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted out-side, and discover
That she is all deformity within,
Boldly transcend all precedents of mischief,
And let the last, and the worst end of tyrannies,
The murther of a Mother, but begin
The stain of bloud you after are to heighten:
But if that vertue, and her sure rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you
The fairest Stars in the bright Sphere of honour;
Make me the parent of an hundred sons,
All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,
And every one a Father to his Country,
In being now made Mother of your concord.
Rol. Such, and so good, loud fame for ever speak you.
Bal. I, now they meet like Brothers.
[*The Brothers cast away their Swords and embrace.*
Gis. My hearts joy flows through my eyes.
Aub. May never Womans tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this ones Goodness.
Otto. If we contend, from this hour, it shall be
How to o'recome in brotherly affection.
Rol. *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo*, *Otto*,
Or as they have one mind, rather one name:
From this attonement let our lives begin,

Be all the rest forgotten.
Aub. Spoke like *Rollo.*
Soph. And to the honour of this reconcilement,
We all this night will at a publick Feast
With choice Wines drown our late fears, and with Musick
Welcome our comforts.
Bald. Sure and certain ones. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manent* Grandpree, Verdon, Trevile *and* Duprete.

Grand. Did ever such a hopeful business end thus?
Ver. 'Tis fatal to us all, and yet you *Grandpree,*
Have the least cause to fear.
Grand. Why, what's my hope?
Ver. The certainty that you have to be hang'd;
You know the Chancellours promise. [to hang him, p. 249]
Grand. Plague upon you.
Ver. What think you of a Bath, and a Lords Daughter
To entertain you?
Grand. Those desires are off.
Frail thoughts, all friends, no *Rollians* now, nor *Ottoes*:
The sev'ral court'sies of our swords and servants
Defer to after consequence; let's make use
Of this nights freedom, a short Parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely.
Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, that's
No usual business to the men o'th' sword.
Drink deep with me to night, we shall to morrow,
Or whip, or hang the merrier.
Tre. Lead the way then. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Latorch, *and* Rollo.

Lato. WHY should this trouble you?
Rol. It does, and must do till I find ease.
Lato. Consider then, and quickly;
And like a wise man, take the current with you,
Which once turn'd head, will sink you; blest occasion
Offers her self in thousand safeties to you;
Time standing still to point you out your purpose,

And resolution (the true child of Vertue)
Readie to execute: what dull cold weakness
Has crept into your bosom, whose meer thoughts
Like tempests, plowing up the sayling Forests,
Even with their swing were wont to shake down hazards.
What is't, your Mothers tears?
Rol. Pray thee be patient.
Lat. Her hands held up? her prayers, or her curses?
Oh power of paper dropt through by a woman!
Take heed the Souldiers see it not; 'tis miserable,
In *Rollo* below miserable; take heed your friends,
The sinews of your cause, the strength you stir by,
Take heed, I say, they find it not: take heed
Your own repentance (like a passing-bell)
Too late, and too loud, tell the world y'are perisht:
What noble spirit, eager of advancement,
Whose imployment is his plough; what sword whose sharp-
Waits but the arm to wield it; or what hope, (ness
After the world has blown abroad this weakness,
Will move again, or make a wish for *Rollo*?
Rol. Are we not friends again by each oath ratified,
Our tongues the Heralds to our hearts?
Lat. Poor hearts then.
Rol. Our worthier friends.
Lat. No friends Sir, to your honour;
Friends to your fall: where is your understanding,
The noble vessel that your full soul sail'd in,
Rib'd round with honours; where is that? 'tis ruin'd,
The tempest of a womans sighs has sunk it.
Friendship, take heed Sir, is a smiling harlot
That when she kisses, kills, a soder'd friendship
Piec'd out with promises; O painted ruine!
Rol. *Latorch*, he is my Brother.
Lat. The more doubted;
For hatred hatcht at home is a tame Tiger,
May fawn and sport, but never leaves his nature;
The jars of Brothers, two such mighty ones,
Is like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry rings

Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
So jars circling distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shadow,
Till nothing bound 'em but the shoar their graves;
There is no manly wisedom, nor no safety
In leaning to this league, this piec'd patcht friendship;
This rear'd up reconcilement on a billow,
Which as it tumbles, totters down your fortune;
Is't not your own you reach at? Law and nature
Ushering the way before you; is not he
Born and bequeath'd your subject?

Rol. Ha.

Lat. What fool would give a storm leave to disturb his peace,
When he may shut the casement? can that man
Has won so much upon your pity,
And drawn so high, that like an ominous Comet,
He darkens all your light; can this toucht Lyon
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily huming, like a catt to cozen you)
But when ambition whets him, and time fits him,
Leap to his prey, and seiz'd once, suck your heart out?
Do you make it conscience?

Rol. Conscience, *Latorch*, what's that?

Lat. A fear they tye up fools in, natures coward,
Palling the blood, and chilling the full spirit
With apprehension of meer clouds and shadows.

Rol. I know no conscience, nor I fear no shadows.

Lat. Or if you did, if there were conscience,
If the free soul could suffer such a curb
To the fiery mind, such puddles to put it out;
Must it needs like a rank Vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happiness,
Honour and rule, and there sit shaking of us?

Rol. It shall not, nor it must not; I am satisfied,
And once more am my self again:
My Mothers tears and womanish cold prayers,
Farewel, I have forgot you; if there be conscience,
Let it not come betwixt a crown and me,
Which is my hope of bliss, and I believe it:
Otto, our friendship thus I blow to air,

A bubble for a boy to play withal;
And all the vows my weakness made, like this,
Like this poor heartless rush, I rend in pieces.
Lat. Now you go right, Sir, now your eyes are open.
Rol. My Fathers last petition's dead as he is,
And all the promises I clos'd his eyes with,
In the same grave I bury.
Lat. Now y'are a man, Sir.
Rol. *Otto*, thou shewst my winding sheet before me,
Which e're I put it on, like Heavens blest fire
In my descent I'le make it blush in blood;
A Crown, A Crown, Oh sacred Rule, now fire me,
Nor shall the pity of thy youth, false Brother,
Although a thousand Virgins kneel before me,
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,
The same blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mothers blest womb that bred us,
Redeem thee from my doubts: thou art a wolf here,
Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me:
A Crown, A Crown; Oh sacred Rule, now fire me:
No safety else.
Lat. But be not too much stir'd, Sir, nor too high
In your execution: swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, till they are satisfied,
And smile in thousand Curles, to guild their craft;
Let your sword sleep, and let my two edg'd wit work,
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendships
Shall be his last.
Rol. How, my *Latorch*?
Lat. Why thus, Sir;
I'le presently go dive into the Officers
That minister at Table: gold and goodness,
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,
I'le pour into them.
Rol. Canst thou do it neatly?
Lat. Let me alone, and such a bait it shall be,
Shall take off all suspicion.
Rol. Go, and prosper.
Lat. Walk in then, and your smoothest face put on Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, with a Jack of Beer and a Dish.

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot day boys,
Give me some drink, this fire's a plaguy fretter:
Body of me, I'm dry still; give me the Jack boy;
This wooden Skiff holds nothing.

Pant. And faith master, what brave new meats; for here
Will be old eating.

Coo. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I have ballast for their bellies, if they eat a gods name,
Let them have ten tire of teeth a piece, I care not;

But. But what new rare munition?

Coo. Pish, a thousand;
I'le make you piggs speak *French* at table, and a fat swan
Come sailing out of *England* with a challenge;
I'le make you a dish of calves-feet dance the Canaries,
And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em;
A calves head speak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larks
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper time;
'Tis nothing boyes: I have framed a fortification
Out of Rye paste, which is impregnable,
And against that, for two long hours together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually:
For fish, I'le make you a standing lake of white broth,
And pikes come ploughing up the plums before them;
Arion, like a Dolphin, playing Lachrymæ,
And brave King Herring with his oyle and onyon
Crown'd with a Limon pill, his way prepar'd
With his strong Guard of Pilchers.

Pant. I marry Master.

Coo. All these are nothing: I'le make you a stubble Goose
Turn o'th' toe thrice, do a cross point presently,
And sit down again, and cry come eat me:
These are for mirth. Now Sir, for matter of mourning,
I'le bring you in the Lady Loyn of Veal,
With the long love she bore the Prince of *Orenge*.

All. Thou boy, thou.

Coo. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.
Yeo. What's that good master?
Coo. 'Tis a sacrifice.
A full Vine bending, like an Arch, and under
The blown god *Bacchus*, sitting on a Hogshead,
His Altar Beer: before that, a plump Vintner
Kneeling, and offring incense to his deitie,
Which shall be only this, red Sprats and Pilchers.
But. This when the Table's drawn, to draw the wine on.
Coo. Thou hast it right, and then comes thy Song, Butler.
Pant. This will be admirable.
Yeo. Oh Sir, most admirable.
Coo. If you'l have the pasty speak, 'tis in my power,
I have fire enough to work it; come, stand close,
And now rehearse the Song, we may be perfect,
The drinking Song, and say I were the Brothers.

The drinking SONG.

DRink to day and drown all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not do it to morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough and tissick,
And is for all diseases Physick.

Then let us swill boyes for our health,
Who drinks well, loves the common-wealth.
And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.

Well have you born your selves; a red Deer Pye, Boyes,
And that no lean one, I bequeath your vertues;
What friends hast thou to day? no citizens?
Pant. Yes Father, the old Crew.
Coo. By the mass true wenches:
Sirrah, set by a chine of Beef, and a hot Pasty,
And let the Joll of Sturgeon be corrected:

And do you mark Sir, stalk me to a Pheasant,
And see if you can shoot her in the Sellar.
Pant. God a mercy Lad, send me thy roaring bottles,
And with such Nectar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.

Enter Latorch.

Monsieur *Latorch*? what news with him? Save you.
Lat. Save you Master, save you Gentlemen,
You are casting for this preparation;
This joyfull supper for the royal Brothers:
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge
My bountifull brave Butler, I must deliver
A Bevie of young Lasses, that must look on
This nights solemnity, and see the two Dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit; you have Stowage?
But. For such freight I'le find room, and be your servant.
Coo. Bring them, they shall not starve here, I'le send 'em (victuals
Shall work you a good turn, though't be ten days hence, Sir.
Lat. God a mercy noble Master.
Coo. Nay, I'le do't.
Yeo. And wine they shall not want, let 'em drink like Ducks.
Lat. What misery it is that minds so royal,
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,
Should be confin'd thus to uncertainties?
But. I, were the State once setled, then we had places.
Yeo. Then we could shew our selves, and help our friends,
Coo. I, then there were some savour in't, where now (Sir.
We live between two stools, every hour ready
To tumble on our noses; and for ought we know yet,
For all this Supper, ready to fast the next day.
Lat. I would fain speak unto you out of pitie,
Out of the love I bear you, out of honesty,
For your own goods; nay, for the general blessing.
Coo. And we would as fain hear you, pray go forward.
Lat. Dare you but think to make your selves up certainties
Your places and your credits ten times doubled,
The Princes favour, *Rollo*'s?
But. A sweet Gentleman.

Yeo. I, and as bounteous, if he had his right too.
Coo. By the mass, a Royal Gentleman indeed Boyes,
He'd make the chimneys smoak.
Lat. He would do't friends,
And you too, if he had his right, true Courtiers;
What could you want then? dare you?
Coo. Pray you be short Sir.
Lat. And this my soul upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your parts.
Coo. Dare not me Monsieur,
For I that fear nor fire nor water, Sir,
Dare do enough, a man would think.
Yeo. Believ't, Sir;
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You shall not find us flinchers.
Lat. Then I'le be sudden. (us?
Pant. What may this mean? and whither would he drive
Lat. And first, for what you must do, because all danger
Shall be apparantly ty'd up and muzl'd,
The matter seeming mighty: there's your pardons.
Pant. Pardons? Is't come to that? gods defend us.
Lat. And here's five hundred Crowns in bounteous earnest,
And now behold the matter. [*Latorch gives*
But. What are these, Sir? *each a paper.*
Yeo. And of what nature? to what use?
Lat. Imagine.
Coo. Will they kill Rats? they eat my pyes abominably,
Or work upon a woman cold as Christmas?
I have an old Jade sticks upon my fingers,
May I taste them?
Lat. Is your will made?
And have you said your prayers? for they'le pay you:
And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,
And for the good you never shall repent you
If you be wise men now.
Coo. Wise as you will, Sir.
Lat. These must be put then into the several meats
Young *Otto* loves, by you into his wine, Sir,
Into his bread by you, by you into his linnen.
Now if you desire, you have found the means

To make you, and if you dare not, you have
Found your ruine; resolve me e're you go.
But. You'l keep your faith with us.
Lat. May I no more see light else.
Coo. Why 'tis done then!
But. 'Tis done.
Pant. 'Tis done which shall be undone.
Lat. About it then, farewel, y'are all of one mind.
Coo. All?
All. All, All.
Lat. Why then, all happie. [*Exit.*
But. What did we promise him?
Yeo. Do you ask that now?
But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pan. I'le tell you,
It is to be all villains, knaves, and traytors.
Coo. Fine wholsome titles.
Pan. But if you dare, go forward.
Coo. We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.
Pan. Very true, Sir.
Coo. What a goodly swing I shall give the gallows? yet I think too, this may be done, and yet we may be rewarded, not with a rope, but with a royal master: and yet we may be hang'd too.
Yeo. Say it were done; who is it done for? is it not for *Rollo*? And for his right?
Coo. And yet we may be hang'd too.
But. Or say he take it, say we be discover'd?
[*Yeo.*] Is not the same man bound still to protect us? Are we not his?
But. Sure, he will never fail us.
Coo. If he do, friends, we shall find that will hold us. And yet me thinks, this prologue to our purpose,
These crowns should promise more: 'tis easily done,
As easie as a man would roast an egge,
If that be all; for look you, Gentlemen,
Here stand my broths, my finger slips a little,
Down drops a dose, I stir him with my ladle,
And there's a dish for a Duke: *Olla Podrida.*
Here stands a bak'd meat, he wants a little seasoning,

A foolish mistake; my Spice-box, Gentlemen,
And put in some of this, the matter's ended;
Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the Art on't.
Yeo. Or as I fill my wine.
Coo. 'Tis very true, Sir,
Blessing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly first, 'tis past
And done once, 'tis as easie
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.
Pan. But 'tis a damn'd sin.
Coo. O, never fear that.
The fire's my play-fellow, and now I am resolv'd, boyes.
But. Why then, have with you.
Yeo. The same for me.
Pan. For me too.
Coo. And now no more our worships, but our Lordships.
Pan. Not this year, on my knowledge, I'le unlord you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Servant, and Sewer.

Ser. Perfume the room round, and prepare the table,
Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.
Sew. Make room there,
Room for the Dukes meat. Gentlemen, be bare there,
Clear all the entrance: Guard, put by those gapers,
And Gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery clear,
The Dukes are coming on.

Hoboys, a banquet.

Enter Sophia, *between* Rollo, *and* Otto, Aubry,
Latorch, Gis[b]ert, Baldwin, *Attendants*,
Hamond, Matilda, Edith.

Ser. 'Tis certainly inform'd.
Ot. Reward the fellow, and look you mainly to it.
Ser. My life for yours, Sir.
Soph. Now am I straight, my Lords, and young again,
My long since blasted hopes shoot out in blossomes,
The fruits of everlasting love appearing;
Oh! my blest boys, the honour of my years,
Of all my cares, the bounteous fair rewarders.

Oh! let me thus imbrace you, thus for ever
Within a Mothers love lock up your friendships:
And my sweet sons, once more with mutual twinings,
As one chaste bed begot you, make one body:
Blessings from heaven in thousand showrs fall on you.
Aub. Oh! womans goodness never to be equall'd,
May the most sinfull creatures of thy sex
But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints.
Soph. Sit down my worthy sons; my Lords, your places.
I, now me thinks the table's nobly furnisht;
Now the meat nourishes; the wine gives spirit;
And all the room stuck with a general pleasure,
Shews like the peacefull boughs of happiness.
Aub. Long may it last, and from a heart fill'd with it
Full as my cup; I give it round, my Lords.
Bald. And may that stubborn heart be drunk with sorrow
Refuses it; men dying now should take it,
And by the vertue of this ceremony
Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.
Rol. You are sad, my noble Brother.
Ot. No, indeed, Sir.
Soph. No sadness my son this day.
Rol. Pray you eat,
Something is here you have lov'd; taste of this dish,
It will prepare your stomach.
Ot. Thank you brother: I am not now dispos'd to eat.
Rol. Or that,
You put us out of heart man, come, these bak't meats
Were ever your best dyet.
Ot. None, I thank you.
Soph. Are you well, noble child?
Ot. Yes, gracious Mother.
Rol. Give him a cup of wine, then, pledge the health,
Drink it to me, I'le give it to my Mother.
Soph. Do, my best child.
Ot. I must not, my best Mother,
Indeed I dare not: for of late, my body
Has been much weakned by excess of dyet;
The promise of a feaver hanging on me,
And even now ready, if not by abstinence—

Rol. And will you keep it in this general freedom;
A little health preferr'd before our friendship?
Ot. I pray you excuse me, Sir.
Rol. Excuse your self Sir,
Come 'tis your fear, and not your favour Brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindness
My Royal Mother, and you noble Lords;
Here, for it now concerns me to speak boldly;
What faith can be expected from his vows,
From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of friendship
From all his dull embraces, what blest issue,
When he shall brand me here for base suspicion?
He takes me for a poysoner.
Sop. Gods defend it son.
Rol. For a foul knave, a villain, and so fears me.
Ot. I could say something too.
Sop. You must not so Sir,
Without your great forgetfulness of vertue;
This is your Brother, and your honour'd Brother.
Rol. If he please so.
Sop. One noble Father, with as noble thoughts,
Begot your minds and bodies: one care rockt you,
And one truth to you both was ever sacred;
Now fye my *Otto*, whither flyes your goodness?
Because the right hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left presently cry out 'tis maimed?
They are one my child, one power, and one performance,
And joyn'd together thus, one love, one body.
Aub. I do beseech your grace, take to your thoughts
More certain counsellors than doubts or fears,
They strangle nature, and disperse themselves
(If once believ'd) into such foggs and errours
That the bright truth her self can never sever:
Your Brother is a royal Gentleman
Full of himself, honour, and honesty,
And take heed Sir, how nature bent to goodness,
(So streight a Cedar to himself) uprightness
Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.
Rol. Nay my good Brother knows I am too patient.
Lat. Why should your grace think him a poysoner?

Has he no more respect to piety?
And but he has by oath ty'd up his fury
Who durst but think that thought?
Aub. Away thou firebrand.
Lat. If men of his sort, of his power, and place
The eldest son in honour to this Dukedom.
Bald. For shame contain thy tongue, thy poysonous to[n]gue
That with her burning venome will infect all,
And once more blow a wilde fire through the Dukedom.
Gis. *Latorch*, if thou be'st honest, or a man,
Contain thy self.
Aub. Go to, no more, by Heaven
You'le find y'have plai'd the fool else, not a word more.
Sop. Prethee sweet son.
Rol. Let him alone sweet Mother, and my Lords
To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred peace, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all further difference
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.
Aub. Shall we wait on your grace?
Rol. I dare not break you. *Latorch.* [*Ex.* Rol. *and* Lat.
Ot. Oh Mother that your tenderness had eyes,
Discerning eyes, what would this man appear then?
The tale of *Synon* when he took upon him
To ruine *Troy*; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards,
But came like innocence, and dropping pity,
Sighs that would sink a Navie, and had tales
Able to take the ears of Saints, belief too,
And what did all these? blew the fire to *Ilium*.
His crafty art (but more refin'd by study)
My Brother has put on: oh I could tell you
But for the reverence I bear to nature,
Things that would make your honest blood run backward.
Sop. You dare tell me?
Ot. Yes, in your private closet
Where I will presently attend you; rise
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Sop. Is this the joy I look'd for?
Ot. All will mend,
Be not disturb'd dear Mother, I'le not fail you.
[*Ex.* Sop. *and* Otto.
Bald. I do not like this.
Aub. That is still in our powers,
But how to make it so that we may like it.
Bald. Beyond us ever; *Latorch* me thought was busie,
That fellow, if not lookt to narrowly, will do a suddain (mischief.
Aub. Hell look to him,
For if there may be a Devil above all, yet
That Rogue will make him; keep you up this night,
And so will I, for much I fear a danger.
Bald. I will, and in my watches use my prayers.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Sophia, Otto, Matillda, Edith.

Ot. YOu wonder Madam, that for all the shews
My Brother *Rollo* makes of hearty love
And free possession of the Dukedom 'twixt us;
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious,
As if beneath those veils, he did convey
Intents and practices of hate, and treason?
So[*p*]. It breeds indeed my wonder.
Ot. Which makes mine,
Since it is so safe and broad a beaten way,
Beneath the name of friendship to betray.
Sop. Though in remote and further off affections,
These falsehoods are so common, yet in him
They cannot so force nature.
Ot. The more near
The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever,
Being better cloaks to cover falsehood over.
Sop. It cannot be, that fruits the tree so blasting
Can grow in nature; take heed gentle Son
Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,
Believ'd in him by you, provok'd the rather

His tender envies, to such foul attempts;
Or that your too much love to rule alone
Breed not in him this jealous passion;
There is not any ill we might not bear
Were not our good held at a price too dear.
Ot. So apt is treachery to be excused,
That innocence is still aloud abused,
The fate of vertue even her friends perverts,
To plead for vice oft times against their hearts,
Heavens blessing is her curse, which she must bear
That she may never love.
Sop. Alas, my son, nor fate, nor heaven it self,
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good
To any least secureness in your ill:
What I urge issues from my curious fear;
Lest you should make your means to scape your snare.
Doubt of sincereness is the only mean
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.
Ot. I rest as far from wrong of sincereness,
As he flyes from the practice, trust me Madam,
I know by their confessions, he suborn'd,
What I should eat, drink, touch, or only have scented,
This evening feast was poysoned, but I fear
This open violence more, that treacherous oddes
Which he in his insatiate thirst of rule
Is like to execute.
Sop. Believe it Son,
If still his stomach be so foul to feed
On such gross objects, and that thirst to rule
The state alone be yet unquench'd in him,
Poysons and such close treasons ask more time
Than can suffice his fiery spirits hast:
And were there in him such desire to hide
So false a practice, there would likewise rest
Conscience and fear in him of open force,
And therefore close nor open you need fear.
Mat. Good Madam, stand not so inclin'd to trust
What proves his tendrest thoughts to doubt it just,
Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea,
In which my Brother *Rollo*'s appetites

Alter and rage with every puffe and breath?
His swelling blood exhales, and therefore hear,
What gives my temperate Brother cause to use
His readiest circumspection, and consult
For remedy against all his wicked purposes;
If he arm, arm, if he strew mines of treason,
Meet him with countermines, it is justice still
(For goodness sake) t'encounter ill with ill.

Sop. Avert from us such justice, equal heaven,
And all such cause of justice.

Ot. Past all doubt
(For all the sacred privilege of night)
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in;
Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impietie, all but
Lust, gain, ambition.

Enter Rollo, *armed, and* Latorch.

Rol. Perish all the world
E're I but lose one foot of possible Empire,
Be slights and colour us'd by slaves and wretches,
I am exempt by birth from both these curbs,
And since above them in all justice, since
I sit above in power, where power is given,
Is all the right suppos'd of Earth and Heaven.

Lat. Prove both Sir, see the traytor.

Ot. He comes arm'd, see Mother, now your confidence.

Sop. What rage affects this monster?

Rol. Give me way or perish.

Sop. Make thy way viper, if thou thus affect it.

Ot. This is a treason like thee.

Rol. Let her go.

Sop. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my Son;
And through my breast let his rude weapon run,
To thy lives innocence.

Ot. Play not two parts,
Treacher and coward both; but yield a sword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Against my naked bosom.

Rol. Loose his hold.

Mat. Forbear base murtherer.
Rol. Forsake our Mother.
Sop. Mother, dost thou name me, and put'st off nature thus?
Rol. Forsake her traytour,
Or by the spouse of nature through hers
This leads unto thy heart.
Ot. Hold.
Sop. Hold me still.
Ot. For twenty hearts and lives I will not hazard
One drop of blood in yours.
Sop. Oh thou art lost then.
Ot. Protect my innocence, Heaven.
Sop. Call out murther.
Mat. Be murthered all, but save him.
Ed. Murther, murther.
Rol. Cannot I reach you yet?
Ot. No, fiend.
Rol. *Latorch*, rescue, I'me down.
Lat. Up then, your sword cools Sir,
Ply it i'th' flame, and work your ends out.
Rol. Ha, have at [you] there Sir.

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Author of prodigies, what sights are these?
Ot. Oh give me a weapon, *Aubrey*.
Sop. Oh part 'em, part 'em.
Aub. For Heavens sake no more.
Ot. No more resist his fury, no rage can
Add to his mischief done. [*Dyes.*
Sop. Take spirit my *Otto*,
Heaven will not see thee dye thus. (goodness.
Mat. He is dead, and nothing lives but death of every
Sop. Oh he hath slain his Brother, curse him heaven.
Rol. Curse and be cursed, it is the fruit of cursing,
Latorch, take off here, bring too, of that blood
To colour o're my shirt, then raise the Court
And give it out how he attempted us
In our bed naked: shall the name of Brother
Forbid us to inlarge our state and powers?
Or place affects of blood above our reason?

That tells us all things good against another,
Are good in the same line against a Brother. [*Exit.*

Enter Gisbert, Baldwin.

Gis. What affairs inform these out-cries?
Aub. See and grieve.
Gis. Prince *Otto* slain!
Bal. Oh execrable slaughter!
What hand hath author'd it?
Aub. Your Scholars, *Baldwin.*
Bald. Unjustly urg'd, Lord *Aubrey*, as if I,
For being his Schoolmaster, must own this doctrine,
You are his Counsellours, did you advise him
To this foul parricide?
Gis. If rule affect this licence, who would live
To worse, than dye in force of his obedience?
Bal. Heavens cold and lingring spirit to punish sin,
And humane blood so fiery to commit it,
One so outgoes the other, it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.
Aub. Burst it then
With his full swing given, where it brooks no bound,
Complaints of it are vain; and all that rests
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthless)
Is to conform our wills to suffer freely,
What with our murmurs we can never master;
Ladys, be pleased with what heavens pleasure suffers,
Erect your princely countenances and spirits,
And to redress the mischiefs now resistless,
Sooth it in shew, rather than curse or cross it;
Which all amends, and vow to it your best,
But till you may perform it, let it rest.
Gis. Those temporizings are too dull and servile,
To breath the free air of a manly soul,
Which shall in me expire in execrations,
Before for any life I sooth a murtherer.
Bal. Pour lives before him, till his own be dry
Of all lives services and humane comforts;
None left that looks at heaven is half so base
To do those black and hellish actions grace.

Enter Rollo, Lat. Ham. *and Guard.*

Rol. Haste *Latorch*
And raise the Citie as the Court is rais'd,
Proclaiming the abhor'd conspiracy
In plot against my life.
Lat. I haste my Lord. [*Exit.*
Rol. You there that mourn upon the justly slain,
Arise and leave it if you love your lives,
And hear from me what (kept by you) may save you.
Mat. What will the Butcher do? I will not stir.
Rol. Stir, and unforc't stir, or stir never more:
Command her, you grave Beldam, that know better
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective fountain of your own,
Or if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the fresh impression on your heart.
Sop. Rise Daughter, serve his will in what we may,
Lest what we may not he enforce the rather,
Is this all you command us?
Rol. This addition only admitted, that when I endeavour
To quit me of this slaughter, you presume not
To cross me with a syllable for your souls;
Murmur, nor think against it, but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more,
And that my hand wrought thus far to my will,
Will check at nothing till his circle fill.
Mat. Fill it, so I consent not, but who sooths it
Consents, and who consents to tyrannie, does it.
Rol. False traytress die then with him. (self
Aub. Are you mad, to offer at more blood, and make your
More horrid to your people? I'le proclaim,
It is not as your instrument will publish.
Rol. Do, and take that along with you—so nimble!
Resign my sword, and dare not for thy soul
To offer what thou insolently threatnest;
One word, proclaiming cross to what *Latorch*
Hath in Commission, and intends to publish.
Aub. Well, Sir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your Country,

And that you must make Vertue of the need
That now compels you, I'll consent as far
As silence argues to your will proclaimed:
And since no more Sons of your Princely Father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your Father, with the love
And zeal of all your Subjects; this foul slaughter
That now you have committed made ashamed
With that fair blessing, that in place of plagues,
Heaven trys our mending disposition with:
Take here your sword, which now use like a Prince,
And no more like a Tyrant.

Rol. This sounds well, live and be gracious with us.

Gis. and Bal. Oh Lord *Aubrey*.

Mat. He flatter thus?

Sop. He temporizes fitly.

Rol. Wonder invades me; do you two think much,
That he thus wisely, and with need consents
To what I authour for your Countries good?
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellour.

Gis. Your Chancellour is not your Flatterer, Sir.

Bal. Nor is it your Tutors part to shield such doctrine.

Rol. Sir, first know you,
In praise of your pure Oratory that rais'd you,
That when the people, who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their rests, and hastening hither
To witness what is done here, are arrived
With our *Latorch*, that you, *ex tempore*,
Shall fashion an Oration to acquit
And justifie this forced fact of mine;
Or for the proud refusal lose your head.

Gis. I fashion an Oration to acquit you?
Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easie
To excuse a parricide than to commit it.

Rol. I do not wish you, Sir, to excuse me,
But to accuse my Brother, as the cause
Of his own slaughter by attempting mine.

Gis. Not for the World, I should pour blood on blood;
It were another murther to accuse
Him that fell innocent.

Rol. Away with him, hence, hail him straight to execution.
Aub. Far flye such rigour, your amendful hand.
Rol. He perishes with him that speaks for him;
Guard do your office on him, on your lives pain.
Gis. Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own death.
Rol. Let it wing it,
He threatens me, Villains tear him piece-meal hence.
Guard. Avant Sir.
Ham. Force him hence.
Rol. Dispatch him, Captain,
And bring me instant word he is dispatched,
And how his Rhetorick takes it.
Ham. I'll not fail, Sir.
Rol. Captain, besides remember this in chief;
That being executed, you deny
To all his friends the Rites of Funeral,
And cast his Carkass out to Dogs and Fowls.
Ham. 'Tis done, my Lord.
Rol. Upon your life not fail.
Bal. What impious daring is there here of Heaven!
Rol. Sir, now prepare your self, against the people
Make here their entry, to discharge the Oration,
He hath denied my will.
Bal. For fear of death? ha, ha, ha.
Rol. Is death ridiculous with you?
Works misery of Age this, or thy judgment?
Bal. Judgment, false Tyrant.
Rol. You'll make no Oration then?
Bal. Not to excuse, but aggravate thy murder if thou wilt,
Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreak it
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thy self,
With such another justly merited murther.
Rol. I'll answer you anon.

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The Citizens are hasting, Sir, in heaps, all full re-
By my perswasion of your Brothers Treasons. (solv'd,
Rol. Honest *Latorch.*

Enter Hamond.

Ham. See, Sir, here's *Gisberts* head.

Rol. Good speed; was't with a Sword?
Ham. An Axe, Sir.
Rol. An Axe? 'twas vilely done, I would have had
My own fine Headsman done it with a Sword;
Go, take this Dotard here, and take his head
Off with a Sword.
Ham. Your Schoolmaster?
Rol. Even he.
Bal. For teaching thee no better; 'tis the best
Of all thy damned justices; away,
Captain, I'll follow. (and fury,
Ed. Oh stay there, Duke, and in the midst of all thy blood
Hear a poor Maids Petitions, hear a Daughter,
The only Daughter of a wretched Father;
Oh stay your haste as you shall need this mercy.
Rol. Away with this fond woman.
Ed. You must hear me
If there be any spark of pity in you,
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you;
I do confess you are a Prince, your anger
As great as you, your Execution greater.
Rol. Away with him.
Ed. Oh Captain, by thy manhood,
By her soft soul that bare thee, I do confess, Sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous;
Good noble Prince look on me.
Rol. Take her from me.
Ed. A curse upon his life that hinders me;
May Fathers Blessing never fall upon him,
May Heaven never hear his Prayers: I beseech you,
Oh Sir, these few tears beseech you; these chast hands woo (you,
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy,
Things like your self, you are a god above us;
Be as a God then, full of saving mercy;
Mercy, Oh mercy, for his sake mercy;
That when your stout heart weeps shall give you pity;
Here I must grow.
Rol. By Heaven, I'll strike thee, woman.
Ed. Most willingly, let all thy anger seek me,
All the most studied torments, so this good man,

This old man, and this innocent escape thee.
Rol. Carry him away I say.
Ed. Now blessing on thee, Oh sweet pity,
I see it in thy Eyes, I charge you Souldiers
Even by the Princes power, release my Father,
The Prince is merciful, why do you hold him?
He is old, why do you hurt him? speak, Oh speak, Sir;
Speak as you are a man; a mans life hangs, Sir,
A friends life, and a foster life upon you:
'Tis but a word, but mercy quickly spoke, Sir;
Oh speak, Prince, speak.
Rol. Will no man here obey me?
Have I no rule yet? as I live he dyes
That does not execute my will, and suddenly. (me.
Bal. All that thou canst do takes but one short hour from
Rol. Hew off her hands.
Ham. Lady hold off.
Ed. Nay, hew 'em,
Hew off my innocent hands as he commands you.
[*Exeunt Guard*, *Count* Baldwin.
They'll hang the faster on for Deaths convulsion.
Thou seed of Rocks, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my tears lost? all my righteous Prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand thus then,
Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant,
And to thy face in Heavens high Name defie thee;
And may sweet mercy when thy soul sighs for it,
When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold
Can stay one hour, when thy most wretched Conscience
Wak'd from her dream of death, like fire shall melt thee,
When all thy Mothers tears, thy Brothers wounds,
Thy Peoples fears and curses, and my loss,
My aged fathers loss shall stand before thee.
Rol. Save him I say, run, save him, save her Father,
Fly, and redeem his head. [*Exit* Latorch.
Ed. May then that pity,
That comfort thou expect'st from Heaven, that mercy
Be lockt up from thee, fly thee, howling find thee,
Despair, Oh my sweet father, storms of terrours,

Blood till thou burst again.
Rol. Oh fair sweet anger.

Enter Latorch *and* Hamond *with a Head.*

Lat. I am too late, Sir, 'twas dispatch'd before,
And his Head is here.
Rol. And my Heart there; go bury him,
Give him fair Rites of Funeral, decent Honours.
Ed. Wilt thou not take me, Monster? highest Heaven
Give him a punishment fit for his mischief.
Lat. I fear thy Prayer is heard, and he rewarded:
Lady, have patience, 'twas unhappy speed;
Blame not the Duke, 'twas not his fault, but Fates;
He sent, you know, to stay it, and commanded
In care of you, the heavy object hence
Soon as it came: have better thoughts of him.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Where's this young Traytor?
Lat. Noble Citizens, here,
And here the wounds he gave your soveraign Lord.
1 *Cit.* This Prince of force must be
Belov'd of Heaven, whom Heaven hath thus preserv'd.
2 *Cit.* And if he be belov'd of Heaven, you know,
He must be just, and all his actions so.
Rol. Concluded like an Oracle, Oh how great
A grace of Heaven is a wise Citizen!
For Heaven 'tis makes 'em wise, as't makes me just,
As it preserves me, as I now survive
By his strong hand to keep you all alive:
Your Wives, your Children, Goods and Lands kept yours,
That had been else preys to his tyrannous Power,
That would have prey'd on me, in Bed assaulted me
In sacred time of Peace; my Mother here,
My Sister, this just Lord, and all had felt
The certain Gulph of this Conspiracy,
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellour,
(Two of the gravest, and most counted honest
In all my Dukedom) were the monstrous Heads;
Oh trust no honest men for their sakes ever,

My politick Citizens, but those that breathe
The Names of Cut-throats, Usurers and Tyrants,
Oh those believe in, for the foul-mouth'd World
Can give no better terms to simple goodness:
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For saving my own life sought by my Brother;
Yet those that sought his life before by poyson
(Though mine own servants, hoping to please me)
I'll lead to death for't, which your Eyes shall see.

1 *Cit.* Why, what a Prince is here!

2 *Cit.* How just!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

Rol. Well, now my dearest Subjects, or much rather
My Nerves, my Spirits, or my vital Blood;
Turn to your needful rests, and setled peace,
Fix'd in this root of steel, from whence it sprung
In Heavens great help and Blessing: but ere sleep
Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,
The Name and Vertue of Heavens King advance
For yours, in chief, for my deliverance.

Cit. Heaven and his King save our most pious Soveraign.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Rol. Thanks my good people. Mother, and kind Sister,
And you my noble Kinsmen, things born thus
Shall make ye all command what ever I
Enjoy in this my absolute Empire,
Take in the Body of my Princely Brother,
For whose Death, since his Fate no other way
Would give my eldest birth his supream Right;
We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,
And wash his Sepulchre with kindly tears.

Aub. If this game end thus, Heavens will rule the set.
What we have yielded to, we could not let.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Latorch, *and* Edith.

Lat. Good Lady rise, and raise your Spirits withal,
More high than they are humbled; you have cause,
As much as ever honour'd happiest Lady;
And when your Ears are freer to take in
Your most amendful and unmatched fortunes,
I'll make you drown a hundred helpless deaths

In Sea of one life pour'd into your Bosome;
With which shall flow into your arms, the Riches,
The Pleasures, Honours, and the rules of Princes;
Which though death stop your ears, methinks should open 'em,
Assay to forget death.
Ed. Oh slaughter'd Father.
Lat. Taste of what cannot be redress'd, and bless
The Fate that yet you curse so; since for that
You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes
With so much Grace fill'd, that you set on fire
The Dukes affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his Dukedome, is't not sweet?
Does it not shine away your sorrows Clouds?
Sweet Lady, take wise heart, and hear and tell me.
Ed. I hear no word you speak.
Lat. Prepare to hear then,
And be not barr'd up from your self, nor add
To your ill fortune with your far worse judgment;
Make me your servant to attend with all joys,
Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it:
See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, command me
To watch out every minute, for the stay
Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces,
And do my hopes the honour of your motion,
To all the offered heights that now attend you:
Oh how your touches ravish! how the Duke
Is slain already with your flames embrac'd!
I will both serve and visit you, and often.
Ed. I am not fit, Sir.
Lat. Time will make you, Lady.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Guard, 3 or 4 Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook, Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, Pantler to execution.

1 *Guard.* Come, bring in these fellows, on, away with 'em.
2 *Guard.* Make room before there, room for the Prisoners.
1 *Boy.* Let's run before, Boys, we shall have no places else.
2 *Boy.* Are these the youths?

Cook. These are the youths you look for,
And, pray my honest friends, be not so hasty,
There will be nothing done till we come, I assure you.
3 *Boy.* Here's a wise hanging; are there no more?
Butl. Do you hear, Sir? you may come in for your share if you please.
Cook. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging,
You look like a good fellow, I can afford you
A reasonable penny-worth.
2 *Boy.* Afore, afore, Boys, here's enough to make us sport.
Yeom. 'Pox take you,
Do you call this sport? are these your recreations?
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?
Cook. Do you hear?
You Custard Pate, we go to't for high Treason,
An honourable fault: thy foolish Father
Was hang'd for stealing Sheep.
Boys. Away, away, Boys.
Cook. Do you see how that sneaking Rogue looks now? You, Chip, Pantler, you peaking Rogue, that provided us these Necklaces; you poor Rogue, you costive Rogue, you.
Pant. Pray, pray, fellows.
Cook. 'Pray for thy crusty soul? where's your reward now,
Goodman Manchet, for your fine discovery?
I do beseech you, Sir, where are your Dollers?
Draw with your fellows and be hang'd.
Yeom. He must now;
For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort,
A place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd Rascal.
Coo. Hang handsomly for shame, come, leave your praying,
You peaking Knave, and dye like a good Courtier,
Dye honestly, and like a man; no preaching,
With I beseech you take example by me,
I liv'd a lewd man, good People. 'Pox on't, (you.
Dye me as if thou hadst din'd, say Grace, and God be with
Guard. Come, will you forward?
Cook. Good Mr. Sheriff, your leave, this hasty work
Was ne'r done well; give us so much time as but to sing
Our own Ballads, for we'll trust no man,
Nor no tune but our own; 'twas done in Ale too,

And therefore cannot be refus'd in Justice.
Your penny-pot Poets are such pelting thieves,
They ever hang men twice; we have it here, Sir,
And so must every Merchant of our Voyage.
He'll make a sweet return else of his Credit.

Yeom. One fit of our own mirth, and then we are for you.

Guard. Make haste then, dispatch.

Yeom. There's day enough, Sir.

Cook. Come, Boys, sing chearfully, we shall ne'r sing younger.
We have chosen a loud tune too, because it should like well.

The SONG.

Come, For[t]une's a Whore, I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a Page of the Celler,
That should by his Oath to any Mans thinking,
And place, have had a defence for his drinking;
But thus she does still, when she pleases to palter,
Instead of his Wages, she gives him a Halter.

Three merry Boys, and three merry Boys, and three merry Boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string under the Gallow-tree.

II.

But I that was so lusty,
And ever kept my Bottles,
That neither they were musty,
And seldome less than Pottles;
For me to be thus stopt now,
With Hemp instead of Cork, Sir,
And from the Gallows lopt now,
Shews that there is a fork, Sir,
In death, and this the token,
Man may be two ways killed,
Or like the Bottle, broken,
Or like the Wine, be spilled.

Three merry Boys, &c.

III.

Oh yet but look on the Master Cook, the glory of the Kitchin,
In sowing whose fate, at so lofty a rate, no Taylor e'r had stitching,

For though he makes the Man, the Cook yet makes the Dishes,
The which no Taylor can, wherein I have my wishes,
That I who at so many a Feast, have pleas'd so many tasters,
Should now my self come to be drest, a dish for you my Masters.

Three merry Boys, &c.

Cook. There's a few Copies for you; now farewel friends:
And good Mr. Sheriff let me not be printed
With a brass Pot on my head.

But. March fair, march fair, afore, good Captain *Pantler.*

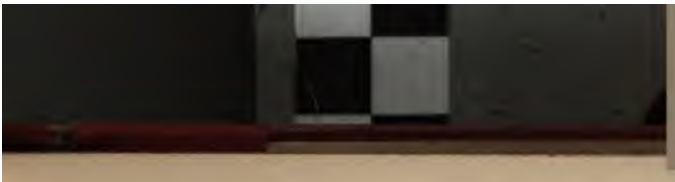
IV.

Pant. *Oh man or beast, or you at least,*
That wear or brow or antler,
Prick up your ears, unto the tears
Of me poor Paul *the Pantler,*
That thus am clipt, because I chipt
The cursed Crust of Treason
With Loyal Knife; Oh doleful strife,
To hang thus without reason.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Aubrey, *and* Latorch.

Aub. *Latorch*, I have waited here to speak with you,
And you must hearken; set not forth your leg
Of haste, nor put your face of business on;
An honester affair than this I urge too,
You will not easily think on; and 'twill be
Reward to entertain it; 'tis your fortune
To have our Masters ear above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies;
For I have well considered, Truth sometimes
May be convey'd in by the same Conduits
That Falshood is; These courses that he takes
Cannot but end in ruine; Empire got
By blood and violence, must so be held;
And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
That toiling still to remove Enemies



Makes himself more; It is not now a Brother,
A faithful Councellour of estate or two,
That are his danger, they are far dispatch'd;
It is a multitude that begin to fear,
And think what began there must end in them;
For all the fine Oration that was made 'em,
And they are not an easie Monster quell'd.
Princes may pick their suffering Nobles out;
And one by one employ 'em to the block; but when they once grow formidable to their Clowns, and Coblers, ware then, guard themselves; if thou durst tell him this, *Latorch*, the service would not discredit the good name you hold with men, besides the profit to your Master, and the publick.

Lat. I conceive not so, Sir: (fancy?
They are airy fears; and why should I object them unto his
Wound what is yet sound? your counsels colour not,
With reason of state, where all that's necessary still is just.
The actions of the Prince, while they succeed,
Should be made good, and glorified; not question'd.
Men do but shew their ill affections, that—

Aub. What? speak out.

Lat. Do murmur against their Masters.

Aub. Is this to me?

Lat. It is to whosoever mislikes of the Dukes courses.

Aub. I! is't so? at your stateward, Sir?

Lat. I'm sworn to hear nothing may prejudice the Prince.

Aub. Why do you? or have you, ha?

Lat. I cannot tell, mens hearts shew in their words some-

Aub. I ever thought thee (times.
Knave of the Chamber, art thou the Spye too?

Lat. A watchman for the State, and one that's known, Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aub. Bawd of the State;
No less than of thy masters lusts. I now
See nothing can redeem thee; dost thou mention
Affection, or a Heart, that ne'r hadst any?
Knowst not to love or hate, but by the State,
As thy Prince does't before thee? that dost never
Wear thy own face, but put'st on his, and gather'st
Baits for his Ears: liv'st wholly at his beck,

And e're thou dar'st utter a thought's thine own,
Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st into him
As if thou wert to pass a Ford, there proving
Yet if thy tongue may step on safely or no;
Then bring'st his vertue asleep, and stay'st the wheel
Both of his reason and judgment, that they move not,
Whit'st over all his vices; and at last
Dost draw a Cloud of words before his eyes,
Till he can neither see thee nor himself?
Wretch, I dare give him honest counsels, I,
And love him while I tell him truth; old *Aubrey*
Dares goe the straightest way, which still's the shortest,
Walk on the thorns thou scatter'st, Parasite,
And tread 'em into nothing: and if thou
Then let'st a look fall, of the least dislike,
I'll rip thy Crown up with my Sword at height,
And pluck thy skin over thy face, in sight
Of him thou flatter'st; unto thee I speak it,
Slave, against whom all Laws should now conspire,
And every Creature that hath sense, be arm'd,
As 'gainst the common Enemy of Mankind;
That sleep'st within thy Masters Ear, and whisper'st
'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd;
Bid'st him trust no mans friendship, spare no blood
That may secure him: 'tis no cruelty
That hath a specious end; for Soveraignty
Break all the Laws of kind; if it succeed,
An honest, noble, and praise-worthy deed;
While he that takes thy poysons in, shall feel
Their virulent workings in a point of time,
When no Repentance can bring aid, but all
His spirits shall melt, with what his Conscience burn'd,
And dying in flatterers arms, shall fall unmourn'd.
There's matter for you now.

Lat. My Lord, this makes not for loving of my Master.

Aub. Loving? no;
They hate ill Princes most that make them so.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, *Guard.*

Rol. I'll hear no more.

Ham. Alas, 'tis for my Brother: I beseech your Highness.
Rol. How, a Brother? had not I one my self? did title
Move me when it was fit that he should dye? away.
All. Brother, lose no word more, leave my good Cause
T' upbraid the Tyrant, I'm glad I'm faln
Now in those times that will'd some great example
T' assure men we can dye for honesty.
Rol. Sir, you are brave, 'pray that you hold your neck
As bravely forth anon unto your Headsman.
All. Would he would strike as bravely, and thou by,
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to see me dye.
Aub. What's his offence? (Master.
Ham. For giving *Gisbert* burial, who was sometimes his
All. Yes, Lord *Aubrey*,
My gratitude and humanity are my crimes.
Rol. Why bear you him not hence?
Aub. My Lord, (stay Souldiers)
I do beseech your Highness, do not lose
Such men for such slight causes. This is one
Has still been faithful to you, a try'd soul
In all your fathers Battles; I have seen him
Bestride a friend against a score of Foes,
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
For you, Sir, were you in some danger.
All. Till he kill'd his Brother, his Chancellour, then his
Master, to which he can add nought to equal *Nero*,
But killing of his Mother.
Aub. Peace, brave Fool,
Thou valiant Ass: here is his Brother too, Sir,
A Captain of your Guard, hath serv'd you long,
With the most noble witness of his truth
Mark'd in his face, and every part about him,
That turns not from an enemy. But view him,
Oh do not grieve him, Sir, if you do mean
That he shall hold his place: it is not safe
To tempt such spirits, and let them wear their Swords,
You'll make your Guards your terrours by these Acts,
And throw more hearts off from you than you hold;
And I must tell you, Sir, (with my old freedom,
And my old faith to boot) you have not liv'd so

But that your state will need such men, such hands
Of which here's one, shall in an hour of tryal,
Do you more certain service with a stroke,
Than the whole bundle of your flatterers
With all the unsavory unction of their tongues.
Rol. Peace, talker.
Aub. One that loves you yet, my Lord,
And would not see you pull on your own ruines.
Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him best,
Awe and affrights are never tyes of Love;
And when men begin to fear the Prince, they hate him.
Rol. Am I the Prince, or you?
Aub. My Lord, I hope I have not utter'd ought should urge that question.
Rol. Then practise your obedience, see him dead.
Aub. My Lord?
Rol. I'll hear no more.
Aub. I'm sorry then; there's no small despair, Sir, of their Safety, whose ears are blockt up against truth; come, captain.
Ham. I thank you, Sir. (honest?
Aub. For what? for seeing thy brother die a man, and Live thou so, Captain, I will assure thee,
Although I die for't too; come— [*Ex. all but* Rol. & Lat.
Rol. Now *Latorch*, what do you think?
Lat. That *Aubrey*'s speech and manners sound somewhat of
Rol. 'Tis his custome. (the boldest.
Lat. It may be so, and yet be worth a fear.
Rol. If we thought so, it should be worth his life, and
Lat. I dare not, Sir, be authour (quickly too.
Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous:
But with your Highness favour and your licence.
Rol. He talks, 'tis true; he is licens'd: leave him,
We now are Duke alone, *Latorch*, secur'd;
Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect,
We look right forth, beside, and round about us,
And see it ours with pleasure: only one
Wish'd joy there wants to make us to possess it,
And that is *Edith*, *Edith*, she that got me
In blood and tears, in such an opposite minute,
As had I not at once felt all the flames

And shafts of Love shot in me (his whole armory)
I should have thought him as far off as Death.
Lat. My Lord, expect a while, your happiness
Is nearer than you think it, yet her griefs
Are green and fresh, your vigilant *Latorch*
Hath not been idle; I have leave already
To visit her, and send to her.
Rol. My life.
Lat. And if I find not out as speedy ways,
And proper instruments to work and bring her
To your fruition; that she be not watch'd
Tame to your Highness wish, say you have no servant
Is capable of such a trust about you,
Or worthy to be Secretary of your pleasure.
Rol. Oh my *Latorch*, what shall I render thee
For all thy travels, care, and love? (grant me.
Lat. Sir, one suit, which I will ever importune, till you
Rol. About your Mathematicians?
Lat. Yes, to have
The Scheme of your Nativity judg'd by them,
I have't already erected; O my Lord,
You do not know the labour of my fears,
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any security, but from the Stars;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more
Than all power else, there being no power beyond them.
Rol. All thy petitions still are care of us,
Ask for thy self.
Lat. What more can concern me, than this?
Rol. Well, rise true honest man, and go then,
We'l study our selves a means how to reward thee.
Lat. Your grace is now inspir'd; now, now your highness
Begins to live, from this hour count your joyes:
But, Sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figur'd,
To put in names, such as I like.
Rol. You shall.
Lat. They dare not else offer, Sir, at your figure?
Oh I shall bring you wonders; there's a Frier
Rusee, an admirable man, another
A Gentleman, and then *Lafiske*,

The mirrour of his time; 'twas he that set it.
But there's one *Norbret*, (him I never saw)
Has made a mirrour, a meer Looking-glass,
In shew you'ld think't no other; the form oval,
As I am given to understand by letter,
Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing,
And some that will be question'd and give answers;
Then has he set it in a frame, that wrought
Unto the revolutions of the Stars,
And so compact by due proportions
Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus *Dædalus* Statues,
Or *Vulcans* Tools—

Rol. Dost thou believe this?

Lat. Sir? why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sense?
He has been about it above twenty years,
Three sevens, the powerfull, and the perfect numbers;
And Art and time, Sir, can produce such things.
What do I read there of *Hiarbas* banquet?
The great Gymnosophist, that had his Butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?
The images of *Mercury*, too, that spoke?
The wooden door that flew? a snake of brass
That hist? and birds of Silver that did sing?
All those new done by the Mathematicks,
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.

Rol. You are in your sphear, *Latorch*: and rather
Than I'le contend w'ye for it, I'le believe it,
Y'have won upon me that I wish to see
My fate before me now, what e're it be.

Lat. And I'le endeavour, you shall know with speed,
For which I should have one of trust go with me,
If you please, *Hamond*, that I may by him
Send you my first dispatches; after I
Shall bring you more, and as they come still more.

Rol. Take your way,
Choose your own means, and be it prosperous to us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Rusee, *de* Bube, *la* Fiske, Norbret, Pippeau.

Rus. Come, bear up Sirs, we shall have better days,
My Almanack tells me.
Bub. What is that? your rump?
Rus. It never itch'd in vain yet, slide *la Fiske*,
Throw off thy sluggish face, I cannot abide
To see thee look like a poor Jade i'th' pound,
That saw no meat these three days.
Fiske. 'Slight, to me
It seems thirteen dayes since I saw any.
Rus. How?
Fis. I can't remember that I ever saw
Or meat or mony, you may talk of both
To open a mans stomach or his purse,
But feed 'em still with air.
Bub. Friar, I fear
You do not say your Office well a dayes.
Nor. Pox, he feeds
With leachery, and lives upon th' exchange
Of his two Eggs and Puddings with the market women.
Rus. And what do you Sir, with the Advocates wife,
Whom you perswade, upon your Doctoral bed,
To take the Mathematical trance so often?
Fis. Come, we are stark naught all, bad's the best of us,
Four of the seven deadly spots we are;
Besides our Leachery, we are envious,
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,
Most covetous now we want it; then our Boy
He is a fifth spot, sloth and he undoes us.
Bub. 'Tis true, the child was wont to be industrious,
And now and then sent to a Merchants wife
Sick of the Husband, or a swearing Butler
That mist of his Bowls, a crying Maid
Had lost a Silver spoon; the Curry comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was something gotten;
But now—
Pip. What now? Did not I yester-morning

Bring you in a Cardecu there from the Peasant,
Whose ass I had driven aside, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and then last night,
Six Soulz from the Cooks wife, you shar'd among you
To set a figure for the Pestle I stole,
It is not at home yet; these things, my Masters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on: you
Talk of your lands and Castles in the air,
Of your twelve houses there: but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis *Pippeau*
That is your bird-call.

Nor. Faith he does well,
And cuts through the Elements for us, I must needs say
In a fine dextrous line.

Fis. But not as he did
At first, then he would sail with any wind
Int' every Creek and Corner.

Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd when I came to you, Gentlemen,
But now with often and far venturing for you
Here be leaks sprung, and whole Planks wanting see you;
If you'l new sheath me again, yet I am for you
To any bog or sleights, where e're you'l send me,
For as I am, where can this ragged Bark
Put in for any service; 'less it be
O'th' Isle of Rogues, and there turn Pirate for you.

Nor. Faith he says reason, Fryer, you must leave
Your neat crisp Claret, and fall to your Cyder
A while; and you *la Fiske*, your larded Capons
And Turkys for a time, and take a good
Clean Tripe in your way; *de Bube* too must content him with wholsom two souz'd petitoes, no more Crown Ordinaries, till we have cloath'd our Infant.

Bub. So you'l keep
Your own good motions, Doctor, your dear self.

Fis. Yes, for we all do know the Latitude
Of your Concupiscence.

Rus. Here about your belly.

Bub. You'l pick a bottle open or a whimsey,
As soon as the best of us.

Fis. And dip your wrist-bands,
(For Cuffs y'have none) as comely in the sauce [*the Bell*
As any Courtier—hark, the Bell, who is there? *rings.*
Rus. Good luck I do conjure thee; Boy look out.
Pip. They are Gallants, courtiers, one of 'em is [*Exit and*
Of the Dukes bed-chamber. *enter again.*
Rus. *Latorch*, down,
On with your gown, there's a new suite arriv'd, [*To Nor*
Did I not tell you, Sons of hunger? Crowns, *bret.*
Crowns are coming toward you, wine and wenches
You shall have once again, and Fidlers:
Into your studyes close; each lay his ear
To his door, and as you hear me to prepare you
So come, and put me on that visard only.

Enter Latorch, Hamond.

Lat. You'l not be far hence Captain, when the
Business is done you shall receive present dispatch.
Ham. I'le walk Sir, in the Cloyster. [*Exit.*
Rus. Monsieur *Latorch*; my Son,
The Stars are happy still that guide you hither.
Lat. I'me glad to hear their Secretary say so,
My learned Father *Russe*, where's *la Fiske*,
Monsieur *de Bube*, how do they?
Rus. At their studyes,
They are the Secretaries of the Stars, Sir,
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,
They stick like cupping glasses; if ever men
Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.
Lat. For loves sake let's salute 'em.
Rus. Boy, go see,
Tell them who's here, say, that their friends do challenge
Some portion of their time, this is our minute,
Pray 'em they'l spare it: they are the Sun and Moon
Of knowledge; pity two such noble lights
Should live obscur'd here in an University,
Whose beams were fit to'illumine any court
Of Christendom.

Enter la Fisk, *de* Bube, *and* Pippeau.

Lat. The Duke will shortly know 'em.
Fis. Well, look upon the Astrolabe; you'l find it
Four Almucanturies at least.
Bub. It is so.
Rus. Still of their learned stuff, they care for nothing,
But how to know, as negli[g]ent of their bodies
In dyet, or else, especially in their cloaths,
As if they had no change.
Pip. They have so little
As well may free them from the name of shifters.
Fis. Monsieur *Latorch*?
Lat. How is it, learned Gentlemen, with both your vertues?
Bub. A most happy hour, when we see you, Sir.
Lat. When you hear me then
It will be happier; the Duke greets you both
Thus, and though you may touch no mony, Father,
Yet you may take it.
Rus. 'Tis his highness bounty,
But yet to me, and these that have put off
The world, superfluous.
Fis. We have heard of late of his highness good success.
Bub. And gratulate it.
Lat. Indeed he hath scap'd a strange Conspiracy,
Thanks to his Stars; which Stars he prayes by me,
You would again consult, and make a Judgement
On what you lately erected for my love.
Rus. Oh, Sir, we dare not.
Fis. For our lives.
Bub. It is the Princes Scheam.
Lat. T'incounter with that fear,
Here's to assure you, his Signet, write your names,
And be secured all three.
Bu[*b*]. We must intreat some time, Sir.
Lat. I must then intreat it, be as present as you can.
Fis. Have you the Scheam here?
Lat. Yes.
Rus. I would you had Sir another warrant.
Lat. What would that do?

Rus. Marry we have a Doctor Sir, that in this business
Would not perform the second part.
Lat. Not him that you writ to me of?
Rus. The very same.
Lat. I should have made it, Sir, my suit to see him,
Here is a warrant Father, I conceiv'd
That he had solely applyed himself to Magick.
Rus. And to their studies too Sir, in this field
He was initiated, but we shall hardly
Draw him from his chair.
Lat. Tell him he shall have gold.
Fis. Oh, such a syllable would make him to forswear
Ever to breath in your sight.
Lat. How then?
Fis. Sir, he if you do please to give him any thing,
Must have't convey'd under a paper.
Rus. Or left behind some book in his study.
Bub. Or in some old wall. (him, Sir.
Fis. Where his familiars may tell him of it, and that pleases
Bub. Or else I'le go and assay him.
Lat. Take gold with you.
Rus. That will not be amiss; give it the Boy, Sir,
He knows his holes, and how to bait his Spirits.
Pip. We must lay in several places, Sir.
Rus. That's true, that if one come not, the other may hit.
Lat. Well, go then, is he so learned, Gentlemen?
Fis. The very top of our profession; mouth of the fates,
Pray Heaven his Spirits be in a good humor to take,
They'l fling the gold about the house else.
Bub. I, and beat the Fryer if he go not well
Furnisht with holy-water.
Fis. Sir, you must observe him.
Bub. Not cross him in a word, for then he's gone.
Fis. If he do come, which is a hazard, yet—
Mass he's here, this is speed.

Enter Norb[re]t, Russ, Pippeau.

Nor. Where is our Scheme,
Let's see, dispatch, nay fumbling now, who's this?
Rus. Chief Gentleman of the Dukes Chamber, Doctor.

Nor. Oh, let him be, good even to him, he's a courtier,
I'le spare his complement, tell him: what's here?
The geniture Noctʊrnal, Longitude
At forty nine and ten minutes? How are the cardins?
Fis. Libra in twenty four, forty four minutes,
And Capricorn.
Nor. I see it, see the Planets,
Where, how are they dispos'd? the Sun and *Mercury*,
Mars with the Dragons tail in the third house,
And *pars Fortunæ* in the *Imo Cæli*,
Then *Jupiter* in the twelfth, the *Cacodemon*.
Bub. And *Venus* in the second *Inferna Porta*.
Nor. I see it, peace, then *Saturn* in the Fifth,
Luna i'th' Seventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, rising in th'ascendent,
And joyn'd with *Libra* too, the house of *Venus*,
And [*Imum*] *Cæli*, *Mars* his exaltation
In the seventh house, *Aries* being his natural house
And where he is now seated, and all these shew him
To be the Almuten.
Rus. Yes, he's Lord of the Geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomeys* way,
Or *Messethales*, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.
Fis. No other Planet hath so many dignities
Either by himself, or in regard of the Cusps.
Nor. Why hold your tongue then if you know it; *Venus*
The Lady of the Horoscope, being *Libra*,
The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the geniture,
Being Noctʊrnal, *Luna* is the highest,
None else being in sufficient dignity,
She being in *Aries* in the Seventh house,
Where *Sol* exalted, is the Alchoroden.
Bub. Yes, for you see he hath his Termin
In the degrees where she is, and enjoyes
By that, six dignities.
Fis. Which are clearly more
Than any else that view her in the Scheam.
Nor. Why I saw this, and could have told you too,
That he beholds her with a Trine aspect
Here out of Sagittary, almost partile,

And how that *Mars* out of the self same house,
(But another Sign) here by a Platique aspect
Looks at the Hilege, with a Quartile ruling
The house where the Sun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'll outrun me; and more,
That this same Quartile aspect to the Lady of life,
Here in the seventh, promises some danger,
Cauda Draconis being so near *Mars*,
And *Caput Algol* in the house of Death.

Lat. How, Sir? I pray you clear that.

Nor. What is the question first?

Rus. Of the Dukes life, what dangers threaten him?

Nor. Apparent, and those suddain, when the Hyley
Or Alchorodon by direction come
To a Quartile opposition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the Geniture (which is now
At hand) or else oppose to *Mars* himself; expect it.

Lat. But they may be prevented.

Nor. Wisdom only
That rules the Stars, may do it; for *Mars* being
Lord of the Geniture in *Capricorn*,
Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile* here,
With *Venus* Lady of the Horoscope.
So she being in her Exilium, which is *Scorpio*,
And *Mars* his Gaudium, is o'rerul'd by him,
And clear debilitated five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, so
That, at the most she can but mitigate.

Lat. You cannot name the persons bring this danger?

Nor. No, that the Stars tell us not, they name no man,
That is a work, Sir, of another place.

Rus. Tell him whom you suspect, and he'll guess shrewdly.

Lat. Sir, we do fear one *Aubrey*; if 'twere he
I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

Fis. I know him, the Dukes Kinsman, a tall man?
Lay hold of't *Norbret*.

Nor. Let me pause a little,
Is he not near of kin unto the Duke?

Lat. Yes, reverend Sir. (what high of stature?

Nor. 'Fart for your reverence, keep it till then; and some-

Lat. He is so.
Nor. How old is he?
Fis. About seven and fifty.
Nor. His head and beard inclining to be grey.
Lat. Right, Sir.
Fis. And fat?
Nor. He is somewhat corpulent, is he not?
Lat. You speak the man, Sir.
Nor. Well, look to him, farewel. [*Exit* Norb.
Lat. Oh, it is *Aubrey*; Gentlemen, I pray you,
Let me receive this under all your hands.
Rus. Why, he will shew you him in his Magick glass
If you intreat him, and but gratifie
A spirit or two more.
Lat. He shall eat gold
If he will have it, so shall you all; there's that
Amongst you first, let me have this to send
The Duke in the mean time; and then what sights
You please to shew; I'le have you so rewarded
As never Artists were, you shall to Court
Along with me, and there wait you[r] fortunes.
Bub. We have a pretty part of't in our pockets;
Boy we will all be new, you shall along too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, *and* Edith.

Mat. Good Madam, hear the suit that *Edith* urges,
With such submiss beseeches; nor remain
So strictly bound to sorrow for your son,
That nothing else, though never so befitting,
Obtains your ears, or observation.
Sop. What would she say? I hear.
Edith. My suit is, Madam,
That you would please to think as well of justice
Due to your sons revenge, as of more wrong added
To both your selves for it, in only grieving.
Th' undaunted power of Princes should not be
Confin'd in deedless cold calamity;
Anger, the Twin of sorrow, in your wrongs

Should not be smother'd, when his right of birth
Claims th' Air as well, and force of coming forth.
Sop. Sorrow is due already, anger never
Should be conceived but where it may [be] born
In some fact fit t'employ his active flame,
That else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false star that quenches as it glides.
Ed. I have such means t'employ it as your wish
Can think no better, easier, or securer;
And such as but th' honours I intend
To your partakings, I alone could end:
But your parts in all dues to crying blood
For vengeance in the shedder, are much greater:
And therefore should work your hands to his slaughter.
For your consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
To your severe and most impartial justice,
To move you to forget so false a son
As with a Mothers duty made you curse him.
Mat. Edith, he is forgot, for any son
Born of my Mother, or to me a Brother.
For should we still perform our rights to him
We should partake his wrongs, and as foul be
In blood and damned parricide as he.
And therefore tell the happy means that Heaven
Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd for freedom
From so abhorr'd and impious a monster.
Sop. Tell what she will, I'le lend nor hand nor ear
To whatsoever Heaven puts in her power. [*Exit* Sophia.
Mat. How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes!
Sweet *Edith* be not any thought the more
Discourag'd in thy purpose, but assured,
Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wish to do.
Edith. Madam, my self alone, I make no doubt
Shall be afforded power enough from Heaven
To end the murtherer: all I wish of you,
Is but some richer Ornaments and Jewels
Than I am able to provide my self,
To help out the defects of my poor Beauty,
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,

To make his fancy mad with my desire.
But you know, Madam, Women never can
Be too fair to torment an amorous man;
And this mans torments I would heighten still,
Till at their highest he be fit to kill.

Mat. Thou shalt have all my Jewels and my Mothers,
And thou shalt paint too, that his bloods desire
May make him perish in a painted fire;
Hast thou been with him yet?

Edith. Been with him? no;
I set that hour back to haste more his longing;
But I have promis'd to his instruments,
The admittance of a visit at our house,
Where yet I would receive him with all lustre
My sorrow would give leave to, to remove
Suspicion of my purpose.

Mat. Thou shalt have
All I can add, sweet wench,, in Jewels, tyres,
I'le be my self thy dresser; nor may I
Serve my own love with a contracted Husband
More sweetly, nor more amply than maist thou
Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections:
Affect'st thou any personal aid of mine
My noblest *Edith*?

Edith. Nought but your kind prayers
For full effect and speed of my affair.

Mat. They are thine, my *Edith*, as for me, my own;
For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best
Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear
To shed blood still? or where, alas, were then
The endless love we owe to worthy men?

Ed. Love of the worthiest ever bless your highness. [*Exe.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rollo *with a glass*, Aubrey, *and Servants.*

Rol. I Never studied my glass till now,
It is exceeding well; now leave me; Cousin,
How takes your eye the object?

Aub. I have learn'd
So much Sir of the Courtier, as to say
Your person does become your habit;
But being called unto it by a noble War,
Would grace an armour better.
Rol. You are still
For that great Art of which you are the Master;
Yet I must tell you, that to the encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, fears mixt with flatt'ring hopes,
The danger in the service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite through and through
The body of an Army.
Aub. I'le not argue
How you may rank the dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at, are as distant
In every circumstance, as far as honour
Is from shame and repentance.
Rol. You are sowr?
Aub. I would speak my free thoughts, yet not appear so;
Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one that dares talk any thing that was
Against the torrent of his own opinion,
That I affect to speak ought may offend you:
And therefore gracious Sir, be pleas'd to think
My manners or discretion have inform'd me
That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you:
And not to check at what concerns me not:
I look not with sore eyes on your rich out-side,
Nor rack my thoughts to find out to what purpose
'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not for a subject
Towards his Prince in things indifferent;
To use the austereness of a censuring *Cato*
Is arrogance, not freedom.
Rol. I commend
This temper in you, and will cherish it.

Enter Hamond *with Letters.*

They come from *Rome*, *Latorch* imployed you?

Ham. True Sir.
Rol. I must not now be troubled with a thought
Of any new design; good *Aubrey* read 'em,
And as they shall direct you, use my power,
Or to reply or execute.
Aub. I will, Sir.
Rol. And Captain bring a squadron of our Guard
To th' house that late was *Baldwins*, and there wait me.
Ham. I shall.
Rol. Some two hours hence.
Ham. With my best care.
Rol. Inspire me Love, and be thy deity,
Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'st me. [*Exit* Rollo.
Ham. My stay to do my duty, may be wrongs
Your Lordships privacy.
Aub. Captain, your love
Is ever welcome; I intreat your patience
While I peruse these.
Ham. I attend your pleasure.
Aub. How's this, a plot on me?
Ham. What is contain'd
In th' letters that I brought, that thus transports him?
Aub. To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my head
Brought to the Axe by Knaves that cheat for bread?
The Creatures of a Parasite, a slave;
I find you here *Latorch*, not wonder at it;
But that this honest Captain should be made
His instrument, afflicts me; I'le make trial
Whether his will or weakness made him do it.
Captain you saw the Duke when he commanded
I should do what these letters did direct me,
And I presume you think I'le not neglect
For fear or favour, to remove all dangers
How near soever that man can be to me
From whom they should have birth.
Ham. It is confirm'd.
Aub. Nor would you Captain, I believe, refuse,
Or for respect of thankfulness, or hopes,
To use your sword with fullest confidence
Where he shall bid you strike.

Ham. I never have done.
Aub. Nor will I think—
Ham. I hope it is not question'd.
Aub. The means to have it so, is now propos'd you.
Draw, so, 'tis well, and next cut off my head.
Ham. What means your Lordship?
Aub. 'Tis, Sir, the Dukes pleasure:
My innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I must be remov'd, and you the man
Must act his will.
Ham. I'le be a Traytor first, before I serve it thus.
Aub. It must be done,
And that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant,
But as you read, remember *Hamond*, that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession;
And, though it be not manly, I must grieve
That man of whose love I was most ambitious
Could find no object of his hate but me.
Ham. It is no time to talk now, honour'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to hear thy servant, I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to serve the Duke,
Stay to express the manner how; but if
I do not suddenly give you strong proofs,
Your life is dearer to me than my own,
May I live base, and dye so: Sir, your pardon. [*Exit* Ham.
Aub. I am both waies ruin'd, both waies mark't for slaugh-
On every side, about, behind, before me, (ter
My certain fate is fix't: were I a Knave now,
I could avoid this: had my actions
But meer relations to their own ends, I could 'scape now:
Oh honesty! thou elder child of vertue,
Thou seed of Heaven, why to acquire thy goodness
Should malice and distrust stick thorns before us,
And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?
But Heaven is got by suffering, not disputing;
Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?
Or say he does [not] know it, where's my Loyalty?
I know his nature, troubled as the Sea,
And as the Sea devouring when he's vex'd,
And I know Princes are their own expounders.

Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
Have I met death in all his forms, and fears,
Now on the points of Swords, now pitch'd on Lances?
In fires, and storms of Arrows, Battels, breaches,
And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me
Smiling and full of sanctity? I'le meet him;
My Loyal hand and heart shall give this to him,
And though it bear beyond what Poets feign
A punishment, duty shall meet that pain;
And my most constant heart to do him good,
Shall check at neither pale affright nor bloud.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The Dutchess presently would crave your presence.
Aub. I come; and *Aubrey* now resolve to keep
Thy honour living, though thy body sleep. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Edith, *a Boy, and a Banquet set out.*

Edith. Now for a Fathers murther, and thy ruine,
All chastity shall suffer if he raign;
Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy Daughter,
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And through the bloudy clouds behold my piety,
Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,
And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I lose of mercy;
Give me a womans anger bent to bloud,
The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers,
Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,
My rage like roving billows as they rise,
Pour'd on his soul to sink it, give me flattery,
(For yet my constant soul ne'r knew dissembling)
Flattery the food of Fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the Down of his desires;
That in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His Heaven forgot, and all his lusts upon him,

My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him.
I hear him come, go boy, and entertain him.

Enter Rollo.

SONG.

TAke, Oh take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the Morn,
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, Oh hide those hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen blossome bears,
On whose tops the Pinks that grow
Are of those that April *wears,*
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those Ivy chains by thee.

Rol. What bright star, taking beauties form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of Heavens glory,
Has drop'd down from the Skye to comfort me?
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.
Edi. My gracious Lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that vertue, but obedience,
The servant to your will affects no flattery.
Rol. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are loves eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty.
Edi. Your grace is full of game.
Rol. By Heaven, my *Edith*,
Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee.
Ed. And thine on brambles that have prick'd her heart out.
Rol. The sweetness of the Arabian wind still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,

In all their pride and pleasures call thee Mistris.
Edi. Wil't please you sit Sir?
Rol. So you please sit by me.
Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The excellency that appears upon thee
Tyes up my tongue: pray speak to me.
Edi. Of what Sir?
Rol. Of any thing, any thing is excellent.
Will you take my directions? speak of love then;
Speak of thy fair self *Edith*; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up my self wench.
Edi. H'as a strange cunning tongue, why do you sigh Sir?
How masterly he turns himself to catch me!
Rol. The way to Paradise, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked, scarce Repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter,
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feel?
Edi. Your tears Sir.
You weep extreamly; strengthen me now justice.
Why are these sorrows Sir?
Rol. Thou't never love me
If I should tell thee, yet there's no way left
Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,
But swimming thither in these tears.
Edi. I stagger.
Rol. Are they not drops of blood?
Edi. No.
Rol. They're for blood then,
For guiltless blood, and they must drop, my *Edith*,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.
Edi. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.
Rol. I prethee look upon me, turn not from me;
Alas I do confess I'me made of mischiefs,
Begot with all mans miseries upon me;
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition, tenderness of nature.
Edi. My anger melts, Oh, I shall lose my justice.
Rol. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done, to murther with thy eyes,

(Those blessed eyes) as I have done with malice,
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn,
(As I deserve it Lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer;
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horrour
Pursue thee not: no time shall tell thy griefs then,
Nor shall an hour of joy adde to thy beauties.
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy Father,
As I was smear'd in blood, do not thou hate me,
But thus in whiteness of my wash't repentance,
In my hearts tears and truth of love to *Edith*,
In my fair life hereafter.

Edi. He will fool me.

Rol. Oh with thine Angel eyes behold and close me,
Of Heaven we call for mercy and obtain it;
To Justice for our right on Earth and have it;
Of thee I beg for love, save me, and give it.

Edi. Now heaven thy help, or I am gone for ever,
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity.

Enter Hamond, *and* Guard.

Ham. Keep the doors safe, and upon pain of death
Let no man enter till I give the word.

Guard. We shall Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Here he is in all his pleasure; I have my wish.

Rol. How now? why dost thou stare so?

Edi. A help, I hope.

Rol. What dost thou here? who sent thee?

Ham. My Brother, and the base malicious Office
Thou mad'st me do to *Aubrey*; pray.

Rol. Pray?

Ham. Pray; pray if thou canst pray, I shall kill thy soul else,
Pray suddenly.

Rol. Thou can'st not be so trayterous.

Ham. It is a Justice; stay Lady;
For I perceive your end; a womans hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.

Edi. 'Tis my glory.

Ham. 'Tis mine, stay, and share with me; by the gods, *Rollo*,

There is no way to save thy life.
Rol. No?
Ham. No, it is so monstrous, no repentance cures it.
Rol. Why then thou shalt kill her first, and what this blood
Will cast upon thy cursed head.
Ham. Poor Guard Sir.
Edi. Spare not brave Captain.
Rol. Fear, or the Devil has thee.
Ham. Such fear Sir as you gave your honor'd Mother,
When your most vertuous Brother, shield-like, held her;
Such I'le give you, put her away.
Rol. I will not, I will not die so tamely. (on thee?
Ham. Murtherous villain, wilt thou draw seas of blood up-
Edi. Fear not, kill him good Captain, any way dispatch
Him, my body's honor'd with that sword that through me,
Sends his black soul to Hell: Oh, but for one hand.
Ham. Shake him off bravely.
Edi. He's too strong, strike him.
Ham. Oh, am I with you Sir? now keep you from him,
What, has he got a knife?
Edi. Look to him Captain, for now he will be mischievous.
Ham. Do you smile Sir?
Do's it so tickle you? have at you once more.
Edi. O bravely thrust; take heed he come not in Sir;
To him again, you give him too much respite.
Rol. Yet will you save my life, and I'le forgive thee,
And give thee all, all honours, all advancements,
Call thee my friend.
Ed. Strike, strike, and hear him not,
His tongue will tempt a Saint.
Rol. Oh for my soul sake.
Edi. Save nothing of him.
Ham. Now for your farewel,
Are you so wary? take you that.
Rol. Thou, that too;
Oh thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely. [*Dyes.*
Edi. The just reward of murther falls upon thee.
How do you Sir? has he not hurt you?
Ham. No, I feel not any thing.
Aub. I charge you let us passe. [*within.*

Gua. You cannot yet Sir.
Aub. I'le make way then.
Gua. We are sworn to our Captain, and till he give the word.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, *Lords and attendants.*

Ham. Now let them in there.
Sop. Oh, here he lies,
Sorrow on sorrow seeks me, Oh, in his blood he lyes.
Aub. Had you spoke sooner
This might have been prevented;
Take the Dutchess,
And lead her off, this is no sight for her eyes.
Mat. Oh, bravely done wench.
Edi. There stands the noble doer.
Mat. My honour ever seek thee for thy justice,
Oh 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A justice even for heaven to envy at,
Farewel my sorrows, and my tears take truce,
My wishes are come round: Oh bloody Brother,
Till this hour never beauteous; till thy life,
Like a full sacrifi[c]e for all thy mischiefs,
Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous:
Oh how my eyes are quarri'd with their joys now!
My longing heart even leaping out for lightness!
But dye thy black sins with thee, I forgive thee.
Aub. Who did this deed?
Ham. I, and I'le answer it. [*Dies.*
Edi. He faints, oh that same cursed knife has kill'd him.
Aub. How?
Edi. He snatch'd it from my hand, for whom I bore it,
And as they grappl'd.
Aub. Justice is ever equal,
Had it not been on him, th'adst dy'd too honest.
Did you know of his death?
Edi. Yes, and rejoyce in't.
Aub. I'me sorry for your youth then; though the strictness
Of Law shall not fall on you, that of life
Must presently, go to a Cloyster, carry her,
And there for ever lead your life in penitence.
Edi. Best Father to my soul, I give you thanks, Sir,

And now my fair revenges have their ends,
My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my friends. [*Exit.*

Enter Latorch, *and* Juglers.

Lat. Stay there, I'le step in and prepare the Duke.
Nor. We shall have brave rewards?
Fis. That is without question.
Lat. By this time where's my huffing friend Lord *Aubrey?*
Where's that good Gentleman? oh, I could laugh now,
And burst my self with meer imagination;
A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man;
To suffer himself be juggl'd out of the world,
By a number of poor Gipseys? farewel Swash-buckler,
For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time;
A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,
And ne'r draw bloud in shew: now shall my honour,
My power and vertue walk alone: my pleasure
Observ'd by all, all knees bend to my worship,
All sutes to me as Saint of all their fortunes,
Prefer'd and crowded to, what full place of credit,
And what place now? your Lordship? no, 'tis common,
But that I'le think to morrow on; now for my business.
Aub. Who's there?
Lat. Dead, my Master dead? *Aubrey* alive too?
Gua. *Latorch*, Sir.
Aub. Seize his body.
Lat. My Master dead?
Aub. And you within this halfhour,
Prepare your self good Devil, you must to it,
Millions of gold shall not redeem thy mischief,
Behold the Justice of thy practice, villain;
The mass of murthers thou hast drawn upon us:
Behold thy doctrine; you look now for reward, Sir,
To be advanc'd, I'm sure, for all your labours?
And you shall have it, make his gallows higher
By ten foot at the least, and then advance him.
Lat. Mercy, mercy.
Aub. 'Tis too late fool,
Such as you meant for me, away with him. [*He is led out.*
What gaping knaves are these, bring 'em in fellows,

Now, what are you?

Nor. Mathematicians, if it please your Lordship.

Aub. And you drew a figure?

Fis. We have drawn many.

Aub. For the Duke, I mean; Sir *Latorchs* knaves you are.

Nor. We know the Gentleman.

Aub. What did he promise you?

Nor. We are paid already.

Aub. But I will see you better paid, go whip them.

Nor. We do beseech your Lordship, we were hir'd.

Aub. I know you were, and you shall have your hire;
Whip 'em extremely, whip that Doctor there,
Till he record himself a Rogue.

Nor. I am one, Sir.

Aub. Whip him for being one, and when th'are whip't,
Lead 'em to the gallows to see their patron hang'd;
Away with them. [*They are led out.*

Nor. Ah, good my Lord.

Aub. Now to mine own right, Gentlemen.

1 *Lord.* You have the next indeed, we all confess it,
And here stand ready to invest you with it.

2 *Lord.* Which to make stronger to you, and the surer
Than bloud or mischiefs dare infringe again,
Behold this Lady, Sir, this noble Lady,
Full of the bloud as you are, of that nearness,
How blessed would it be?

Aub. I apprehend you, and so the fair *Matilda* dare accept
Me her ever constant servant.

Mat. In all pureness,
In all humility of heart and services,
To the most noble *Aubrey*, I submit me.

Aub. Then this is our first tye, now to our business.

1 *Lord.* We are ready all to put the honour on you, Sir.

Aub. These sad rites must be done first, take up the bodys,
This, as he was a Prince, so Princely funeral
Shall wait upon him: on this honest Captain,
The decency of arms; a tear for him too.

So, sadly on, and as we view his blood,
May his Example in our Rule raise good.

THE
Wild-Goose Chase;
A
COMEDY.

Persons Represented in the Play.

De-Gard, *A Noble stay'd Gentleman that being newly lighted from his Travels, assists his Sister* Oriana *in her chase of* Mirabel *the* Wild-Goose.

La-Castre, *the Indulgent Father to* Mirabell.

Mirabell, *the* Wild-Goose, *a Travell'd Monsieur, and great defyer of all Ladies in the way of Marriage, otherwise their much loose servant, at last caught by the despis'd* Oriana.

Pinac, *his fellow Traveller, of a lively spirit, and Servant to the no less sprightly* Lillia-Bianca.

Belleur, *Companion to both, of a stout blunt humour, in love with* Rosalura.

Nantolet, *Father to* Rosalura *and* Lillia-Bianca.

Lugier, *the rough and confident Tutor to the Ladies, and chief Engine to entrap the* Wild-Goose.

Oriana, *the fair betroth'd of* Mirabell, *and witty follower of the* Chase.

Rosalura, } *the Airie Daughters*
Lillia-Bianca, } *of* Nantolet.

Petella, *their Waiting-woman.*

Mariana, *an English Courtezan.*

A young Factor.

Page.

Servants.

Singing-Boy.

Two Merchants.

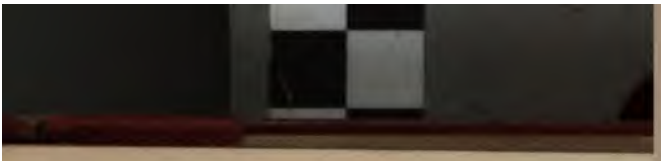
Priest.

Four Women.

The Scene Paris.

The Actors were,

Robert Benfield.	*John Lowin.*	*William Trigg.*
Richard Robinson.	*William Penn.*	*Sander Gough.*
Joseph Taylor.	*Hilliard Swanston.*	Mr. *Shank.*
Thomas Pollard.	*Stephen Hammerton.*	*John Hony-man.*



Act I THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Monsieur De Gard, *and a Foot-Boy.*

[*De Ga.*] SIrrah, you know I have rid hard; stir my
And let him want no Litter. (Horse well
Boy. I am sure I have run hard,
Would some body would walk me, & see me Litter'd;
For I think my fellow-horse, cannot in reason
Desire more rest, nor take up his Chamber before me,
But we are the Beasts now, and the Beasts are our Masters.
De Ga. When you have done, step to the Ten-Crown
Boy. With all my heart, Sir, (*Ordinary.*
For I have a Twenty Crown stomach.
De Ga. And there bespeak a dinner.
Boy. Yes Sir, presently.
De Ga. For whom, I beseech you, Sir?
Boy. For my self, I take it, Sir.
De Ga. In truth ye shall not take it, 'tis not meant for you,
There's for your Provender: Bespeak a Dinner
For *Monsieur Mirabell*, and his Companions,
They'll be in Town within this hour.
When you have done, Sirrah,
Make ready all things at my Lodging, for me,
And wait me there.
Boy. The Ten Crown *Ordinary*?
De Ga. Yes Sir, if you have not forgot it.
Boy. I'le forget my feet first;
'Tis the best part of a Foot-mans faith. [*Exit Boy.*
De Ga. These youths
For all they have been in *Italy*, to learn thrift,
And seem to wonder at mens lavish waies,
Yet they cannot rub off old friends, their French itches;
They must meet sometimes to disport their Bodies
With good Wine, and good Women; and good store too.
Let 'em be what they will, they are Arm'd at all points,
And then hang saving. Let the Sea grow high,
This *Ordinary* can fit 'em of all sizes,

Enter La-Castre *and* Oriana.

They must salute their Country with old customes.
Ori. Brother.
De Ga. My dearest Sister.
Ori. Welcome, welcome:
Indeed ye are welcome home, most welcome.
De Ga. Thank ye,
You are grown a handsome woman, *Oriana*,
(Blush at your faults) I am wondrous glad to see ye.
Monsieur *La-Castre*: Let not my Affection
To my fair Sister, make me be held unmannerly:
I am glad to see ye well, to see ye lusty,
Good health about ye, and in fair company,
Believe me, I am proud—
La-Cast. Fair Sir, I thank ye:
Monsieur *de Gard*, you are welcome from your journey,
Good men, have still good welcome: give me your hand, Sir.
Once more, you are welcome home: you look still younger.
De Ga. Time has no leasure to look after us.
We wander every where: Age cannot find us.
La-Cast. And how does all?
De Ga. All well, Sir; and all lusty.
La-Cast. I hope my Son be so, I doubt not, Sir,
But you have often seen him in your journeys,
And bring me some fair News.
De Ga. Your Son is well, Sir,
And grown a proper Gentleman: he is well, and lusty,
Within this eight hours, I took leave of him,
And over-ey'd him, having some slight business
That forc'd me out o'th' way: I can assure you
He will be here to night.
La-Cast. Ye make me glad, Sir,
For o' my faith, I almost long to see him,
Me thinks he has been away—
De Ga. 'Tis but your tenderness;
What are three years? a love-sick wench will allow it:
His friends that went out with him are come back too;
Belleur, and young *Pinac*: he bid me say little,
Because he means to be his own glad Messenger.

La-Ca. I thank ye for this news, Sir, he shall be welcome,
And his friends too: indeed I thank you heartily:
And how (for I dare say, you will not flatter him)
Has *Italy* wrought on him? has he mew'd yet
His wild fantastick Toyes? they say that Climate
Is a great purger of those humorous Fluxes.
How is he improved, I pray ye?
De Ga. No doubt, Sir, well.
H'as born himself a full, and noble Gentleman,
To speak him farther is beyond my Charter.
La-Cast. I am glad to hear so much good; Come, I see
You long to enjoy your Sister: yet I must intreat ye
Before I go, to sup with me to night
And must not be deni'd.
De Ga. I am your servant. (pany.
La-C. Where you shall meet fair, merry, and noble Com-
My neighbour *Natolet*, and his two fair Daughters.
De G. Your supper's season'd well, Sir. I shall wait upon ye.
La-C. Till then I'le leave ye: and y'are once more welcome.
De G. I thank ye, noble Sir. Now, *Oriana*, [*Exit.*
How have ye done since I went? have ye had your health
And your mind free? (well?
Oria. You see I am not bated;
Merry, and eat my meat.
De G. A good preservative.
And how have you been us'd? You know, *Oriana*,
Upon my going out, at your request,
I left your Portion in *La-Castre*'s hands,
(The main Means you must stick to) for that reason
(And 'tis no little one) I ask ye, Sister,
With what humanity he entertains ye,
And how ye find his courtesie?
Oria. Most ready.
I can assure you, Sir, I am us'd most nobly.
De G. I am glad to hear it: But I prethee tell me,
(And tell me true) what end had you, *Oriana*,
In trusting your mony here? He is no Kinsman,
Nor any tie upon him of a Guardian;
Nor dare I think ye doubt my prodigality.
Or. No, certain, Sir, none of all this provoked me;

Another private reason.
De G. 'Tis not private,
Nor carryed so: 'tis common (my fair Sister)
Your love to *Mirabel*; your blushes tell it:
'Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely;
And with no little shame I wonder at it.
Oria. Is it a shame to love?
De G. To love undiscreetly:
A Virgin should be tender of her honour,
Close, and secure.
Oria. I am as close as can be,
And stand upon as strong and honest guards too;
Unless this Warlike Age need a Port-cullis:
Yet I confess, I love him.
De G. Hear the people.
Oria. Now I say hang the people: He that dares
Believe what they say, dares be mad, and give
His Mother, nay his own Wife up to Rumor;
All grounds of truth they build on, is a Tavern,
And their best censure's Sack, Sack in abundance:
For as they drink, they think: they ne're speak modestly
Unless the wine be poor, or they want mony.
Believe them? believe *Amadis de Gaul*,
The Knight o'th' Sun, or *Palmerin* of *England*;
For these, to them, are modest, and true stories.
Pray understand me; if their tongues be truth,
And if in *Vino veritas* be an Oracle,
What Woman is, or has been ever honest?
Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll swear *Lucretia*
Dy'd not for want of power to resist *Tarquin*,
But want of Pleasure, that he stay'd no longer:
And *Portia*, that was famous for her Piety
To her lov'd Lord, they'll face ye out, dy'd o'th' Pox.
De G. Well, there is something, Sister.
Oria. If there be, Brother,
'Tis none of their things, 'tis not yet so monstrous;
My thing is Marriage: And at his return
I hope to put their squint-eyes right again.
De G. Marriage? 'tis true; his Father is a rich man;
Rich both in land and money: he his heir,

A young and handsome man, I must confess too;
But of such qualities, and such wild flings,
Such admirable imperfections, Sister,
(For all his Travel, and bought experience)
I should be loth to own him for my Brother:
Methinks a rich mind in a state indifferent
Would prove the better fortune.

Oria. If he be wild,
The reclaiming him to good, and honest, (Brother)
Will make much for my honour; which, if I prosper,
Shall be the study of my love, and life too. (too.

De G. Ye say well; would he thought as well, and loved
He Marry? he'll be hanged first: he knows no more
What the conditions and the ties of Love are,
The honest purposes and grounds of Marriage,
Nor will know, nor be ever brought t' endeavour,
Than I do how to build a Church; he was ever
A loose and strong defier of all order,
His Loves are wanderers, they knock at each door,
And taste each dish, but are no residents:
Or say he may be brought to think of Marriage,
(As 'twill be no small labour) thy hopes are strangers.
I know there is a labour'd match, now follow'd,
(Now at this time, for which he was sent for home too)
Be not abus'd, *Natolet* has two fair Daughters,
And he must take his choice.

Or. Let him take freely;
For all this I despair not; my mind tells me
That I, and only I, must make him perfect;
And in that hope I rest.

De-Gar. Since y'are so confident,
Prosper your hope; I'll be no adversary;
Keep your self fair and right, he shall not wrong ye.

Or. When I forget my vertue, no man know me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Bellure, *and Servants.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, Gentlemen;
We have had a merry and a lusty Ordinary,

And Wine, and good meat, and a bounsing Reckoning;
And let it go for once; 'Tis a good Physick,
Only the Wenches are not for my diet,
They are too lean and thin; their embraces brawn-faln.
Give me the plump *Venetian*, fat, and lusty,
That meets me soft and supple; smiles upon me,
As if a Cup of full Wine leapt to kiss me;
These slight things I affect not.

Pin. They are ill built;
Pin-buttockt, like your dainty Barbaries,
And weak i'th' pasterns; they'll endure no hardness.

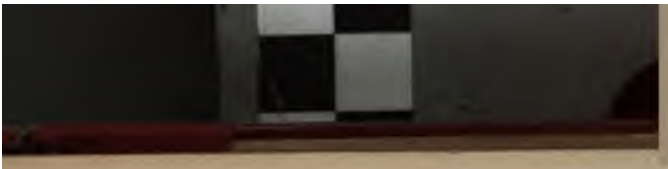
Mir. There's nothing good, or handsom bred amongst us:
Till we are travel'd, and live abroad, we are Coxcombs:
Ye talk of *France*, a slight unseason'd Country,
Abundance of gross food, which makes us Block-heads:
We are fair set out indeed, and so are fore-horses:
Men say we are great Courtiers, men abuse us:
We are wise, and valiant too, *non credo*, *Seignior*:
Our Women the best Linguists, they are Parrats;
O' this side the *Alpes* they are nothing but meer Drolleries:
Ha, *Roma la Santa*, *Italy* for my money,
Their policies, their customs, their frugalities,
Their courtesies so open, yet so reserved too,
As when ye think y'are known best, ye are a stranger;
The very pick-teeth speak more man than we do,
And season of more salt.

Pin. 'Tis a brave Country:
Not pester'd with your stubborn precise Puppies,
That turn all useful and allow'd contentments
To scabs and scruples; hang 'em Capon-worshippers.

Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their Women too,
And would fain do as others do; but I am so bashful,
So naturally an Ass: Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
And very willingly I go to see 'em,
(There's no man willinger) and I can kiss 'em,
And make a shift—

Mir. But if they chance to flout ye,
Or say ye are too bold; fie, Sir, remember;
I pray sit farther off;—

Bel. 'Tis true, I am humbled,



I am gone, I confess ingenuously I am silenced,
The spirit of Amber cannot force me answer.
Pin. Then would I sing and dance.
Bel. You have wherewithal, Sir.
Pin. And charge her up again.
Bel. I can be hang'd first;
Yet where I fasten well I am a tyrant.
Mir. Why, thou darst fight?
Bel. Yes, certainly, I dare fight;
And fight with any man at any weapon,
Would the other were no more; but a pox on't,
When I was sometimes in my height of hope,
And reasonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd,
Some scornful jest or other chops between me (men?
And my desire: what would ye have me to do then, Gentle-
Mir. *Belvere*, you must be bolder: Travel three years,
And bring home such a Baby to betray ye
As bashfulness? a great fellow, and a Souldier?
Bel. You have the gift of impudence, be thankful;
Every man has not the like talent: I will study
And if it may be reveal'd to me.
Mir. Learn of me,
And of *Pinac*: no doubt you'll find employment;
Ladies will look for Courtship.
Pic. 'Tis but fleshing, (marriage?
But standing one good brunt or two: hast thou any mind to
We'l provide thee some soft-natur'd wench, that's dumb too.
Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee in charity.
Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were eager
And car'd not for Discourse, I were excellent at.
Mi. You must now put on boldness, there's no avoiding it;
And stand all hazards; flye at all games bravely;
They'll say you went out like an Oxe, and return'd like an
Bel. I shall make danger sure. (Ass else.
Mir. I am sent for home now,
I know it is to marry, but my Father shall pardon me,
Although it be a witty Ceremony,
And may concern me hereafter in my Gravity;
I will not lose the freedom of a Traveller;
A new strong lusty Bark cannot ride at one Anchor;

Shall I make divers suits to shew to the same eyes?
'Tis dull and home-spun; Study several pleasures,
And want employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd first;
Tye me to one smock? make my travels fruitless?
I'll none of that; for every fresh behaviour,
By your leave, Father, I must have a fresh Mistriss,
And a fresh favour too.

Bel. I like that passingly;
As many as you will, so they be willing,
Willing, and gentle, gentle.

Pin. There's no reason
A Gentleman, and a Traveller should be clapt up,
For 'tis a kind of Bæboes to be married
Before he manifest to the World his good parts:
Tug ever like a Rascal at one Oar?
Give me the *Italian* liberty.

Mir. That I study;
And that I will enjoy; Come, go in Gentlemen,
There mark how I behave my self, and follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter La-Castre, Natolet, Lugie[r], Rosa Lieura, Lylia-Biancha.

La-Cas. You and your beauteous daughters are most wel-
Beshrew my blood they are fair ones; welcom Beauties, (come,
Welcome, sweet Birds.

Nat. They are bound much to your courtesies.

La-Cas. I hope we shall be nearer acquainted.

Nat. That's my hope too.
For certain, Sir, I much desire your Alliance:
You see 'em, they are no Gypsies, for their breeding,
It has not been so coarse, but they are able
To rank themselves with women of fair fashion;
Indeed they have been trained well.

Lug. Thank me.

Nat. Fit for the Heirs of that State I shall leave 'em;
To say more, is to sell 'em. They say your Son
Now he has travell'd must be wondrous curious,
And choice in what he takes: these are no coarse ones;

Sir, here's a merry wench, let him look to himself,
(All heart, i'faith) may chance to startle him;
For all his care, and travell'd caution,
May creep into his Eye; if he love Gravity,
Affect a solemn face, there's one will fit him.
La-C. So young, and so demure?
Nat. She is my Daughter,
Else I would tell you, Sir, she is a Mistriss
Both of those manners and that modesty
You would wonder at: She is no often Speaker,
But when she does, she speaks well; Nor no Reveller,
Yet she can dance, and has studied the Court Elements,
And sings, as some say, handsomely; if a woman,
With the decency of her Sex, may be a Scholar,
I can assure ye, Sir, she understands too.
La-C. These are fit Garments, Sir.
Lug. Thank them that cut 'em; (too;
Yes, they are handsome women; they have handsome parts
Pretty becoming parts.
La-C. 'Tis like they have, Sir.
Lug. Yes, yes, and handsome Education they have had too,
Had it abundantly; they need not blush at it;
I taught it, I'll avouch it.
La-C. You say well, Sir.
Lug. I know what I say, Sir, and I say but right, Sir;
I am no Trumpet of their Commendations
Before their Father; else I should say farther.
La-C. 'Pray ye, what's this Gentleman?
Nat. One that lives with me, Sir;
A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter,
Yet it offends no wise man; I take pleasure in't:
Many fair gifts he has, in some of which
That lye most easie to their understandings,
H'as handsomely bred up my Girls, I thank him.
I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it,
It seems they are of years now to take hold on't.
He's wondrous blunt.
La-C. By my faith I was afraid of him:
Does he not fall out with the Gentlewomen sometimes?
Nat. No, no, he's that way moderate, and discreet, Sir.

Res. If he did, we should be too hard for him.
Lug. Well said Sulphur:
Too hard for thy Husbands head if he wear not armour.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, De-Gard, [Belleur,] *and* Oriana.

Nat. Many of these bickrings, Sir.
La-C. I am glad they are no Oracles;
Sure, as I live, he beats them, he's so puisant.
Or. Well, if ye do forget—
Mir. Prithee hold thy peace;
I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'st me,
Preserve it till we have a fit time to discourse on't,
And a fit place: I'll ease thy heart I warrant thee:
Thou seest I have much to do now.
Or. I am answer'd, Sir:
With me ye shall have nothing on these conditions.
De-Gard. Your Father and your friends.
La-C. You are welcome home, Sir;
'Bless ye, ye are very welcome:
'Pray know this Gentleman,
And these fair Ladies.
Nat. Monsieur *Mirabell*,
I am much affected with your fair return, Sir;
You bring a general joy.
Mir. I bring you service,
And these bright Beauties, Sir.
Nat. Welcome home, Gentlemen,
Welcome, with all my heart.
Bel. Pin. We thank ye, Sir.
La-C. Your friends will have their share too.
Bel. Sir, we hope
They'll look upon us, though we shew like strangers.
Nat. Monsieur *De-Gard*, I must salute you also,
And this fair Gentlewoman: you are welcome from your
All welcome, all. (Travel too.
De-Gard. We render ye our loves, Sir:
The best Wealth we bring home: By your Favours, Beauties,
One of these two: you know my meaning.
Or. Well, Sir:
They are fair and handsom, I must needs confess it;

And let it prove the worst, I shall live after it,
Whilst I have meat and drink Love cannot starve me;
For if I dye o'th' first fit I am unhappy,
And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.
Mir. To marry, Sir?
La-C. You know I am an old man,
And every hour declining to my Grave,
One foot already in, more Sons I have not,
Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are worthy,
In you lies all my hope, and all my name,
The making good or wretched of my memory,
The safety of my state.
Mir. And you have provided
Out of this tenderness these handsom Gentlewomen,
Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?
La-C. I have, dear Son.
Mir. 'Tis true, ye are old, and feebled;
Would ye were young again, and in full vigor;
I love a bounteous Fathers life, a long one,
I am none of those that when they shoot to ripeness,
Do what they can to break the boughs they grew on;
I wish ye many years and many Riches,
And pleasures to enjoy 'em: But for Marriage,
I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it,
Nor think it fit.
La-C. You will render me your reasons?
Mir. Yes, Sir, both short and pithy, and these they are:
You would have me marry a Maid?
La-C. A Maid? what else? (Wills,
Mir. Yes, there be things called Widows, dead mens
I never lov'd to prove those; nor never long'd yet
To be buried alive in another mans cold monument.
And there be maids appearing, and maids being:
The appearing are fantastick things, meer shadows;
And if you mark 'em well, they want their heads too;
Only the World to cozen misty eyes,
Has clapt 'em on new faces. The maids being,
A man may venture on, if he be so mad to marry;
If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune;
And let him take heed how he gathers these too,

For look ye, father, they are just like melons,
Musk-melons are the emblems of these maids;
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em, they taste pleasantly,
And are a dainty fruit, digested easily:
Neglect this present time, and come to morrow,
They are so ripe they are rotten gone, their sweetness
Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit.
La-C. Why, these are now ripe, Son.
Mir. I'll try them presently,
And if I like their taste—
La-C. 'Pray ye please your self, Sir.
Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it:
Lady, what think you of a handsom man now?
Ros. A wholsom too, Sir.
Mir. That's as you make your Bargain.
A handsom, wholsom man then, and a kind man,
To cheer your heart up, to rejoyce you, Lady?
Ros. Yes Sir, I love rejoycing.
Mir. To lye close to you?
Close as a Cockle? keep the cold nights from you?
Ros. That will be lookt for too, our bodies ask it.
Mir. And get two Boys at every Birth?
Ros. That's nothing,
I have known a Cobler do it, a poor thin Cobler;
A Cobler out of mouldy Cheese perform it,
Cabbage, and coarse black Bread; methinks a Gentleman
Should take foul scorn to have an awl outname him.
Two at a Birth? why, every house-Dove has it:
That man that feeds well, promises as well too,
I should expect indeed something of worth from.
Ye talk of two?
Mir. She would have me get two dozen,
Like Buttons, at a Birth.
Ros. You love to brag, Sir.
If you proclaim these offers at your Marriage,
You are a pretty timber'd man, take heed.
They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hoped for at a higher rate too.
Mir. I will take heed, and thank ye for your counsel:
Father, what think you?

La-C. 'Tis a merry Gentlewoman;
Will make, no doubt, a good wife.
Mir. Not for me:
I marry her, and happily get nothing;
In what a state am I then? Father, I shall suffer
For any thing I hear to the contrary, *more majorum*,
I were as sure to be a Cuckold, Father,
A Gentleman of Antler.
La-C. Away, away, fool.
Mir. As I am sure to fail her expectation,
I had rather get the Pox than get her Babies.
La-C. Ye are much to blame; if this do not affect ye,
'Pray try the other; she's of a more demure way.
Bel. That I had but the audacity to talk thus!
I love that plain-spoken Gentlewoman admirably,
And certain I could go as near to please her,
If down-right doing— she has a per'lous Countenance,
If I could meet one that would believe me,
And take my honest meaning without circumstance.
Mir. You shall have your will, Sir, I will try the other,
But 'twill be to small use. I hope, fair Lady
(For methinks in your eyes I see more mercy)
You will enjoin your Lover a less penance;
And though I'll promise much, as men are liberal,
And vow an ample sacrifice of service,
Yet your discretion, and your tenderness,
And thriftiness in Love, good huswives carefulness
To keep the stock entire—
Lil. Good Sir, speak louder,
That these may witness too ye talk of nothing,
I should be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of so much indiscretion.
Mir. Hark ye, hark ye;
Ods bobs, you are angry, Lady.
Lil. Angry? no, Sir;
I never own'd an anger to lose poorly.
Mir. But you can love for all this, and delight too,
For all your set-austerity, to hear
Of a good husband, Lady?
Lil. You say true, Sir:

For by my troth, I have heard of none these ten years,
They are so rare, and there are so many, Sir,
So many longing-women on their knees too,
That pray the dropping down of these good husbands,
The droping down from heaven; for they are not bred [here],
That you may guess at all my hope, but hearing—
Mir. Why may not I be one?
Lil. You were near 'em once, Sir,
When ye came over the *Alpes*; those are near Heaven;
But since ye miss'd that happiness, there is no hope of ye.
Mir. Can ye love a man?
Lil. Yes, if the man be lovely;
That is, be honest, modest; I would have him valiant,
His anger slow, but certain for his honour;
Travell'd he should be, but through himself exactly;
For 'tis fairer to know manners well than Countries;
He must be no vain Talker, nor no Lover
To hear himself talk, they are brags of a wanderer,
Of one finds no retreict for fair behaviour;
Would ye learn more?
Mir. Yes.
Lil. Learn to hold your peace then,
Fond Girls are got with tongues, women with tempers.
Mir. Women, with I know what; but let this vanish:
Go thy way good Wife *Bias*; sure thy Husband (else.
Must have a strong Philosophers stone, he will ne'r please thee
Here's a starcht piece of austerity; do you hear, Father?
Do you hear this moral Lecture?
La-C. Yes, and like it.
Mir. Why, there's your judgment now; there's an old bolt
This thing must have the strangest observation, (shot:
Do you mark me (father?) when she is married once,
The strangest custom too of admiration
On all she does and speaks, 'twill be past sufferance;
I must not lie with her in common language,
Nor cry have at thee, *Kate*, I shall be hiss'd then;
Nor eat my meat without the sawce of sentences,
Your powder'd Beef, and Problems, a rare diet;
My first Son, Monsieur *Aristotle*, I know it,
Great Master of the Metaphysicks, or so;

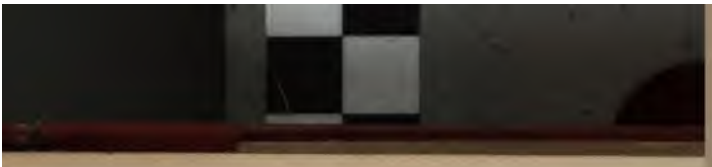
The second *Solon*, and the best Law-setter;
And I must look *Egyptian* God-fathers,
Which will be no small trouble: my eldest daughter
Sapho, or such a fidling kind of Poetess,
And brought up, *invita Minerva*, at her needle.
My dogs must look their names too, and all *Spartan*,
Lelaps, *Melampus*; no more *Fox* and *Baudiface*.
I married to a sullen set of sentences?
To one that weighs her words and her behaviours
In the gold-weights of discretion? I'll be hang'd first.
La-C. Prithee reclaim thy self.
Mir. 'Pray ye give me time then;
If they can set me any thing to play at,
That seems fit for a Gamester, have at the fairest
Till I see more, and try more.
La-C. Take your time then,
I'll bar ye no fair liberty: come Gentlemen,
And Ladies come: to all once more welcome,
And now let's in to supper.
Mir. How dost' like 'em?
Pin. They are fair enough, but of so strange behaviours.
Mir. Too strange for me; I must have those have mettle,
And mettle to my mind; Come, let's be merry.
Bel. 'Bless me from this woman: I would stand the Can-
Before ten words of hers. (non
De-Gar. Do you find him now?
Do you think he will be ever firm?
Or. I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Belleur.

Mir. NE'r tell me of this happiness, 'tis nothing;
The state they bring with being sought to scur-
I had rather make mine own play, and I will do. (vey,
My happiness is in mine own content,
And the despising of such glorious trifles,
As I have done a thousand more. For my humour,
Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me,
A jovial fair Companion; there's a Beauty:

For women, I can have too many of them;
Good women too, as the Age reckons 'em,
More than I have employment for.
Pin. You are happy.
Mir. My only fear is, that I must be forced
Against my nature, to conceal my self.
Health, and an able Body are two jewels.
Pi. If either of these two women were offered to me now,
I would think otherwise, and do accordingly:
Yes, and recant my heresies, I would fain, Sir;
And be more tender of opinion,
And put a little off my travel'd liberty
Out of the way, and look upon 'em seriously.
Methinks this grave carried wench.
Bel. Methinks the other,
The home-spoken Gentlewoman, that desires to be fruitful,
That treats of the full manage of the matter,
For there lies all my aim; that wench, methinks
If I were but well set on; for she is a fable,
If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me:
She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to th' point:
Now do I know I have such a body to please her,
As all the Kingdom cannot fit her with, I am sure on't,
If I could but talk my self into her favour.
Mir. That's easily done.
Bel. That's easily said, would 'twere done;
You should see then how I would lay about me;
If I were vertuous, it would never grieve me,
Or any thing that might justifie my modesty,
But when my nature is prone to do a charitie,
And my calfs-tongue will not help me.
Mir. Will ye go to 'em?
They cannot but take it courteously.
Pi. I'le do my part,
Though I am sure 'twill be the hardest I e're plaid yet,
A way I never try'd too, which will stagger me,
And if it do not shame me, I am happy.
Mir. Win 'em, and wear 'em, I give up my interest.
Pi. What say ye, *Monsieur Bellure*?
Bel. Would I could say,



Or sing, or any thing that were but handsom,
I would be with her presently.
Pi. Yours is no venture;
A merry ready wench.
Bel. A vengeance squibber;
She'l fleer me out of faith too.
Mir. I'le be near thee;
Pluck up thy heart, I'le second thee at all brunts;
Be angry if she abuse thee, and beat her a little,
Some women are won that way.
Bel. Pray be quiet,
And let me think: I am resolv'd to go on;
But how I shall get off again—
Mir. I am perswaded
Thou wilt so please her, she will go near to ravish thee.
Bel. I would 'twere come to that once: let me pray a little.
Mir. Now for thine honour *Pinac*; board me this modesty,
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a conquest
(Although I know thou art a fortunate Wencher,
And hast done rarely in thy daies) above all thy ventures.
Bel. You will be ever near?
Mir. At all necessities,
And take thee off, and set thee on again, Boy;
And cherish thee, and stroak thee.
Bel. Help me out too?
For I know I shall stick i'th' mire: if ye see us close once,
Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly,
For I am then determin'd to do wonders.
Farewel, and fling an old shooe: how my heart throbs!
Would I were drunk: Farewel *Pinac*; Heaven send us
A joyfull and a merry meeting, man.
Pi. Farewel,
And chear thy heart up; and remember *Bellure*
They are but women.
Bel. I had rather they were Lyons. [*Exeunt.*
Mir. About it; I'le be with you instantly.

Enter Oriana.

Shall I ne'r be at rest? no peace of conscience?
No quiet for these creatures? Am I ordain'd

To be devour'd quick by these she-Canibals?
Here's another they call handsom, I care not for her,
I ne'r look after her: when I am half tipled
It may be I should turn her, and peruse her,
Or in my want of women, I might call for her;
But to be haunted when I have no fancie,
No maw to th' matter—Now, why do you follow me?

Ori. I hope, Sir, 'tis no blemish to my vertue,
Nor need you (out of scruple) ask that question,
If you remember ye, before your Travel
The contract you ty'd to me: 'tis my love, Sir,
That makes me seek ye, to confirm your memory,
And that being fair and good, I cannot suffer:
I come to give ye thanks too.

Mir. For what 'prethee?

Ori. For that fair piece of honesty ye shew'd, Sir,
That constant nobleness.

Mir. How? for I am short headed.

Ori. I'le tell ye then; for refusing that free offer
Of *Monsieur Natolets*; those handsom Beauties,
Those two prime Ladies, that might well have prest ye,
If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your promise,
I know it was for my sake, for your faith sake,
You slipt 'em off: your honesty compell'd ye.
And let me tell ye, Sir, it shew'd most handsomly.

Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no such matter:
Nothing intended that way of that nature;
I have more to do with my honesty than to fool it,
Or venture it in such leak barks as women;
I put 'em off, because I lov'd 'em not,
Because they are too queazie for my temper,
And not for thy sake, nor the Contract sake,
Nor vows, nor oaths; I have made a thousand of 'em,
They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken;
Meer venial slips, that grow not near the conscience;
Nothing concerns those tender parts; they are trifles;
For, as I think, there was never man yet hop'd for
Either constancie, or secrecie, from a woman,
Unless it were an Ass ordain'd for sufferance;
Nor to contract with such can be a Tial;

So let them know again; for 'tis a Justice,
And a main point of civil policie,
What e're we say or swear, they being Reprobates,
Out of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides,
And 'tis a curious blindness to believe us.
Ori. You do not mean this sure?
Mir. Yes sure, and certain,
And hold it positively, as a Principle,
As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires and fluxes,
So we are allow'd as strange wayes to obtain ye,
But not to hold; we are all created Errant.
Ori. You told me other tales.
Mir. I not deny it;
I have tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,
And protestations likewise of all sizes,
As they have vanities to make us coxcombs;
If I obtain a good turn, so it is,
I am thankfull for it: if I be made an Ass,
The mends are in mine own hands, or the Surgeons,
And there's an end on't.
Ori. Do not you love me then?
Mir. As I love others, heartily I love thee,
When I am high and lusty, I love thee cruelly:
After I have made a plenteous meal, and satisfi'd
My senses with all delicates, come to me,
And thou shalt see how I love thee.
Ori. Will not you marry me?
Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet;
I must not lose my liberty, dear Lady,
And like a wanton slave cry for more shackles.
What should I marry for? Do I want any thing?
Am I an inch the farther from my pleasure?
Why should I be at charge to keep a wife of mine own,
When other honest married men will ease me?
And thank me too, and be beholding to me:
Thou thinkst I am mad for a Maiden-head, thou art cozen'd;
Or if I were addicted to that diet
Can you tell me where I should have one? thou art eighteen (now,
And if thou hast thy Maiden-head yet extant,
Sure 'tis as big as Cods-head: and those grave dishes

I never love to deal withal: Do'st thou see this book here?
Look over all these ranks; all these are women, (quests,
Maids, and pretenders to Maiden-heads; these are my con-
All these I swore to marry, as I swore to thee,
With the same reservation, and most righteously,
Which I need not have done neither; for alas they made no
And I enjoy'd 'em at my will, and left 'em: (scruple,
Some of 'em are married since, and were as pure maids again,
Nay o' my conscience better than they were bred for;
The rest fine sober women.

Ori. Are ye not asham'd, Sir?

Mir. No by my troth, Sir; there's no shame belongs to it;
I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleasure,
As others do in rotten sheep, and pasture.

Enter de Gard.

Ori. Are all my hopes come to this? is there no faith?
No troth? nor modesty in men?

de [*G*]*a.* How now Sister,
Why weeping thus? did I not prophesie?
Come tell me why—

Ori. I am not well; 'pray ye pardon me. [*Exit.*

de Ga. Now Monsieur *Mirabel*, what ails my Sister?
You have been playing the wag with her.

Mir. As I take it,
She is crying for a cod-piece; is she gone?
Lord, what an Age is this! I was calling for ye,
For as I live I thought she would have ravish'd me.

de Ga. Ye are merry Sir.

Mir. Thou know'st this book, *de Gard*, this Inventory.

de Ga. The debt-book of your Mistresses, I remember it.

Mir. Why this was it that anger'd her; she was stark mad
She found not her name here, and cry'd down-right,
Because I would not pity her immediately,
And put her in my list.

de Ga. Sure she had more modesty.

Mir. Their modesty is anger to be over-done;
They'l quarrel sooner for precedence here,
And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted,
Than they will in publique meetings; 'tis their natures:

And alas I have so many to dispatch yet,
And to provide my self for my affairs too,
That in good faith—

de Gard. Be not too glorious foolish;
Summe not your Travels up with vanities,
It ill becomes your expectation:
Temper your speech, Sir; whether your loose story
Be true, or false (for you are so free, I fear it)
Name not my Sister in't; I must not hear it;
Upon your danger name her not: I hold her
A Gentlewoman of those happy parts and carriage,
A good mans tongue may be right proud to speak her.

Mir. Your Sister, Sir? d'ye blench at that? d'ye cavil?
Do you hold her such a piece, she may not be play'd withal?
I have had an hundred handsomer and nobler,
Have su'd to me too for such a courtesie:
Your Sister comes i'th' rear: since ye are so angry,
And hold your Sister such a strong Recusant,
I tell ye I may do it, and it may be will too,
It may be have too, there's my free confession;
Work upon that now.

de Gard. If I thought ye had, I would work,
And work such stubborn work, should make your heart ake;
But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye,
A glorious talker, and a Legend maker
Of idle tales, and trifles; a depraver
Of your own truth; their honours fly about ye;
And so I take my leave, but with this caution,
Your sword be surer than your tongue, you'l smart else.

Mir. I laugh at thee, so little I respect thee;
And I'le talk louder, and despise thy Sister;
Set up a Chamber-maid that shall out-shine her,
And carry her in my Coach too, and that will kill her.
Go get thy Rents up, go.

de Gard. Ye are a fine Gentleman. [*Exit.*

Mir. Now have at my two youths, I'le see how they do,
How they behave themselves, and then I'le study
What wench shall love me next, and when I'le lose her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pinac, *and a Servant.*

Pinac. Art thou her servant, saist thou?
Ser. Her poor creature,
But servant to her horse, Sir.
Pinac. Canst thou shew me
The way to her chamber? or where I may conveniently
See her, or come to talk to her?
Ser. That I can, Sir;
But the question is whether I will or no.
Pinac. Why I'le content thee.
Ser. Why I'le content thee then; now ye come to me.
Pi. There's for your diligence.
Ser. There's her chamber, Sir;
And this way she comes out; stand ye but here, Sir,
You have her at your prospect, or your pleasure.
Pi. Is she not very angry?
Ser. You'l find that quickly:
May be she'll call ye sawcy scurvey fellow,
Or some such familiar name: 'may be she knows ye,
And will fling a Piss-pot at ye, or a Pantofle,
According as ye are in acquaintance: if she like ye,
'May be she'll look upon ye, 'may be no,
And two moneths hence call for ye.
Pinac. This is fine.
She is monstrous proud then?
Ser. She is a little haughtie;
Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted.
Can ye speak Greek?
Pinac. No, certain.
Ser. Get ye gone then;
And talk of stars, and firmaments, and fire-drakes.
Do you remember who was *Adams* School-master,
And who taught *Eve* to spin? she knows all these,
And will run ye over the beginning o'th' world
As familiar as a Fidler.
Can ye sit seven hours together, and say nothing?
Which she will do, and when she speaks, speak Oracles;

Speak things that no man understands, nor her self neither.
Pi. Thou mak'st me wonder.
Ser. Can ye smile?
Pi. Yes willingly:
For naturally I bear a mirth about me.
Ser. She'l ne'r endure ye then; she is never merry;
If she see one laugh, she'll swound past *Aqua vitæ*:
Never come near her, Sir; if ye chance to venture,
And talk not like a Doctor, you are damn'd too;
I have told enough for your crown, and so good speed ye. [*Ex.*
Pi. I have a pretty task, if she be thus curious,
As sure it seems she is; if I fall off now,
I shall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward,
I can but be abus'd, and that I look for,
And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.
Stay, in what mood and figure shall I attempt her?
A careless way? no, no, that will not waken her;
Besides, her gravity will give me line still,
And let me lose my self; yet this way often
Has hit, and handsomly. A wanton method?
I, if she give it leave to sink into her consideration;
But there's the doubt: if it but stir her blood once,
And creep into the crannies of her phansie,
Set her a gog: but if she chance to slight it,
And by the pow'r of her modesty fling it back,
I shall appear the arrantst Rascal to her,
The most licentious knave, for I shall talk lewdly.
To bear my self austerely? rate my words,
And fling a general gravitie about me,
As if I meant to give Laws? but this I cannot do,
This is a way above my understanding;
Or if I could, 'tis odds she'll think I mock her;
For serious and sad things are ever still suspicious.
Well, I'le say something.
But learning I have none, and less good manners,
Especially for Ladies; well, I'le set my best face;

Enter Lilia, Petella.

I hear some coming; this is the first woman
I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me,

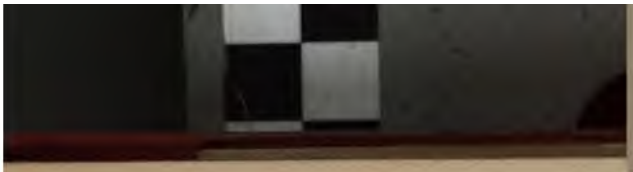
Li. Give me my hat *Petella*, take this veil off,
This sullen cloud, it darkens my delights;
Come wench be free, and let the Musick warble,
Play me some lusty measure.
Pi. This is she sure,
The very same I saw, the very woman,
The Gravitie I wonder'd at: Stay, stay,
Let me be sure; ne'r trust me, but she danceth,
Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth:
I'le go a little nearer.
Li. Quicker time fellows,

Enter Mirabel.

I cannot find my legs yet, now *Petella.*
Pi. I am amaz'd, I am founder'd in my fancies.
Mir. Hah, say ye so; is this your gravitie?
This the austeritie ye put upon ye?
I'le see more o' this sport.
Lil. A Song now;
Call in for a merry, and a light Song,
And sing it with a liberal spirit.

Enter a Man.

Man. Yes, Madam. (company.
Lil. And be not amaz'd Sirrah, but take us for your own
Let's walk our selves: come wench, would we had a man or two.
Pi. Sure she has spi'd me, and will abuse me dreadfully,
She has put on this for the purpose; yet I will try her.
Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion,
Which I must crave a pardon for—
Lil. O ye are welcom,
Ye are very welcom, Sir, we want such a one;
Strike up again: I dare presume ye dance well:
Quick, quick, Sir, quick, the time steals on.
Pi. I would talk with ye.
Lil. Talk as ye dance.
Mir. She'l beat him off his legs first,
This is the finest Masque.
Lil. Now how do ye, Sir?
Pi. You have given me a shrewd heat.



Lil. I'le give ye a hundred.
Come sing now, sing; for I know ye sing well,
I see ye have a singing face.
Pi. A fine Modesty!
If I could, she'd never give me breath,
Madam would I might sit and recover.
Lil. Sit here, and sing now,
Let's do things quickly, Sir, and handsomly,
Sit close wench, close, begin, begin. [*Song.*
Pi. I am lesson'd.
Lil. 'Tis very pretty i'faith, give me some wine now.
Pi. I would fain speak to ye.
Lil. You shall drink first, believe me:
Here's to ye a lusty health.
Pi. I thank ye Lady,
Would I were off again; I smell my misery;
I was never put to this rack; I shall be drunk too. (much:
Mir. If thou be'st not a right one, I have lost mine aim
I thank Heaven that I have scap'd thee; To her *Pinac*;
For thou art as sure to have her, and to groan for her—
I'le see how my other youth does; this speeds trimly:
A fine grave Gentlewoman, and worth much honour. [*Exit.*
Lil. Now? how do ye like me, Sir?
Pi. I like ye rarely.
Lil. Ye see, Sir, though sometimes we are grave and silent,
And put on sadder dispositions,
Yet we are compounded of free parts, and sometimes too
Our lighter, airie, and our fierie mettles (Sir?
Break out, and shew themselves; and what think you of that
Pi. Good Lady sit, for I am very weary;
And then I'le tell ye.
Lil. Fie, a young man idle?
Up, and walk; be still in action.
The motions of the body are fair beauties,
Besides 'tis cold; ods-me Sir, let's walk faster,
What think ye now of the Lady *Felicia*?
And *Bella-fronte* the Dukes fair Daughter? ha?
Are they not handsom things? there is *Duarta*,
And brown *Olivia*.
Pi. I know none of 'em.

Lil. But brown must not be cast away, Sir; if young *Lelia*
Had kept her self till this day from a Husband,
Why what a Beauty, Sir! you know *Ismena*
The fair Jem of Saint *Germans*?
Pi. By my troth I do not.
Lil. And then I know you must hear of *Brisac*,
How unlike a Gentleman—
Pi. As I live I have heard nothing.
Lil. Strike me another Galliard.
Pi. By this light I cannot;
In troth I have sprain'd my leg, Madam.
Lil. Now sit ye down, Sir,
And tell me why ye came hither, why ye chose me out?
What is your business? your errant? dispatch, dispatch!
'May be ye are some Gentlemans man, and I mistook ye,
That have brought me a Letter, or a haunch of Venison,
Sent me from some friend of mine.
Pi. Do I look like a Carrier?
You might allow me what I am, a Gentleman.
Lil. Cry 'ye mercie, Sir, I saw ye yesterday,
You are new come out of Travel, I mistook ye;
And how do all our impudent friends in *Italie*?
Pi. Madam, I came with duty, and fair courtesie,
Service, and honour to ye.
Lil. Ye came to jear me:
Ye see I am merry, Sir, I have chang'd my copy:
None of the Sages now, and 'pray ye proclaim it,
Fling on me what aspersion you shall please, Sir,
Of wantonness, or wildness, I look for it;
And tell the world I am an hypocrite,
Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape, I expect it;
But not to have you believ'd; for mark ye, Sir,
I have won a nobler estimation,
A stronger tie by my discretion
Upon opinion (how e're you think I forced it)
Than either tongue or art of yours can slubber,
And when I please I will be what I please, Sir,
So I exceed not Mean; and none shall brand it
Either with scorn or shame, but shall be slighted.
Pi. Lady, I come to love ye.

Lil. Love your self, Sir,
And when I want observers, I'll send for ye:
Heigh, ho; my fit's almost off, for we do all by fits, Sir:
If ye be weary, sit till I come again to ye. [*Exit.*

Pi. This is a wench of a dainty spirit; but hang me if I know yet
Either what to think, or make of her; she had her will of me,
And baited me abundantly, I thank her,
And I confess I never was so blur[t]ed,
Nor ever so abus'd; I must bear mine own sins;
Ye talk of Travels, here's a curious Country,
Yet I will find her out, or forswear my facultie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Rosalura, *and* Oriana.

Ros. Ne'r vex your self, nor grieve; ye are a fool then.

Or. I am sure I am made so: yet before I suffer
Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph—

Ros. You say right; for as long as he perceives ye
Sink under his proud scornings, he'll laugh at ye:
For me secure your self; and for my Sister,
I partly know her mind too: howsoever
To obey my Father we have made a tender
Of our poor beauties to the travel'd *Monsieur*;
Yet two words to a bargain; he slights us
As skittish things, and we shun him as curious.
May be my free behaviour turns his stomach,
And makes him seem to doubt a loose opinion.
I must be so sometimes, though all the world saw it.

Ori. Why should not ye? Are our minds only measur'd?
As long as here ye stand secure.

Ros. Ye say true;
As long as mine own Conscience makes no question,
What care I for Report? That Woman's miserable
That's good or bad for their tongues sake: Come let's retire.
And get my veil Wench: By my troth your sorrow,
And the consideration of mens humorous maddings,
Have put me into a serious contemplation.

Enter Mirabel *and* Belleur.

Oria. Come 'faith, let's sit, and think.
Ros. That's all my business. (ward.
Mir. Why standst thou peeping here? thou great slug, for-
Bel. She is there, peace.
Mir. Why standst thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou would'[st] steal linnen?
Hast thou not place and time?
Bel. I had a rare speech
Studied, and almost ready, and your violence
Has beat it out of my brains.
Mir. Hang your rare speeches,
Go me on like a man.
Bel. Let me set my Beard up.
How has *Pinac* performed?
Mir. He has won already:
He stands not thrumming of caps thus.
Bel. Lord, what should I ail? (Hum.
What a cold I have over my stomach; would I had some
Certain I have a great mind to be at her:
A mighty mind.
Mir. On fool.
Bel. Good words, I beseech ye;
For I will not be abused by both.
Mir. Adieu, then,
I will not trouble you, I see you are valiant,
And work your own way.
Bel. Hist, hist, I will be rul'd,
I will 'faith, I will go presently:
Will ye forsake me now and leave me i'th' suds?
You know I am false-hearted this way; I beseech ye,
Good sweet *Mirabel*; I'le cut your throat if ye leave me,
Indeed I will sweet heart.
Mir. I will be ready,
Still at thine elbow; take a mans heart to thee,
And speak thy mind: the plainer still the better.
She is a woman of that free behaviour,
Indeed that common courtesie, she cannot deny thee;
Go bravely on.

Bel. Madam— keep close about me,
Still at my back. Madam, sweet Madam—
Ros. Ha;
What noise is that, what saucy sound to trouble me?
Mir. What said she?
Bel. I am saucy.
Mir. 'Tis the better.
Bel. She comes; must I be saucy still?
Mir. More saucy.
Ros. Still troubled with these vanities? Heaven bless us;
What are we born to? would ye speak with any of my people?
Go in, Sir, I am busie.
Bel. This is not she sure:
Is this two Children at a Birth? I'le be hang'd then:
Mine was a merry Gentlewoman, talkt daintily,
Talkt of those matters that befitted women;
This is a parcel-pray'r-book; I'm serv'd sweetly;
And now I am to look too; I was prepar'd for th' other way.
Ros. Do you know that man?
Oria. Sure I have seen him, Lady.
Ros. Methinks 'tis pity such a lusty fellow
Should wander up and down and want employment.
Bel. She takes me for a Rogue: you may do well, Madam,
To stay this wanderer, and set him a work, forsooth,
He can do something that may please your Ladiship.
I have heard of Women that desire good breedings,
Two at a birth, or so.
Ros. The fellow's impudent.
Oria. Sure he is crazed.
Ros. I have heard of men too, that have had good manners;
Sure this is want of grace; indeed 'tis great pity
The young man has been bred so ill; but this lewd Age
Is full of such examples.
Bel. I am founder'd,
And some shall rue the setting of me on.
Mir. Ha? so bookish, Lady, is it possible?
Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'le be hang'd then:
Why this is such a feat, such an activity,
Such fast and loose: a veyl too for your Knavery?
O dio, dio!

Ros. What do you take me for, Sir?
Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,
How e're ye seem, and thus ye are to be handled.
Mark me *Belleur*, and this you love, I know it.
Ros. Stand off, bold Sir.
Mir. You wear good Cloaths to this end,
Jewels, love Feasts, and Masques.
Ros. Ye are monstrous saucy.
Mir. All this to draw on fools? and thus, thus Lady,
Ye are to be lull'd.
Bel. Let her alone, I'le swinge ye else,
I will 'faith; for though I cannot skill o'this matter
My self, I will not see another do it before me,
And do it worse.
Ros. Away, ye are a vain thing;
You have travell'd far, Sir, to return again
A windy and poor Bladder: you talk of Women,
That are not worth the favour of a common one;
The grace of her grew in an Hospital:
Against a thousand such blown fooleries
I am able to maintain good Womens honours,
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do it.
Mir. She has almost struck me dumb too.
Ros. And declaim
Against your base malicious tongues; your noises;
For they are nothing else: You teach behaviours?
Or touch us for our freedoms? teach your selves manners,
Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly
That our lives may shine in ye; and then task us:
It seems ye are hot, the suburbs will supply ye.
Good Women scorn such Gamesters; so I'le leave ye,
I am sorry to see this: 'faith Sir, live fairly. [*Exit.*
Mir. This woman, if she hold on, may be vertuous,
'Tis almost possible: we'll have a new day.
Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forced me to this foolery;
I am asham'd, I am scorn'd, I am flurted; yes, I am so:
Though I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.
Mir. Fie.

Bel. I can, Sir,
And I will fight.
Mir. With whom?
Bel. With you, with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.
Mir. Prethee be moderate.
Bel. And I'le beat all men. Come.
Mir. I love thee dearly.
Bel. I beat all that love, Love has undone me;
Never tell me, I will not be a History.
Mir. Thou art not.
Bel. 'Sfoot I will not; give me room,
And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me,
And I'le begin with you first.
Mir. 'Prethee *Belleur*;
If I do not satisfie thee—
Bel. Well, look ye do:
But now I think on't better, 'tis impossible;
I must beat some body, I am maul'd my self,
And I ought in justice—
Mir. No, no, no, ye are couzen'd;
But walk, and let me talk to thee.
Bel. Talk wisely,
And see that no man laugh upon no occasion;
For I shall think then 'tis at me.
Mir. I warrant thee.
Bel. Nor no more talk of this.
Mir. Do'st think I am maddish?
Bel. I must needs fight yet; for I find it concerns me,
A pox on't, I must fight.
Mir. 'Faith thou shalt not. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter De Gard, *and* Leverdure, *alias* Lugier.

De G. I Know ye are a Scholar, and can do wonders.
Lug. There's no great Scholarship belongs to this,
What I am, I am; I pity your poor Sister, (Sir;
And heartily I hate these Travellers,

These Gim-cracks, made of Mops, and Motions:
There's nothing in their houses here but hummings;
A Bee has more brains. I grieve, and vex too
The insolent licentious carriage
Of this out-facing fellow, *Mirabell*,
And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.
De Gar. His wrongs you partly know.
Lug. Do not you stir, Sir,
Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it;
Keep your sword close, we'll cut his throat a new way.
I am asham'd the Gentlewoman should suffer
Such base lewd wrongs.
De Gar. I will be rul'd, he shall live,
And left to your revenge.
Lug. I, I, I'le fit him:
He makes a common scorn of handsome Women;
Modesty, and good manners are his May-games:
He takes up Maidenheads with a new Commission;
The Church warrant's out of date: follow my Counsel,
For I am zealous in the Cause.
De Gar. I will, Sir;
And will be still directed: for the truth is
My Sword will make my Sister seem more monstrous:
Besides there is no honour won on Reprobates.
Lug. You are i'th' right: The slight he has shew'd my (Pupils,
Sets me a fire too: go I'le prepare your Sister,
And as I told ye.
De Gar. Yes all shall be fit, Sir.
Lug. And seriously, and handsomely.
De Gar. I warrant ye.
Lug. A little counsel more.
De Gar. 'Tis well.
Lug. Most stately.
See that observ'd; and then.
De Gar. I have ye every way.
Lug. Away then and be ready.
De Gar. With all speed, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Lillia, Rosalure, *and* Oriana.

Lug. We'll learn to travel too, may be beyond him.

Good day, Fair beauties.
Lil. You have beautified us.
We thank ye, Sir, ye have set us off most gallantly
With your grave precepts.
Ros. We expected Husbands
Out of your Documents, and taught behaviours;
Excellent Husbands, thought men would run stark mad on us,
Men of all Ages, and all states: we expected
An Inundation of desires, and offers,
A Torrent of trim Suitors: all we did,
Or said, or purpos'd to be Spells about us,
Spells to provoke—
Lil. Ye have provoke'd us finely,
We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,
We were Stately, Coy, Demure, Careless, Light, Giddy,
And play'd at all points: This you swore would carry.
Ros. We made Love, and contemn'd Love. Now seem'd (holy
With such a reverent put-on Reservation
Which could not miss according to your Principles,
Now gave more hope again. Now close, now publick,
Still up and down, we beat it like a Billow;
And ever those behaviours you read to us,
Subtil, and new. But all this will not help us.
Lil. They help to hinder us of all Acquaintance,
They have frighted off all Friends: what am I better
For all my Learning, if I love a Dunce,
A handsome dunce? to what use serves my Reading?
You should have taught me what belongs to Horses,
Doggs, Dice, Hawks, Banquets, Masks, free and fair Meetings,
To have studied Gowns and Dressings.
Lug. Ye are not mad sure.
Ros. We shall be if we follow your encouragements;
I'le take mine own way now.
Lil. And I my fortune:
We may live Maids else till the Moon drop Mil-stones;
I see your modest Women are taken for monsters,
A Dowry of good breeding is worth nothing. (yet,
Lug. Since ye take it so to th' heart, pray'ye give me leave
And ye shall see how I'le convert this Heretick;
Mark how this *Mirabell*—

Lil. Name him no more:
For, though I long for a Husband, I hate him,
And would be marryed sooner to a Monkey,
Or to a *Jack* of Straw, than such a Juggler.
Ros. I am of that mind too; he is too nimble,
And plays at fast and loose too learnedly
For a plain-meaning Woman; that's the truth on't.
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry;
And reason why: No, no, we will not trouble ye
Nor him, at this time: may he make you happy.
We'll turn our selves loose now, to our fair fortunes,
And the down-right way.
Lil. The winning-way we'll follow,
We'll bait, that men may bite fair, and not be frighted;
Yet we'll not be carryed so cheap neither: we'll have some (sport,
Some mad-Morris or other for our mony, Tutor.
Lug. 'Tis like enough: prosper your own Devices;
Ye are old enough to choose: But for this Gentlewoman,
So please her, give me leave.
Oria. I shall be glad, Sir,
To find a friend, whose pity may direct me.
Lug. I'le do my best, and faithfully deal for ye;
But then ye must be ruled.
Oria. In all, I vow to ye.
Ros. Do, do: he has a lucky hand sometimes, I'le assure ye:
And hunts the recovery of a lost Lover deadly.
Lug. You must away straight.
Oria. Yes.
Lug. And I'le instruct ye:
Here ye can know no more.
Oria. By your leave, sweet Ladies,
And all our Fortunes, arrive at our own wishes.
Lil. Amen, Amen.
Lug. I must borrow your man.
Lil. 'Pray take him;
He is within: to do her good, take any thing,
Take us, and all.
Lug. No doubt ye may find Takers;
And so we'll leave ye to your own disposes. [*Exeunt.*
Lil. Now which way, Wench.

Ros. We'll go a brave way; fear not:
A safe, and sure way too: and yet a by-way,
I must confess I have a great mind to be married.
L[i]l. So have I too, a grudging of good-will that way;
And would as fain be dispatch'd. But this *Monsieur Quicksilver.*
Ros. No, no: we'll bar him, by, and Main: Let him trample;
There is no safety in his Surquedrie:
An Army-Royal of women, are too few for him,
He keeps a Journal of his Gentleness,
And will go near to print his fair dispatches,
And call it his triumph over time and women:
Let him pass out of memory: what think ye
Of his two Companions?
Lil. *Pinac* methinks is reasonable;
A little modestie he has brought home with him,
And might be taught in time some handsom duty.
Ros. They say he is a wencher too.
Lil. I like him better:
A free light touch or two becomes a Gentleman,
And sets him seemly off: so he exceed not,
But keep his compass, clear he may be lookt at;
I would not marry a man that must be taught,
And conjur'd up with kisses; the best game
Is plaid still by the best Gamesters.
Ros. Fie upon thee!
What talk hast thou?
Lil. Are not we alone, and merry? (*Gentleman*
Why should we be asham'd to speak what we think? thy
The tall fat fellow; he that came to see thee.
Ros. Is't not a goodly man?
Lil. A wondrous goodly!
H'as weight enough I warrant thee: Mercy upon me;
What a Serpent wilt thou seem under such a S. *George.*
Ros. Thou art a fool; give me a man brings Mettle,
Brings substance with him; needs no Broths to Lare him:
These little fellows shew like Fleas in boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us;
Give me the puissant Pike, take you the small shot.
Lil. Of a great thing I have not seen a duller,
Therefore methinks, sweet Sister—

Ros. Peace: he's modest:
A bashfulness, which is a point of grace, wench:
But when these fellows come to moulding, Sister,
To heat, and handling: as I live, I like him;

Enter Mirabel.

And methinks I could form him.
Lil. Peace: the Fire-drake.
Mir. 'Bless ye sweet beauties: sweet incomparable Ladies:
Sweet wits: sweet humours: 'Bless you, learned Lady,
And you, most holy Nun; 'Bless your Devotions. (Sir,
Lil. And 'bless your brains, Sir, your most pregnant brains,
They are in Trav[ail], may they be delivered
Of a most hopeful Wild-Goose.
Ros. 'Bless your manhood:
They say ye are a Gentleman of action,
A fair accomplish'd man; and a rare Engineer,
You have a trick to blow up Maidenheads,
A subtle trick, they say abroad.
Mir. I have Lady.
Ros. And often glory in their Ruines.
Mir. Yes forsooth;
I have a speedy trick: please you to try it:
My Engine will dispatch ye instantly.
Ros. I would I were a woman, Sir, fit for ye,
As there be such, no doubt, may Engine you too;
May with a Counter-mine blow up your valour:
But in good faith, Sir, we are both too honest:
And the plague is, we can not be perswaded:
For, look ye: if we thought it were a glory
To be the last of all your lovely Ladies. (Market;
Mir. Come, come; leave prating: this has spoil'd your
This pride, and pufft-up heart, will make ye fast, Ladies,
Fast, when ye are hungry too.
Ros. The more our pain, Sir.
Lil. The more our health, I hope too.
Mir. Your behaviours
Have made men stand amaz'd; those men that lov'd ye;
Men of fair States and parts; your strange conventions
Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore;

Your scorns of those that came to visit ye;
Your studied Whim-whams; and your fine set faces:
What have these got ye? proud, and harsh opinions:
A Travel'd-*Monsieur*, was the strangest Creature,
The wildest Monster to be wondred at:
His Person made a publique Scoff, his knowledge,
(As if he had been bred 'mongst Bears or Bandoggs)
Shunn'd and avoided: his conversation snuft at.
What Harvest brings all this?

Ros. I pray ye proceed, Sir.

Mir. Now ye shall see in what esteem a Traveller,
An understanding Gentleman, and a Monsieur
Is to be held, and to your griefs confess it,
Both to your griefs, and galls.

Lil. In what I pray ye, Sir?
We would be glad to understand your excellence.

Mir. Goe on, (sweet Ladies) it becomes ye rarely.
For me, I have blest me from ye, scoff on seriously,
And note the Man ye mock'd: you, (Lady Learning)
Note the poor Traveller, that came to visit ye,
That flat unfurnish'd fellow: note him throughly,
You may chance to see him anon.

Lil. 'Tis very likely.

Mir. And see him Courted by a Travell'd Lady,
Held dear, and honour'd by a vertuous virgin,
May be a Beautie, not far short of yours, neither
It may be, clearer.

Lil. Not unlikely.

Mir. Younger:
As killing eyes as yours: a wit as poynant
May be, a State to that may top your Fortune;
Enquire how she thinks of him, how she holds him;
His good parts; in what precious price already;
Being a stranger to him, how she courts him;
A stranger to his Nation too, how she dotes on him:
Enquire of this; be sick to know: Curse, Lady,
And keep your chamber: cry, and curse: a sweet one,
A thousand in yearly land; well bred; well friended:
Travell'd, and highly followed for her fashions.

Lil. 'Bless his good fortune, Sir.

Mir. This scurvy fellow;
I think they call his name *Pinac*; this serving-man
That brought ye Venison, as I take it, Madam;
Note but this Scab; 'tis strange that this course creature,
That has no more set off, but his jugglings,
His travell'd tricks.
Lil. Good, Sir, I grieve not at him,
Nor envy not his fortune: yet I wonder,
He's handsom; yet I see no such perfection.
Mir. Would I had his fortune: for 'tis a woman
Of that sweet temper'd nature, and that judgment,
Besides her state, that care, clear understanding,
And such a wife to bless him.
Ros. Pray ye whence is she?
Mir. Of *England*, and a most accomplish'd Lady,
So modest that mens eyes are frighted at her,
And such a noble carriage. How now Sirrah?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the great English Lady.
Mir. What of her, Sir?
Boy. Has newly left her coach, and coming this way,
Where you may see her plain: Monsieur *Pinac*,
The only man that leads her.

Enter Pinac, Mariana, *and Attendants.*

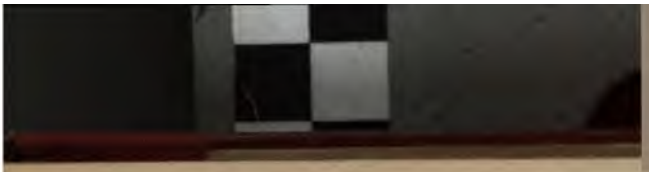
Mir. He is much honored;
Would I had such a favour: now vex Ladies,
Envy, and vex, and rail.
Ros. Ye are short of us, Sir.
Mir. 'Bless your fair fortune, Sir.
Pi. I nobly thank ye.
Mir. Is she married, friend?
Pi. No, no.
Mir. A goodly Lady;
A sweet and delicate aspect: mark, mark, and wonder!
Hast thou any hope of her?
Pi. A little.
Mir. Follow close then:
Lose not that hope.

Pi. To you, Sir.
Mir. Gentle Lady.
Ros. She is fair indeed.
Lil. I have seen a fairer, yet
She is well.
Ros. Her clothes sit handsom too.
Lil. She dresses prettily.
Ros. And by my faith she is rich, she looks still sweeter.
A well bred woman, I warrant her.
Lil. Do you hear, Sir;
May I crave this Gentlewomans name?
Pi. *Mariana*, Lady.
Lil. I will not say I ow ye a quarel Monsieur
For making me your Stale: a noble Gentleman
Would have had more courtesie; at least, more faith,
Than to turn off his Mistris at first trial:
You know not what respect I might have shew'd ye;
I find ye have worth.
Pi. I cannot stay to answer ye;
Ye see my charge: I am beholding to ye
For all your merry tricks ye put upon me,
Your bobs, and base accounts: I came to love ye,
To wooe ye, and to serve ye; I am much indebted to ye
For dancing me off my legs; and then for walking me;
For telling me strange tales I never heard of,
More to abuse me; for mistaking me,
When ye both knew I was a Gentleman,
And one deserv'd as rich a match as you are.
Lil. Be not so bitter, Sir.
Pi. You see this Lady:
She is young enough, and fair enough to please me,
A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her,
I am content with this, and bless my fortune,
Your curious Wits, and Beauties.
Lil. Faith see me once more.
Pi. I dare not trouble ye.
Lil. May I speak to your Lady?
Pi. I pray ye content your self: I know ye are bitter,
And in your bitterness, ye may abuse her;

Which if she comes to know, (for she understands ye not)
It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred,
And such an indiscretion fling on you too;
For she is nobly friended.
Lil. I could eat her.
Pi. Rest as ye are, a modest noble Gentlewoman,
And afford your honest neighbours some of your prayers.
[*Exit.*
Mir. What think you now?
Lil. Faith she's a pretty Whiting;
She has got a pretty catch too.
Mir. You are angry;
Monstrous angry now; grievously angry;
And the pretty heart does swell now.
Lil. No in troth, Sir.
Mir. And it will cry anon; a pox upon it:
And it will curse it self: and eat no meat, Lady;
And it will fight.
Lil. Indeed you are mistaken;
It will be very merry.
Ros. Why, Sir, do you think
There are no more men living, nor no handsomer
Than he, or you, By this light there be ten thousand?
Ten thousand thousand: comfort your self, dear Monsieur,
Faces, and bodies, Wits, and all Abiliments
There are so many we regard 'em not.

Enter Belleur, *and two Gentlemen.*

Mir. That such a noble Lady, I could burst now,
So far above such trifles?
Bel. You did laugh at me,
And I know why ye laughed.
1 *Gent.* I pray ye be satisfied;
If we did laugh, we had some private reason,
And not at you.
2 *Gent.* Alas, we know you not, Sir.
Bel. I'le make you know me; set your faces soberly;
Stand this way, and look sad; I'le be no May-game;
Sadder; demurer yet.
Ros. What's the matter?



What ails this Gentleman?
Bel. Go off now backward, that I may behold ye;
And not a simper on your lives.
Lil. He's mad sure.
Bel. Do you observe me too?
Mir. I may look on ye.
Bel. Why do you grin? I know your minde.
Mir. You do not,
You are strangely humorous: is there no mirth, nor pleasure,
But you must be the object?
Bel. Mark, and observe me;
Where ever I am nam'd;
The very word shall raise a general sadness,
For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me;
This proud pert thing; take heed ye laugh not at me;
Provoke me not, take heed.
Ros. I would fain please ye;
Do any thing to keep ye quiet.
Bel. Hear me,
Till I receive a satisfaction
Equal to the disgrace, and scorn ye gave me:
Ye are a wretched woman; till thou woo'st me,
And I scorn thee asmuch, as seriously
Jear, and abuse thee; ask what Gill thou art;
Or any baser name; I will proclaim thee;
I will so sing thy vertue; so be-paint thee.
Ros. Nay, good Sir, be more modest.
Bel. Do you laugh again?
Because ye are a woman ye are lawless,
And out of compass of an honest anger.
Ros. Good Sir, have a better belief of me.
Lil. Away dear Sister. [*Exit.*
Mir. Is not this better now, this seeming madness,
Than falling out with your friends?
Bel. Have I not frighted her? (humor,
Mir. Into her right wits, I warrant thee: follow this
And thou shalt see how prosperously 'twill guide thee.
Bel. I am glad I have found a way to woo yet, I was afraid
I never should have made a civil Suiter. (once
Well, I'le about it still. [*Exit.*

Mir. Do, do, and prosper.
What sport do I make with these fools! What pleasure
Feeds me, and fats my sides at their poor innocence!

Enter Leverduce, *alias* Lugier, *Mr.* Illiard.

Wooing and wiving, hang it: give me mirth,
Witty and dainty mirth: I shall grow in love sure
With mine own happy head. Who's this? To me, Sir?
What youth is this?
Lev. Yes, Sir, I would speak with you,
If your name be Monsieur *Mirabel.*
Mir. Ye have hit it,
Your business, I beseech ye?
Lev. This it is, Sir,
There is a Gentlewoman hath long time affected ye,
And lov'd ye dearly.
Mir. Turn over, and end that story,
'Tis long enough: I have no faith in women, Sir.
Lev. It seems so, Sir: I do not come to woo for her,
Or sing her praises, though she well deserve 'em,
I come to tell ye, ye have been cruel to her,
Unkind and cruel, falser of faith, and careless,
Taking more pleasure in abusing her,
Wresting her honour to your wild disposes,
Than noble in requiting her affection:
Which, as ye are a man, I must desire ye
(A Gentleman of rank) not to persist in,
No more to load her fair name with your injuries.
Mir. Why, I beseech ye, Sir?
Lev. Good Sir, I'le tell ye,
And I'le be short: I'le tell ye, because I love ye,
Because I would have you shun the shame may follow:
There is a noble man, new come to Town, Sir,
A noble and a great man that affects her,
A Cou[n]trey-man of mine, a brave *Savoyan,*
Nephew to th'Duke, and so much honours her,
That 'twill be dangerous to pursue your old way,
To touch at any thing concerns her honour,
Believe, most dangerous: her name is *Oriana,*
And this great man will marry her: take heed, Sir;

For howsoe'r her Brother, a staid Gentleman,
Lets things pass upon better hopes, this Lord, Sir,
Is of that fiery, and that poynant metal,
(Especially provok'd on by affection)
That 'twill be hard: but you are wise.
Mir. A Lord, Sir?
Lev. Yes, and a noble Lord.
Mir. 'Send her good fortune,
This will not stir her Lord; a Barronness,
Say ye so; say ye so? by'r Lady, a brave title;
Top, and top gallant now; 'save her great Ladiship.
I was a poor servant of hers, I must confess, Sir,
And in those daies, I thought I might be jovy,
And make a little bold to call into her:
But Basto, now; I know my rules and distance;
Yet, if she want an Usher; such an implement;
One that is throughly pac'd; a clean made Gentleman;
Can hold a hanging up; with approbation
Plant his hat formally, and wait with patience
I do beseech you, Sir.
Lev. Sir, leave your scoffing;
And as ye are a Gentleman, deal fairly:
I have given ye a friends counsel, so I'le leave ye.
Mir. But hark ye, hark ye, Sir; is't possible
I may believe what you say?
Lev. You may chuse, Sir. (Nooses?
Mir. No Baits? No Fish-hooks, Sir? No Gins? No
No Pitfals to catch Puppies?
Lev. I tell ye certain;
You may believe; if not, stand to the danger. [*Exeunt.*
Mir. A Lord of *Savoy* saies he? The Dukes Nephew?
A man so mighty? By 'Lady a fair marriage;
By my faith, a handsom fortune: I must leave prating;
For to confess the truth, I have abused her,
For which I should be sorry, but that will seem scurvy;
I must confess, she was ever since I knew her
As modest, as she was fair: I am sure she lov'd me;
Her means good; and her breeding excellent;
And for my sake she has refus'd fair matches:
I may play the fool finely. Stay who are these?

Enter De-Gard, Oriana, *and Attendants.*

'Tis she, I am sure; and that the Lord it should seem,
He carries a fair Port; is a handsom man too:
I do begin to feel, I am a Coxcomb.
Ori. Good my Lord, chuse a nobler: for I know
I am so far below your rank and honour,
That what ye can say this way, I must credit
But spoken to beget your self sport: Alas, Sir,
I am so far off from deserving you,
My beauty so unfit for your Affection,
That I am grown the scorn of common Railers,
Of such injurious things, that when they cannot
Reach at my person, lie with my reputation:
I am poor besides.
de-Ga. Ye are all wealth and goodness;
And none but such as are the scum of men,
The Ulcers of an honest state; Spight-weavers,
That live on poyson only, like swoln spiders,
Dare once profane such excellence, such sweetness.
Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.
de-Ga. Name but the men, Lady;
Let me but know these poor, and base depravers;
Lay but to my revenge their persons open,
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully
For your most beauteous sake, how direfully
I'le handle their despights. Is this thing one?
Be what he will.
Mir. Sir.
de-Ga. Dare your malicious tongue, Sir?
Mir. I know you not; nor what you mean.
Ori. Good my Lord.
de-Ga. If he, or any he.
Ori. I beseech your honour.
This Gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge,
And no doubt, Sir, a worthy man.
de-Ga. Your mercy;
But had he been a tainter of your honour;
A blaster of those beauties raign within ye;
But we shall find a fitter time: dear Lady,

As soon as I have freed ye from your Guardian,
And done some honour'd offices unto ye,
I'le take ye with those faults the world flings on ye;
And dearer than the whole world I'le esteem ye. [*Exeunt.*

Mir. This is a thundring Lord; I am glad I scap'd him:
How lovingly the wench disclaim'd my villany!
I am vext now heartily that he shall have her;
Not that I care to marry, or to lose her;
But that this Bilbo-Lord shall reap that Maiden-head
That was my due; that he shall rig and top her;
I'de give a thousand Crowns now, he might miss her.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep your counsel,
You have good luck, Sir; I'le teach ye to strike lighter.

Mir. Come hither, honest fellow; canst thou tell me
Where this great Lord lies? This *Savoy* Lord? Thou met'st (him;
He now went by thee certain.

Ser. Yes, he did, Sir;
I know him; and I know you are fool'd.

Mir. Come hither,
Here's all this, give me truth.

S[e]r. Not for your mony;
(And yet that may do much) but I have been beaten:
And by the worshipfull Contrivers beaten, and I'le tell ye;
This is no Lord, no *Savoy* Lord.

Mir. Go forward.

Ser. This is a Trick, and put upon ye grosly
By one *Lugier*; the Lord is Monsieur *de-Gard*, Sir;
An honest Gentleman, and a neighbour here;
Their ends you understand better than I, sure.

Mir. Now I know him.
Know him now plain.

Ser. I have discharg'd my colours; so God b'y ye, sir. [*Exit.*

Mir. What a purblinde Puppy was I; now I remember
All the whole cast on's face, though 'twere umber'd, (him.
And mask'd with patches: what a dunder-whelp
To let him domineer thus: how he strutted,
And what a load of Lord he clapt upon him!
Would I had him here again, I would so bounce him,

I would so thank his Lordship for his lewd plot: (bird-pots.
Do they think to carry it away, with a great band made of
And a pair of pin-buttockt breeches? Ha! 'Tis he again.
He comes, he comes, he comes; have at him.

Enter de-Gard, Oriana, *&c.*

Sings. My *Savoy* Lord, why dost thou frown on me?
And will that favour never sweeter be?
Wilt thou I say, for ever play the fool?
de-Gard be wise, and *Savoy* go to School.
My Lord *de-Gard*, I thank ye for your Antick;
My Lady bright, that will be sometimes Frantick;
You worthy Train, that wait upon this Pair,
'Send you more wit, and they a bouncing Baire
And so I take my humble leave of your honours. [*Exit.*

de-Ga. We are discover'd, there's no remedy
Lilia Biancha's man upon my life,
In stubbornness, because *Lugier* corrected him.
(A shameless slaves plague on him for a Rascal.)

Ori. I was in a perfect hope; the bane on't is now,
He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.

de-Ga. We must be patient; I am vext to the proof too,
I'le try once more; then if I fail: Here's one speaks.

Ori. Let me be lost, and scorn'd first.

de-Ga. Well, we'll consider,
Away, and let me shift; I shall be hooted else.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Lugier, Lilia, *Servants.*

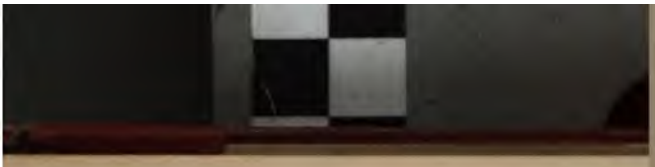
Lug. FAint not; but do as I direct ye, trust me;
Believe me too, for what I have told ye, Lady,
As true as you are *Lilia*, is Authentick;
I know it; I have found it; 'tis a poor courage
Flies off for one repulse; these Travellers
Shall find before we have done, a home-spun wit,
A plain *French* understanding may cope with 'em;
They have had the better yet, thank your sweet Squire, here;

And let 'em brag: you would be reveng'd?
Lil. Yes surely.
Lug. And married too?
Lil. I think so.
Lug. Then be Counsel'd,
You know how to proceed: I have other Irons
Heating as well as yours: and I will strike
Three blows with one Stone home, be rul'd, and happie;
And so I leave ye. Now is the time.
Lil. I am ready,
If he do come to do me.
Ser. Will ye stand here,
And let the people think, ye are God knows what Mistris?
Let Boys, and Prentices presume upon ye?
Lil. Pre'thee hold thy peace.
Ser. Stand at his dore, that hates ye?
Lil. Pre'thee leave prating. (wine there,
S[e]r. 'Pray ye go to th' Tavern. I'le give ye a Pint of
If any of the Mad-cap Gentlemen should come by
That take up women upon speciall warrant,
You were in a wise case now.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Mariana, *Priest*, *Attendants*.

Lil. Give me the Garland,
And wait you here.
Mir. She is here to seek thee, Sirrah.
I told thee what would follow; she is mad for thee;
Shew, and advance. So early stirring Lady?
It shews a busie mind, a fancie troubled:
A willow Garland too? Is't possible?
'Tis pity so much beautie should lie mustie,
But 'tis not to be help'd now.
Lil. The more's my Miserie.
Good fortune to ye, Ladie, you deserve it:
To me, too late Repentance; I have sought it:
I do not envy, though I grieve a little,
You are Mistris of that happiness, those Joyes
That might have been, had I been wise: but fortune.
Pi. She understands ye not, 'pray ye do not trouble her;
And do not cross me like a Hare thus, 'tis as ominous.

Lil. I come not to upbraid your Levitie
Though ye made shew of Love, and though I lik'd ye
To claim an interest; we are yet both Strangers,
But what we might have been, had you persever'd, Sir,
To be an eye-sore to your loving Lady;
This garland shews, I give my self forsaken;
(Yet she must pardon me, 'tis most unwillingly:)
And all the power and interest I had in ye;
As I perswade my self, somewhat ye lov'd me;
Thus patiently I render up, I offer
To her that must enjoy ye: and so bless ye;
Only, I heartily desire this Courtesie,
And would not be deni'd: to wait upon ye
This day, to see ye ty'd, then no more trouble ye.
Pi. It needs not, Ladie.
Lil. Good Sir, grant me so much.
Pi. 'Tis private, and we make no invitation.
Lil. My presence, Sir, shall not proclaim it publick.
Pi. May be 'tis not in Town.
Lil. I have a Coach, Sir,
And a most ready will to do you service.
Mir. Strike now or never; make it sure: I tell thee,
She will hang her self, if she have thee not.
Pi. 'Pray ye, Sir,
Entertain my noble Mistris: only a word or two
With this importunate woman, and I'le relieve ye.
Now ye see what your flings are, and your fancies,
Your states, and your wild stubborness, now ye [fi]nd
What 'tis to gird and kick at mens fair services,
To raise your pride to such a pitch, and glory
That goodness shews like gnats, scorn'd under ye,
'Tis ugly, naught, a self will in a woman,
Chain'd to an over-weening thought, is pestilent,
Murthers fair fortune first; then fair opinion:
There stands a Pattern, a true patient Pattern,
Humble, and sweet.
Lil. I can but grieve my ignorance,
Repentance some say too, is the best sacrifice;
For sure, Sir, if my chance had been so happy,
(As I confess I was mine own destroyer)



As to have arrived at you; I will not prophesie,
But certain, as I think, I should have pleas'd ye;
Have made ye as much wonder at my courtesie,
My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd ye,
Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly;
And being free-born Maids, we take a liberty,
And to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.
Pi. Now ye talk reason.
Lil. But being yoak'd, and govern'd,
Married, and those light vanities purg'd from us;
How fair we grow, how gentle, and how tender,
We twine about those loves that shoot-up with us!
A sullen woman fear, that talks not to ye;
She has a sad and darkn'd soul, loves dully:
A merry and a free wench, give her liberty;
Believe her in the lightest form she appears to ye,
Believe her excellent, though she despise ye,
Let but these fits and flashes pass, she will shew to ye;
As Jewels rub'd from dust, or Gold new burnish'd:
Such had I been, had you believ'd.
Pi. Is't possible?
Lil. And to your happiness, I dare assure ye
If True love be accounted so; your pleasure,
Your will, and your command had tyed my Motions:
But that hope's gone; I know you are young, and giddy,
And till you have a Wife can govern with ye,
You sail upon this wo[r]ld-Sea, light and empty;
Your Bark in danger daily; 'tis not the name neither
Of Wife can steer ye; but the noble nature,
The diligence, the care, the love, the patience,
She makes the Pilot, and preserves the Husband,
That knows, and reckons every Rib he is built on;
But this I tell ye, to my shame.
Pin. I admire ye,
And now am sorry, that I aim beyond ye.
Mir. So, so, so, fair and softly. She is thine own, Boy,
She comes now, without Lure.
Pin. But that it must needs
Be reckon'd to me as a wantonness,
Or worse, a madness, to forsake a Blessing,

A Blessing of that hope.
Lil. I dare not urge ye,
And yet, dear Sir.
Pin. 'Tis most certain, I had rather,
If 'twere in my own choice, for you are my country-woman,
A Neighbour, here born by me, she a Stranger;
And who knows how her friends?
Lil. Do as you please, Sir,
If ye be fast; not all the World; I love ye,
'Tis most true, and clear, I would perswade ye;
And I shall love you still.
Pin. Go, get before me;
So much you have won upon me; do it presently:
Here's a Priest ready; I'll have you.
Lil. Not now, Sir,
No, you shall pardon me; advance your Lady,
I dare not hinder your most high Preferment,
'Tis honour enough for me I have unmask'd ye.
Pin. How's that?
Lil. I have caught ye, Sir, alas, I am no States-woman,
Nor no great Traveller, yet I have found ye,
I have found your Lady too, your beauteous Lady;
I have found her birth and breeding too, her discipline;
Who brought her over, and who kept your Lady;
And when he laid her by, what vertuous Nunnery
Receiv'd her in; I have found all these: are ye blank now?
Methinks such travel'd wisdoms should not fool thus;
Such excellent indiscretions.
Mir. How could she know this? (now,
Lil. 'Tis true, she's English born, but most part French
And so I hope you'll find her, to your comfort,
Alas, I am ignorant of what she cost ye;
The price of these hired cloaths I do not know Gentlemen;
Those Jewels are the Brokers, how ye stand bound for 'em.
Pin. Will you make this good?
Lil. Yes, yes, and to her face, Sir,
That she is an Engl[i]sh Whore, a kind of fling dust,
One of your *London* Light o' Loves; a right one,
Came over in thin Pumps, and half a Petticoat,
One Faith, and one Smock, with a broken Haberdasher;

I know all this without a Conjurer;
Her name is jumping-*Joan*, an ancient Sin-Weaver;
She was first a Ladies Chamber-maid, there slip'd
And broke her leg above the knee; departed
And set up shop her self. Stood the fierce Conflicts
Of many a furious Term; there lost her colours,
And last ship'd over hither.

Mir. We are betray'd.

Lil. Do you come to fright me with this mystery?
To stir me with a stink none can endure, Sir?
I pray ye proceed, the Wedding will become ye;
Who gives the Lady? you? an excellent Father;
A careful man, and one that knows a Beauty,
'Send ye fair Shipping, Sir, and so I'll leave ye,
Be wise and manly, then I may chance to love ye. [*Exit.*

Mir. As I live I am asham'd, this wench has reach'd me,
Monstrous asham'd, but there's no remedy,
This skew'd eye'd Carrion.

Pin. This I suspected ever,
Come, come, uncase, we have no more use of ye;
Your Cloaths must back again.

Mar. Sir, ye shall pardon me;
'Tis not our English use to be degraded;
If you will visit me, and take your venture,
You shall have pleasure for your properties;
And so sweet heart.

Mir. Let her go, and the Devil go with her;
We have never better luck with these preludiums;
Come, be not daunted; think she is but a woman,
And let her have the Devils wit, we'll reach her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Rosalure, *and* Lugier.

Ros. Ye have now redeem'd my good opinion, Tutor,
And ye stand fair again.

Lug. I can but labour,
And sweat in your affairs; I am sure *Belleur*
Will be here instantly, and use his anger,

His wonted harshness.
Ros. I hope he will not beat me.
Lug. No sure, he has more manners; be you ready.
Ros. Yes, yes, I am, and am resolv'd to fit him,
With patience to outdo all he can offer;
But how does *Oriana*?
Lug. Worse, and worse still;
There is a sad house for her: she is now,
Poor Lady, utterly distracted.
Ros. Pity!
Infinite pity! 'tis a handsome Lady,
That *Mirabel*'s a Beast, worse than a Monster,
If this affliction work not.

Enter Lilia Biancha.

Lil. Are ye ready?
Belleur is coming on, here, hard behind me,
I have no leisure to relate my Fortune.
Only I wish you may come off as handsomely,
Upon the sign you know what. [*Exit.*
Ros. Well, well, leave me.

Enter Belleur.

Bel. How now?
Ros. Ye are welcome, Sir.
Bel. 'Tis well ye have manners:
That Court'sie again, and hold your Countenance stai'dly;
That look's too light; take heed: so, sit ye down now,
And to confirm me that your Gall is gone,
Your bitterness dispers'd, for so I'll have it:
Look on me stedfastly, and whatsoe'r I say unto ye,
Move not, nor alter in your face, ye are gone then:
For if you do express the least distaste,
Or shew an angry wrinkle, mark me, woman,
We are now alone, I will so conjure thee;
The third part of my Execution
Cannot be spoke.
Ros. I am at your dispose, Sir.
Bel. Now rise, and woo me a little, let me hear that faculty:
But touch me not, nor do not lie I charge ye.

Begin now.
Ros. If so mean and poor a Beauty
May ever hope the Grace.
Bel. Ye cog, ye flatter,
Like a lewd thing ye lie: may hope that grace?
Why, what grace canst thou hope for? Answer not,
For if thou dost, and liest again I'll swindge thee:
Do not I know thee for a pestilent Woman?
A proud at both ends? Be not angry,
Nor stir not o' your life.
Ros. I am counsell'd, Sir.
Bel. Art thou not now (confess, for I'll have the truth out)
As much unworthy of a man of merit,
Or any of ye all? Nay, of meer man?
Though he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him:
Nay, of any dishonest thing that bears that figure:
As Devils are of mercy?
Ros. We are unworthy.
Bel. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to save thee.
And is it not our bounty that we take ye?
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortur'd with ye?
Our meer and special bounty?
Ros. Yes.
Bel. Our pity,
That for your wickedness we swindge ye soundly;
Your stubbornness, and your stout hearts, we be-labour ye,
Answer to that.
Ros. I do confess your pity.
Bel. And dost not thou deserve in thine own person?
(Thou Impudent, thou Pert; do not change countenance.)
Ros. I dare not, Sir.
Bel. For if ye do.
Ros. I am setled.
Bel. Thou Wag-tail, Peacock, Puppy, look on me:
I am a Gentleman.
Ros. It seems no less, Sir.
Bel. And darest thou in thy Surquedry?
Ros. I beseech ye;
It was my weakness, Sir, I did not view ye,
I took no notice of your noble parts,

Nor call'd your person, nor your proper fashion.
Bel. This is some amends yet.
Ros. I shall mend, Sir, daily,
And study to deserve.
Bel. Come a little nearer;
Canst thou repent thy villainy?
Ros. Most seriously.
Bel. And be asham'd?
Ros. I am asham'd.
Bel. Cry.
Ros. It will be hard to do, Sir.
Bel. Cry instantly;
Cry monstrously, that all the Town may hear thee;
Cry seriously, as if thou hadst lost thy Monkey;
And as I like thy tears.

Enter Lilia, *and four Women laughing.*

Ros. Now.
Bel. How? how? do ye jear me?
Have ye broke your bounds again, Dame?
Ros. Yes, and laugh at ye,
And laugh most heartily.
Bel. What are these, Whirl-winds?
Is Hell broke loose, and all the Furies flutter'd?
Am I greas'd once again?
Ros. Yes indeed are ye;
And once again ye shall be, if ye quarrel;
Do you come to vent your fury on a Virgin?
Is this your Manhood, Sir?
1 *Wom.* Let him do his best,
Let's see the utmost of his indignation,
I long to see him angry; Come, proceed, Sir.
Hang him, he dares not stir, a man of Timber.
2 *Wom.* Come hither to fright maids with thy Bul-faces?
To threaten Gentlewomen? Thou a man? A *May*-pole,
A great dry Pudding.
[3] *Wom.* Come, come, do your worst, Sir;
Be angry if thou darst.
Bel. The Lord deliver me!
4 *Wom.* Do but look scurvily upon this Lady,

Or give us one foul word. We are all mistaken,
This is some mighty Dairy-maid in Mans Cloaths.
Lil. I am of that mind too.
Bel. What will they do to me!
Lil. And hired to come and abuse us; a man has manners;
A Gentleman, Civility, and Breeding:
Some Tinkers Trull, with a Beard glew'd on.
1 *Wom.* Let's search him;
And as we find him.
Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Christian-women.
Lil. Hear the Thing speak, Neighbours.
Bel. 'Tis but a small request; if e'r I trouble ye,
If e'r I talk again of beating Women,
Or beating any thing that can but turn to me;
Of ever thinking of a handsome Lady
But vertuously and well; of ever speaking
But to her honour; This I'll promise ye,
I will take Rhubarb, and purge Choler mainly,
Abundantly I'll purge.
Lil. I'll send ye Broths, Sir.
Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently,
I will do any thing.
Ros. I'll be your Bayl then;
When ye come next to woo, 'pray come not boisterously,
And furnish'd like a Bear-ward.
Bel. No in truth, forsooth.
Ros. I scented ye long since.
Bel. I was to blame sure,
I will appear a Gentleman.
Ros. 'Tis the best for ye,
For a true noble Gentleman's a brave thing;
Upon that hope we quit ye. You fear seriously?
Bel. Yes truly do I; I confess I fear ye,
And honour ye, and any thing.
Ros. Farewel then.
Wom. And when ye come to woo next bring more mercy.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. A Dairy-maid! a Tinkers-Trull! Heaven bless me!
Sure if I had provok'd 'em, they had quarter'd me.
I am a most ridiculous Ass, now I perceive it:
A Coward, and a Knave too.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the mad Gentleman:
Let's set our Faces right.
Bel. No, no, laugh at me;
And laugh aloud.
2 *Gent.* We are better manner'd, Sir.
Bel. I do deserve it; call me Patch, and Puppy,
And beat me if you please.
1 *Gent.* No indeed, we know ye.
Bel. 'Death, do as I would have ye.
2 *Gent.* You are an Ass then;
A Coxcomb, and a Calf.
Bel. I am a great Calf;
Kick me a little now: Why, when? Sufficient:
Now laugh aloud, and scorn me; so good b'ye;
And ever when ye meet me laugh.
1 *Gent.* We will, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nantolet, La-Castre, De-Gard, Lugier, Mirabel.

Mir. Your patience, Gentlemen: why do ye bait me?
Nan. Is't not a shame you are so stubborn hearted,
So stony and so dull to such a Lady,
Of her Perfections, and her Misery?
Lug. Does she not love ye? does not her distraction
For your sake only, her most pitied lunacie
Of all but you, shew ye? does it not compel ye? (ly.
Mir. Soft and fair, Gentlemen, pray ye proceed temperate-
Lug. If ye have any feeling, any sense in ye,
The least touch of a noble heart.
La Cas. Let him alone;
It is his glory that he can kill Beauty,
Ye bear my Stamp, but not my Tenderness;
Your wild unsavoury Courses set that in ye!
For shame, be sorry, though ye cannot cure her,

Shew something of a Man, of a fair Nature.
Mir. Ye make me mad.
De-Gard. Let me pronounce this to ye,
You take a strange felicity in slighting
And wronging Women, which my poor Sister feels now,
Heavens hand be gentle on her: Mark me, Sir,
That very hour she dies, there's small hope otherwise,
That minute you and I must grapple for it,
Either your life or mine.
Mir. Be not so hot, Sir,
I am not to be wrought on by these policies,
In truth I am not; Nor do I fear the tricks,
Or the high sounding threats of a *Savoyan*;
I glory not in Cruelty, ye wrong me;
Nor grow up water'd with the tears of Women;
This let me tell ye, howsoe'r I shew to ye,
Wild, as ye please to call it, or self-will'd;
When I see cause I can both do and suffer,
Freely, and feelingly, as a true Gentleman.

Enter Rosalure, *and* Lilia.

Ros. O pity, pity, thousand, thousand pities!
Lil. Alas poor Soul! she will dye; she is grown sensless;
She will not know, nor speak now.
Ros. Dye for love!
And love of such a Youth! I would dye for a Dog first,
He that kills me I'll give him leave to eat me;
I'll know men better ere I sigh for any of 'em.
Lil. Ye have done a worthy act, Sir; a most famous;
Ye have kill'd a Maid the wrong way, ye are a conqueror.
Ros. A Conquerour? a Cobler; hang him Sowter;
Go hide thy self for shame, go lose thy memory;
Live not 'mongst Men; thou art a Beast, a Monster;
A Blatant Beast.
Lil. If ye have yet any honesty,
Or ever heard of any; take my Counsel;
Off with your Garters: and seek out a Bough, (man;)
A handsom Bough; (for I would have ye hang like a Gentle-
And write some doleful matter to the World,
A Warning to hard hearted men.

Mir. Out Kitlings:
What Catterwauling's here? what Gibbing?
Do you think my heart is softned with a black Santis?
Shew me some reason.

Enter Oriana *on a Bed.*

Ros. Here then, here is a reason.
Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this sight shake ye.
La-C. Alas poor Gentlewoman! do you know me, Lady?
Lug. How she looks up, and stares!
Ori. I know ye very well;
You are my Godfather; and that's the Monsieur.
De-Gar. And who am I?
Ori. You are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir.
Oh oh, my heart! were ye never in love, sweet Lady?
And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens?
I dream of walking Fires; take heed, it comes now;
Who's that? pray stand away; I have seen that face sure;
How light my head is!
Ros. Take some rest.
Ori. I cannot,
For I must be up to morrow to go to Church,
And I must dress me, put my new Gown on,
And be as fine to meet my Love: Heigh ho!
Will not you tell me where my Love lies buried?
Mir. He is not dead: beshrew my heart, she stirs me.
Ori. He is dead to me.
Mir. Is't possible my Nature
Should be so damnable, to let her suffer?
Give me your hand.
Ori. How soft you feel, how gentle!
I'll tell you your fortune, Friend.
Mir. How she stares on me!
Or. You have a flattering face, but 'tis a fine one;
I warrant you may have a hundred Sweet-hearts;
Will ye pray for me? I shall dye to morrow,
And will ye ring the Bells?
Mir. I am most unworthy,
I do confess, unhappy; do you know me?
Ori. I would I did.

Mir. Oh fair tears, how ye take me!
Ori. Do you weep too? you have not lost your Lover;
You mock me; I'l go home, and pray.
Mir. 'Pray ye pardon me:
Or if it please ye to consider justly,
Scorn me, for I deserve it: Scorn, and shame me:
Sweet *Oriana.*
Lil. Let her alone, she trembles;
Her fits will grow more strong if ye provoke her.
La Cas. Certain she knows ye not, yet loves to see ye:
How she smiles now!

[*Enter* Belleur.]

Bel. Where are ye? Oh, why do [not] you laugh? come,
What a Devil! art thou sad, and such a subject, (laugh at me;
Such a ridiculous subject as I am
Before thy face?
Mir. Prithee put off this lightness;
This is no time for mirth, nor place; I have us'd too much on't:
I have undone my self, and a sweet Lady,
By being too indulgent to my foolery,
Which truly I repent; look here.
Bel. What ails she?
Mir. Alas, she's mad.
Bel. Mad?
Mir. Yes, too sure for me too. (are all so;
Bel. Dost thou wonder at that? by this [good] light they
They are coz'ning mad, they are brawling mad, they are proud
(mad:
They are all, all mad; I came from a World of mad Women.
Mad as *March*-Hares; get 'em in Chains, then deal with 'em.
There's one that's mad; she seems well, but she is dog-mad.
Is she dead dost' think?
Mi[*r*]. Dead! Heaven forbid.
Bel. Heaven further it;
For till they be key cold dead, there's no trusting of 'em,
Whate'r they seem, or howsoe'r they carry it,
Till they be chap-faln, and their Tongues at peace,
Nail'd in their Coffins sure, I'll ne'r believe 'em,
Shall I talk with her?

Mir. No, dear friend, be quiet,
And be at peace a while.
Bel. I'll walk aside,
And come again anon: but take heed to her,
You say she is a Woman?
Mir. Yes.
Bel. Take great heed:
For if she do not cozen thee, then hang me.
Let her be mad, or what she will, she'll cheat thee. [*Exit.*
Mir. Away, wild Fool: how vile this shews in him now!
Now take my faith, before ye all I speak it,
And with it, my repentant love.
La-C. This seems well.
Mir. Were but this Lady clear again, whose sorrows
My very heart melts for; were she but perfect
(For thus to marry her would be two miseries,)
Before the richest and the noblest Beauty,
France, or the World could shew me; I would take her
As she is now, my Tears and Prayers shall wed her.
De-Gar. This makes some small amends.
Ros. She beckons to ye,
To us too, to go off.
Nant. Let's draw aside all.
Ori. Oh my best friend; I would fain.
Mir. What? she speaks well,
And with another voice.
Ori. But I am fearful,
And shame a little stops my tongue.
Mir. Speak boldly. (not;
Ori. Tell ye, I am well, I am perfect well: 'pray ye mock
And that I did this to provoke your Nature,
Out of my infinite and restless love,
To win your pity; pardon me.
Mir. Go forward;
Who set ye on?
Ori. None, as I live, no Creature;
Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant;
Will ye be mine?
Mir. 'Tis true, I pity ye:
But when I marry ye, ye must be wiser:

Nothing but Tricks? Devices?
Ori. Will ye shame me?
Mir. Yes, marry will I: Come near, come near, a miracle;
The Woman's well; she was only mad for Marriage,
Stark mad to be ston'd to death; give her good counsel,
Will this world never mend? are ye caught, Damsel?

Enter Belleur, La-Castre, Lugier, Nantolet, De Gard, Rosalure, *and* Bianca.

Bel. How goes it now?
Mir. Thou art a kind of Prophet,
The Woman's well again, and would have gull'd me;
Well, excellent well: and not a taint upon her.
Bel. Did not I tell ye? Let 'em be what can be;
Saints, Devils, any thing, they will abuse us;
Thou wert an Ass to believe her so long, a Coxcomb;
Give 'em a minute they'll abuse whole millions.
Mir. And am not I a rare Physician, Gentlemen,
That can cure desperate mad minds?
De Gar. Be not insolent.
Mir. Well, go thy waies: from this hour, I disclaim thee,
Unless thou hast a trick above this: then I'le love thee.
Ye owe me for your Cure; pray have a care of her,
For fear she fall into Relapse: come *Belleur*
We'll set up Bills, to Cure Diseased Virgins.
Bel. Shall we be merry?
Mir. Yes.
Bel. But I'le no more projects;
If we could make 'em mad, it were some mastery. [*Exeunt.*
Lil. I am glad she is well again.
Ros. So am I, certain,
Be not ashamed.
Oria. I shall never see a man more.
De Gar. Come ye are a fool: had ye but told me this trick,
He should not have gloried thus.
Lug. He shall not long neither.
La-C. Be rul'd, and be at peace: ye have my consent,
And what power I can work with.
Nant. Come, leave blushing;
We are your friends; an honest way compell'd ye;

Heaven will not see so true a love unrecompenc'd;
Come in, and slight him too.
Lug. The next shall hit him. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter De Gard, *and* Lugier.

De G. 'Twill be discover'd.
Lug. That's the worst can happen:
If there be any way to reach, and work upon him;
Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him: that he loves,
Though he dissemble it, and would shew contrary,
And will at length relent, I'le lay my Fortune,
Nay more, my life.
De G. Is she won?
Lug. Yes, and ready,
And my designments set.
De G. They are now for Travel,
All for that Game again: they have forgot wooing.
Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.
De G. Where's his Father?
Lug. Within; he knows my mind too and allows it;
Pities your Sisters Fortune most sincerely;
And has appointed, for our more assistance,
Some of his secret Friends.
De G. 'Speed the Plough.
Lug. Well said;
And be you serious too.
De G. I shall be diligent.
Lug. Let's break the Ice for one, the rest will drink too
(Believe me, Sir) of the same Cup; my young Gentlewomen
Wait but who sets the game a foot; though they seem stubborn,
Reserv'd, and proud now, yet I know their hearts,
Their Pulses how they beat, and for what cause, Sir;
And how they long to venture their Abilities
In a true Quarrel; Husbands they must, and will have,
Or Nunneries, and thin Collations
To cool their bloods; let's all about our business,
And if this fail, let Nature work.
De G. Ye have arm'd me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabel, Nantolet, *and* La-Castre.

La-Cast. Will ye be wilful then?
Mir. 'Pray, Sir, your pardon,
For I must Travel: lie lazy here,
Bound to a Wife? Chain'd to her subtleties,
Her humours, and her wills, which are meer Fetters;
To have her to day pleas'd, to morrow peevish,
The third day mad, the fourth rebellious?
You see, before they are married, what Moriscoes,
What Masques, and Mummeries they put upon us,
To be ty'd here, and suffer their Lavalto's?
Nan. 'Tis your own seeking.
Mir. Yes, to get my freedom;
Were they as I could wish 'em.
La-Cast. Fools, and Meacocks,
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em:
Come, change your mind.
Mir. Not before I have chang'd Air, Father.
When I know Women worthy of my company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
Till then (dear Sir) I'le amble all the world over,
And run all hazards, misery, and poverty,

Enter Pinac, *and* Belleur.

So I escape the dangerous Bay of Matrimony.
Pin. Are ye resolv'd?
Mir. Yes certain; I will out again.
Pin. We are for ye, Sir; we are your servants once more;
Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange Countries;
Ours is too scornful for us.
Bel. Is there ne're a Land
That ye have read, or heard of, (for I care not how far it be,
Nor under what pestiferous Star it lies)
A happy Kingdom where there are no Women?
Nor have been ever? Nor no mention
Of any such lewd things, with lewder qualities?
For thither would I Travel; where 'tis Felony
To confess he had a Mother: a Mistris, Treason.

La-Cast. Are you for Travel too?
Bel. For any thing;
For living in the Moon, and stopping hedges,
E're I stay here to be abus'd, and bafflí'd. (Daughters;
Nan. Why did ye not break your minds to me? they are my
And sure I think I should have that command over 'em,
To see 'em well bestow'd: I know ye are Gentlemen,
Men of fair Parts and States; I know your Parents;
And had ye told me of your fair Affections—
Make but one tryal more; and let me second ye.
Bel. No I'le make Hob-nails first, and mend old Kettles:
Can ye lend me an Armour of high proof, to appear in,
And two or three Field-pieces to defend me?
The Kings Guard are meer Pigmeys.
Nant. They will not eat ye.
Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter Monsieurs,
If their high stomachs hold: they came with Chopping-knives,
To cut me into Rands, and Sirloins, and so powder me.
Come, shall we go?
Nant. You cannot be so discourteous
(If ye intend to go) as not to visit 'em,
And take your leaves.
Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,
And thank 'em too.
Pin. Yes, Sir, we know that honesty.
Bel. I'le come i'th' Rear, forty foot off, I'le assure ye,
With a good Gun in my hand; I'le no more Amazons,
I mean, no more of their frights; I'le make my three legs
Kiss my hand twice; and if I smell no danger;
If the enterview be clear, may be I'le speak to her;
I'le wear a privy coat too; and behind me,
To make those parts secure, a Bandog.
la-Cast. You are a merry Gentleman.
Bel. A wary Gentleman; I do assure ye,
I have been warn'd, and must be arm'd.
la-Cast. Well, Son,
These are your hasty thoughts, when I see you are bent to it,
Then I'le believe, and joyn with ye; So we'll leave ye:
There's a Trick will make ye stay.
Nant. I hope so. [*Exeunt.*

Mir. We have won immortal Fame now, if we leave 'em.
Pin. You have, but we have lost.
Mir. *Pinac*, thou art cozen'd;
I know they love ye; and to gain ye handsomly,
Not to be thought to yield, they would give millions;
Their Fathers willingness, that must needs shew ye.
Pin. If I thought so.
Mir. Ye shall be hang'd, ye Recreant,
Would ye turn Renegado now?
Bel. No let's away, Boys,
Out of the Air, and tumult of their Villanies;
Though I were married to that Grashopper,
And had her fast by th' legs I should think she would cozen me.

Enter a young Factor.

Fac. Monsieur *Mirabel*, I take it?
Mir. Y'are i'th' right, Sir. (Fathers,
Fac. I am come to seek ye, Sir; I have been at your
And understanding you were here.
Mir. Ye are welcom:
May I crave your name?
Fac. *Foss*, Sir, and your servant;
That you may know me better; I am Factor
To your old Merchant, *Leverdure.*
Mir. How do's he?
Fac. Well, Sir, I hope: he is now at *Orleance*,
About some business.
Mir. You are once more welcom,
Your Master's a right honest man; and one
I am much beholding to, and must very shortly
Trouble his love again.
Fac. You may be bold, Sir.
Mir. Your business if you please now?
Fac. This it is, Sir,
I know ye well remember in your travel
A *Genoa* Merchant.
Mir. I remember many.
Fac. But this man, Sir, particular[l]y; your own benefit
Must needs imprint him in ye: one *Alberto*;
A Gentleman you sav'd from being Murther'd

A little from *Bollonia*,
I was then my self in *Italie*, and suppli'd ye,
Though haply, you have forgot me now.
Mir. No, I remember ye,
And that *Alberto* too: a noble Gentleman:
More to remember, were to thank my self, Sir.
What of that Gentleman?
Fac. He is dead.
Mir. I am sorry.
Fac. But on his death-bed, leaving to his Sister
All that he had, beside some certain Jewels,
Which with a Ceremony, he bequeath'd to you,
In gratefull memory: he commanded strictly
His Sister, as she lov'd him and his peace,
To see those Jewels safe, and true deliver'd;
And with them, his last love. She, as tender
To observe his will, not trusting friend, nor servant,
With such a weight, is come her self to *Paris*,
And at my Masters house.
Mir. You tell me a wonder.
Fac. I tell ye a truth, Sir: She is young, and handsom,
And well attended: of much State, and Riches;
So loving, and obedient to her Brother;
That on my conscience, if he had given her also,
She would most willingly have made her tender.
Mir. May not I see her?
Fac. She desires it heartily.
Mir. And presently?
Fac. She is now about some business,
Passing accompts of some few debts here owing,
And buying Jewels of a Merchant.
Mir. Is she wealthie?
Fac. I would ye had her, Sir, at all adventure,
Her Brother had a main State.
Mir. And fair too?
Fac. The prime of all those parts of *Italie*,
For beautie, and for Courtesie.
Mir. I must needs see her.
Fac. 'Tis all her business, Sir. Ye may now see her,
But to morrow will be fitter for your visitation;

For she is not yet prepared.
Mir. Only her sight, Sir;
And when you shall think fit for further visit.
Fac. Sir, ye may see her; and I'le wait your coming.
Mir. And I'le be with ye instantly. I know the house,
Mean time, my love, and thanks, Sir.
Fac. Your poor Servant. [*Exit.*
Pin. Thou hast the strangest Luck: what was that [Alberto]?
Mir. An honest noble Merchant, 'twas my chance
To rescue from some rogues had almost slain him;
And he in kindness to remember this.
Bel. Now we shall have you,
For all your protestations, and your forwardness,
Find out strange fortunes in this Ladies eyes,
And new enticements to put off your journey;
And who shall have honour then?
Mir. No, no, never fear it:
I must needs see her, to receive my Legacy.
Bel. If it be ty'd up in her smock, heaven help thee:
May not we see too?
Mir. Yes, afore we go:
I must be known my self e're I be able
To make thee welcom: wouldst thou see more women?
I thought you had been out of love with all.
Bel. I may be,
I find that, with the least encouragement:
Yet I desire to see whether all Countries
Are naturally possess'd with the same spirits;
For if they be, I'le take a Monastery,
And never travel; for I had rather be a Frier,
And live mew'd up, than be a fool, and flouted. (boys;
Mir. Well, well, I'le meet ye anon; then tell you more,
How e'er stand prepar'd, prest for our journey;
For certain, we shall go, I think, when I have seen her,
And view'd her well.
Pin. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;
Your fortune directs ours.
Bel. You shall find us i'th' Tavern,
Lamenting in Sack and Sugar for our losses;

If she be right *Italian*, and want servants,
You may prefer the properest man.
How I could worry a woman now!
Pin. Come, come, leave prating;
Ye may have enough to do, without this boasting.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lugier, de-Gard, Rosalu. *and* Lilia.

Lug. This is the last adventure.
de-Ga. And the happiest,
As we hope too.
Ros. We should be glad to find it.
Lil. Who shall conduct us thither?
Lug. Your man is ready,
For I must not be seen; no, nor this Gentleman;
That may beget suspicion: all the rest
Are people of no doubt; I would have ye, Ladies,
Keep your old liberties, and as we instruct ye:
Come, look not pale; you shall not lose your wishes;
Nor beg 'em neither: but be your selves, and happy.
Ros. I tell ye true, I cannot hold off longer,
Nor give no more hard language.
de-Ga. You shall not need.
Ros. I love the Gentleman, and must now show it;
Shall I beat a proper man out of heart?
Lug. There's none advises ye.
Lil. 'Faith I repent me too.
Lug. Repent, and spoil all,
Tell what ye know, ye had best.
Lil. I'le tell what I think;
For if he ask me now, if I can love him,
I'le tell him yes, I can: The man's a kind man;
And out of his true honesty affects me;
Although he plaid the fool, which I requited;
Must I still hold him at the staves end?
Lug. You are two strange women.
Ros. We may be, if we fool still.
Lug. Dare ye believe me?
Follow but this advice I have set you in now,

And if ye lose: would ye yield now so basely?
Give up without your honours saved?
de-Gard. Fie, Ladies.
P[re]serve your freedom still.
Lil. Well, well, for this time.
Lug. And carry that full state.
Ros. That's as the wind stands:
If it begin to chop about, and scant us;
Hang me, but I know what I'le do: come direct us,
I make no doubt, we shall do handsomly.
de-Ga. Some part o'th' way we'll wait upon ye, Ladies;
The rest your man supplies.
Lug. Do well, I'le honour ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Factor, and Mirabel, Oriana, *and two Merchants.*

Fac. Look ye, Sir, there she is, you see how busie;
Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her journey.
Mir. How gloriously she shews! She is a tall woman.
Fac. Of a fair Size, Sir. My Master not being at home,
I have been so out of my wits, to get her company:
I mean, Sir, of her own fair sex, and fashion.
Mir. Afar off, she is most fair too.
Fac. Near, most Excellent.
At length, I have entreated two fair Ladies,
And happily you know 'em: the young Daughters
Of Monsieur *Nantolet.*
Mir. I know 'em well, Sir.
What are those? Jewels?
Fac. All.
Mir. They make a rich shew!
Fac. There is a matter of ten thousand pounds too
Was owing here: you see those Merchants with her;
They have brought it in now.
Mir. How handsomly her shape shews!
Fac. Those are still neat: your Italians are most curious:
Now she looks this way.
Mir. She has a goodly presence,

How full of courtesie! Well, Sir, I'le leave ye,
And if I may be bold to bring a friend or two;
Good noble Gentlemen.
Fac. No doubt, ye may, Sir.
For you have most command.
Mir. I have seen a wonder. [*Exit.*
Ori. Is he gone?
Fac. Yes.
Ori. How?
Fac. Taken to the utmost,
A wonder dwells about him.
Ori. He did not guess at me?
Fac. No, be secure; ye shew another woman,
He is gone to fetch his friends.
Ori. Where are the Gentlewomen?
Fac. Here, here, now they are come,
Sit still, and let them see ye.

Enter Rosalure, Lilia, *Servant.*

Ros. Pray ye, where's my friend, Sir? (woman,
Fac. She is within, Ladies, but here's another Gentle-
A stranger to this Town: so please you visit her,
'Twill be well taken.
Lil. Where is she?
Fac. There, above, Ladies.
Ser. 'Bless me: what thing is this? two Pinacles
Upon her pate! Is't not a glode to catch Wood-cocks?
Ros. Peace, ye rude knave.
Ser. What a bouncing Bum she has too!
There's Sail enough for a Carrack.
Ros. What is this Lady?
For as I live, she's a goodly woman.
Fac. Ghess, ghess.
Lil. I have not seen a nobler Presence. (pence,
Ser. 'Tis a lustie wench: now could I spend my forty-
With all my heart, to have but one fling at her;
To give her but a washing blow.
Lil. Ye Rascal. (enough,
Ser. I that's all a man has, for's good will: 'twill be long
Before ye cry come *Anthonie*, and kiss me.

Lil. I'le have ye whipt.
Ros. Has my friend seen this Lady?
Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.
Ros. I much admire her Presence.
Lil. So do I too:
For I protest, she is the handsomest,
The rarest, and the newest to mine eye
That ever I saw yet.
Ros. I long to know her;
My friend shall do that kindness.
Ori. So she shall Ladies,
Come, pray ye come up.
Ros. O me.
Lil. Hang me if I knew her:
Were I a man my self, I should now love ye;
Nay, I should doat.
Ros. I dare not trust mine eyes;
For as I live ye are the strangest alter'd,
I must come up to know the truth.
Ser. So must I, Lady;
For I am a kind of unbeliever too.
Lil. Get ye gone, Sirrah;
And what ye have seen, be secret in: you are paid else,
No more of your long tongue.
Fac. Will ye go in Ladies,
And talk with her? These venturers will come straight:
Away with this fellow.
Lil. There, Sirrah, go, disport ye.
Ser. I would the trunk-hos'd-woman would go with me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, Belleur.

Pin. Is she so glorious handsom?
Mir. You would wonder:
Our Women look like Gipsies, like Gills to her:
Their Clothes and fashions beggerly, and Bankrupt:
Base, old, and scurvy.
Bel. How looks her face?

Mir. Most heavenly :
And the becoming-motion of her bodie
So sets her off.
Bel. Why then we shall stay.
Mir. Pardon me :
That's more than I know : if she be that woman,
She appears to be.
Bel. As 'tis impossible.
Mir. I shall then tell ye more.
Pin. Did ye speak to her ?
Mir. No, no, I only saw her : She was busie :
Now I go for that end : and mark her, Gentlemen,
If she appear not to ye one of the sweetest,
The handsomest, the fairest in behaviour : (her,
We shall meet the two wenches there too, they come to visit
To wonder, as we do.
Pin. Then we shall meet 'em.
Bel. I had rather meet two Bears. (ness,
Mir. There you may take your leaves, dispatch that busi-
And as ye find their humours.
Pin. Is your love there too ?
Mir. No certain, she has no great heart to set out again.
This is the house, I'le usher ye.
Bel. I'le bless me,
And take a good heart if I can.
Mir. Come, nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Factor, Rosalure, Lelia, Oriana.

Fac. They are come in : Sit you two off, as strangers,
There Ladie : where's the boy ? be readie, Sirrah,
And clear your Pipes, the Musick now : they enter. [*Musick.*

Enter Mirabel, Pinac, *and* Belleur.

Pi. What a state she keeps ! how far off they sit from her !
How rich she is ! I marry, this shews bravely.
Bel. She is a lusty wench : and may allure a good man,
But if she have a tongue, I'le not give two pence for her :
There sits my Fury : how I shake to see her !

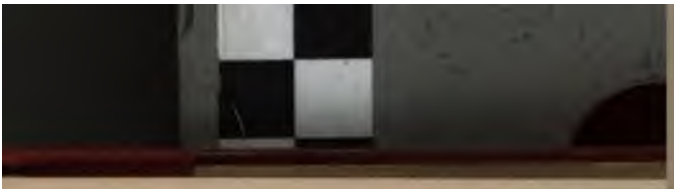
Fac. Madam, this is the Gentleman.
Mir. How sweet she kisses!
She has a Spring dwells on her lips: a paradise:
This is the Legacie.

SONG.

From the honor'd dead I bring
Thus his love and last offring.
Take it nobly, 'tis your due,
From a friendship ever true.
From a faith &c.

Ori. Most noble Sir,
This from my now dead Brother, as his love,
And gratefull memory of your great benefit:
From me my thanks, my wishes, and my service.
Till I am more acquainted I am silent,
Only I dare say this, you are truly noble.
Mir. What should I think?
Pin. Think ye have a handsom fortune,
Would I had such another.
Ros. Ye are well met Gentlemen,
We hear ye are for travel?
Pin. Ye hear true, Ladie,
And come to take our leaves.
Lil. We'll along with ye,
We see you are grown so witty by your Journey,
We cannot choose but step out too: This Lady
We mean to wait upon as far as *Italy*.
Bel. I'll travel into *Wales*, amongst the mountains;
I hope they cannot find me.
Ros. If you go further;
So good, and free society we hold ye,
We'll jog along too.
Pin. Are ye so valiant Lady?
Lil. And we'll be merry, Sir, and laugh.
Pin. It may be
We'll go by Sea.
Lil. Why 'tis the only voyage;
I love a Sea-voyage, and a blustring tempest;

And let all split.
Pin. This is a dainty Damosel:
I think 'twill tame ye: can ye ride post?
Lil. O excellently: I am never weary that way:
A hundred mile a day is nothing with me.
Bel. I'le travel under ground: do you hear (sweet Lady?)
I find it will be dangerous for a woman.
Ros. No danger, Sir, I warrant; I love to be under.
Bel. I see she will abuse me all the world over:
But say we pass through *Germany*, and drink hard?
Ros. We'll learn to drink and swagger too.
Bel. She'l beat me.
Lady, I'le live at home.
Ros. And I'le live with thee;
And we'll keep house together.
Bel. I'le keep hounds first;
And those I hate right heartily.
Pin. I go for *Turky*,
And so it may be up into *Persia*.
Lil. We cannot know too much, I'le travel with ye.
Pin. And you'l abuse me?
Lil. Like enough.
Pin. 'Tis dainty.
Bel. I will live in a bawdy-house.
Ros. I dare come to ye.
Bel. Say, I am dispos'd to hang my self?
Ros. There I'le leave ye.
Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid ye.
Mir. May I speak yet?
Fac. She beckons to ye.
Mir. Lady, I could wish, I knew to recompence,
Even with the service of my life, those pains,
And those high favours you have thrown upon me;
Till I be more desertful in your eye;
And till my duty shall make known I honour ye:
Noblest of women, do me but this favour,
To accept this back again, as a poor testimony.
Ori. I must have you too with 'em; else the will,
That says they must rest with ye, is infring'd, Sir;
Which pardon me, I dare not do.



Mir. Take me then;
And take me with the truest love.
Ori. 'Tis certain,
My Brother lov'd ye dearly, and I ought
As dearly to preserve that love. But, Sir,
Though I were willing, these are but your Ceremonies.
Mir. As I have life, I speak my soul.
Ori. I like ye.
But how you can like me, without I have Testimony,
A Stranger to ye.
Mir. I'le marry ye immediately,
A fair State I dare promise ye.
Bel. Yet she'll couzen thee.
Ori. Would some fair Gentleman durst promise for ye.
Mir. By all that's good.

Enter La-Castre, Nantolet, Lugier, & de-Gard.

All. And we'll make up the rest, Lady.
Ori. Then *Oriana* takes ye; nay, she has caught ye;
If ye start now let all the world cry shame on ye:
I have out travell'd ye.
Bel. Did not I say she would cheat thee?
Mir. I thank ye, I am pleas'd, ye have deceiv'd me;
And willingly I swallow it, and joy in't;
And yet perhaps I know ye: whose plot was this?
Lug. He is not asham'd that cast it: he that executed,
Followed your Fathers will.
Mir. What a world's this, nothing but craft, and cozenage!
Ori. Who begun, Sir?
Mir. Well; I do take thee upon meer Compassion;
And I do think, I shall love thee. As a Testimony,
I'le burn my book, and turn a new leaf over,
But these fine clothes you shall wear still.
Ori. I obey you, Sir, in all. (Gentlemen?
Nant. And how! how, daughters! what say you to these
What say ye, Gentlemen, to the Girles?
Pen. By my troth—if she can love me.
Lil. —How long?
Pin. Nay, if once ye love.
Lil. Then take me,

And take your chance.
Pin. Most willingly, ye are mine, Lady:
And if I use ye not, that ye may love me.
Lil. A Match i' faith.
Pin. Why now ye travel with me.
Ros. How that thing stands!
Bel. It will if ye urge it.
'Bless your five wits.
Ros. Nay, 'prethee stay, I'le have thee.
Bel. You must ask me leave first.
Ros. Wilt thou use me kindly;
And beat me but once a week?
Bel. If ye deserve no more.
Ros. And wilt thou get me with child?
Bel. Dost thou ask me seriously?
Ros. Yes indeed do I.
Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child: come presently,
And 't be but in revenge, I'le do thee that courtesie.
Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me; have at thee.
Ros. I'le love ye, and I'le honour ye.
Bel. I am pleas'd then. (sides.
Mir. This *Wild-Goose Chase* is done, we have won o' both
Brother, your love: and now to Church of all hands;
Let's lose no time.
Pin. Our travelling, lay by.
Bel. No more for *Italy*; for the *Low-Countries*. [*Exeunt.*

APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versâ*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Only misprints of interest in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded.

ADDENDA TO RECORD OF VARIANTS IN VOL. II.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

p. 450. p. 5, l. 38. *Add* C. p. 9, l. 40. *Add* BCD. p. 12, l. 36. *Add* BD. l. 40. *Add* A. p. 13, l. 9. *Add* BCD. p. 15, l. 12. *Add* B. p. 16, l. 18. *Add* A. p. 17, l. 3. *Add* A. p. 19, l. 2. *Add* B.

p. 451. p. 21, l. 9. *Add* A. p. 23, l. 37. *Add* B. p. 24, l. 2. *Add* B (some copies), and D. l. 37. *Add* AB. p. 26, l. 11. *Add* ABD. l. 12. *Add* BCD. p. 29, l. 15. *Add* A—C. p. 31, l. 22. *Add* B. p. 32, l. 11. *Add* A. l. 12. *Add* A. p. 33, l. 12. *for* AB] our *read* A] you. p. 38, l. 36. *Add* C. p. 39, l. 17. *Add* A. l. 20. *Add* B.

p. 452. p. 42, l. 2. *Add* C. l. 20. *Add* A. p. 43, l. 9. *Add* C. l. 17. *for* A and C, *read* B and C. p. 44, l. 30. *Add* B. p. 47, l. 15. *Add* B and C. p. 52, l. 2. *Add* A. p. 53, l. 4. *Add* CD. p. 56, l. 11. *Add* ABD. l. 23. *Add* B. l. 30. *Add* B. p. 59. *Add* C.

None of the above add anything to the sum of variants, being merely the occurrence of trivial differences (some, undoubted misprints) already recorded in certain Quartos and found to occur in others upon making a collation of a fresh series of Quartos for the purpose of the volumes of notes. They are given here solely to make the record as complete as may be, but it should be stated that some of them are accounted for by the existence of Quartos made up of corrected and uncorrected sheets, i.e. it often happens that not all the copies of a Quarto bearing the same date possess an identical series of sheets.

The following are additions to the sum of the variants already recorded, noted in the collation above referred to. p. 17, l. 11. B and C *omit*] they. p. 20, l. 6. C] so long. l. 40. C] ever be. p. 25, l. 37. C] fathers likenesse. p. 30, l. 32. B and C] Their blew. p. 35, l. 34. B and C] would grow. p. 36, l. 10. B and C] a meere. p. 40, l. 24. C *omits*] may. p. 45, l. 19. B and C *omit*] And. p. 53, l. 20. A—D] nor threats.

In the Preface to the second volume of the present edition, I used the words 'First Quarto' somewhat loosely to represent indifferently two versions of *The Elder Brother* both dated 1637, differing very slightly from each other. The phrase has been misunderstood as implying that the editors of this edition were not aware that one of these two Quartos may possibly have been printed a few years later than the other. This is not the case: the opinion, and the evidence adduced in support of it, were known to the editors, but all questions

of date, together with all other discussions of like nature, were left to be dealt with in their proper place in the volume or volumes of notes that are to follow the publication of the text. It is a matter of very slight importance, and it is sufficient to state here that one of these two identically dated editions was called A and the other B in the Appendix to volume II for purposes of reference only, just as, in volume I, the two identically dated Quartos of *Philaster*, 1652, were called F and G, respectively, without there being any intention on the part of the editors to express, in either case, any opinion, for the moment, as to which is the earlier or the better of the two. Furthermore, since the text of one of these 1637 Quartos was printed in the Appendix merely in order to show the verse arrangement that prevailed in the early Quartos and not for any other textual purpose, it was a matter of indifference which of the two 1637 Quartos was used.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

p. 152, l. 10 *of text for* felling *read* selling. p. 155, l. 3. A] and a. p. 173, l. 36. *Add* A. p. 185, l. 26. A and B] drinke. p. 192, l. 6. A and B] see. p. 197, l. 13. *Add* A. p. 204, l. 12. A *omits the second*] put.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

As in the case of *The Elder Brother*, copies of Quartos dated the same year differ by reason of the inclusion of corrected and uncorrected sheets. This remark applies to the undated 1609/10 Quartos called here A and B and also to C and the later Quartos, e.g. some copies of C have been seen which read (p. 372, l. 13): *and games*, and some: *and merry games*.

p. 372, l. 15. *Add* C. p. 392, l. 14. *Add* C. p. 393, l. 18. *Add* C. p. 401, l. 24. *Add* BCE. p. 404, ll. 33 and 34. *Add* C, some copies. p. 405, l. 17. *Add* C, some copies. p. 427, l. 36. *Add* C, some copies. p. 428, l. 19. *Add* C, some copies. p. 429, l. 31. *Add* A, some copies. p. 430, l. 6. *Add* C, some copies.

None of the above, noticed during a collation of a fresh set of Quartos for the purpose of the notes, add anything to the sum of variants. The following are additions: p. 373, l. 19 *of text for* staight *read* [straight]. p. 390, l. 27. A] dapple. l. 36. A] Beates against. p. 401, l. 21. The Quartos print, with variations of roman and italic type, '*Exit. Amaril.* Perigot!' The right reading is probably to regard the last word as Amaryllis's cry for Perigot. By being printed on the same line as the conclusion of Perigot's speech, the two names were printed in the Second Folio as though part of the stage direction. p. 421, l. 36. A and B] so strange. p. 423, l. 8. F] the Cradle. p. 427, l. 7. A—D] women. p. 430, l. 22. A—C] thee, there will bide. p. 442, l. 26. F] labouring spring. p. 519, l. 18. D and F] morality. Since the textual notes in Vol. II were written, the present Editor has seen copies of the undated First Quarto A which do not contain the preliminary verses and address on pp. 521 (2 items) and 522 (2 items).

RULE A WIFE, AND HAVE A WIFE.

Vol. III. pp. 460 and 461.

The following addenda were printed on a slip and affixed as indicated above. They are repeated here in case the slip should become detached.

p. 194, l. 17. the first. p. 198, l. 38. mine owne.
p. 202, l. 6. but these. p. 207, l. 17. you much joy.
p. 211, l. 22. is an. p. 221, l. 17. Estifanias.

NOTES TO VOL. IV.

THE TRAGEDY OF VALENTINIAN.

A = First Folio. **B** = Second Folio.

The following variants are in A unless where otherwise stated.

p. 1, ll. 5—41. Not in A. l. 33. B] Emperous.
p. 2, l. 7. my. l. 12. woman.
p. 3, l. 21. *Omits* of.
p. 4, l. 24. aske. l. 33. yeare.
p. 5, l. 8. women. l. 20. beare.
p. 6, l. 6. think. l. 36. Beside your sins, or comming but your curses.
p. 9, l. 27. ha's. l. 28. have here.
p. 10, l. 22. B] affectious. l. 30. love ye.
p. 11, l. 5. consider why. l. 8. *Omits* to be. l. 39. pray.
p. 12, l. 9. pray and depress you. l. 10. ye. l. 20. ever friend.
p. 13, l. 19. Sestertes.
p. 16, l. 15. taintures.
p. 17, l. 23. *Here and often elsewhere*] Lycinus.
p. 18, l. 16. By Heaven Sir, I. l. 34. B] withour.
p. 20, l. 14. ye. l. 18. on me. l. 20. I were. l. 40. marke.
p. 22, l. 24. A and B] II.
p. 23, l. 16. By Heaven a. l. 20. B] Souldier. l. 40. forgive.
p. 24, ll. 3 and 13. Ha's.
p. 25, l. 8. dragma's.
p. 26, l. 10. How now. l. 12. B] to' th. l. 22. A and B] Proclus.
p. 27, l. 24. your guard.
p. 28, l. 28. make ye no.
p. 29, l. 31. Brazen Flowre.
p. 30, l. 5. short Tower. l. 6 (*some copies*). can once more build.
p. 31, l. 15. B] Shold. l. 32. Ladys Gentlewoman.
p. 33, ll. 16 and 38. h'as. 17. *Omits stage direction.*
p. 34, l. 19. and ye to him. l. 25. Ho?
p. 35, l. 3. play againe. l. 9. then now. l. 30. Empires.
p. 38, l. 19. flye me.
p. 39, l. 3. Ye were. l. 4. thither.
p. 40, l. 25. *Omits* me.
p. 41, l. 11. makes. l. 18. wrong.
p. 43, l. 5. By heaven I.
p. 44, l. 39. made.

APPENDIX

p. 45, l. 5. ye. l. 33. A and B *omit* [Scene II.].

p. 46, l. 5. *Here and sometimes elsewhere*] Aretius. l. 15. thinks.

p. 47, l. 1. ye aske. l. 9. Cares. l. 17. ye.

p. 48, l. 16. ye. l. 34. my owne.

p. 49, l. 3. whither. l. 24. ye live. l. 35. h'ad. l. 36. By heaven he.

p. 50, l. 11. is all the. l. 24. ye.

p. 52, l. 34. toyne with.

p. 53, l. 15. ye.

p. 54, l. 1. Ground under. l. 31. one the. l. 32. Creed.

p. 55, l. 38. By heaven you.

p. 56, l. 16. the gods? to give they. l. 33. B] dangerou. l. 36. fortunes. l. 39. made with.

p. 58, l. 16. goes.

p. 59, ll. 17, 18. *Omits* Are. Emp. l. 30. B] Æic. make.

p. 60, l. 35. 'a loves.

p. 62, l. 22. 'a so.

p. 63, l. 12. A and B] II.

p. 66, l. 33. slave. l. 34. By heaven he.

p. 69, l. 9. rancks.

p. 70, l. 13. bases.

p. 71, l. 30. Exit. l. 37. B] oversows.

p. 72, l. 3. B] Phil. l. 23. B] Pho.

p. 73, l. 31. B] venegance.

p. 74, l. 6. sun-burnt: Neroe breeds. l. 21. h'as.

p. 76, l. 3. B] Lici. l. 6. B] Lici. l. 7. B] Lyci. l. 14. thy life. l. 17. to her. l. 21. *Omits* Prince.

p. 77, l. 5. *Omits* wind. l. 6. I and an. l. 39. A and B *here and often elsewhere*] Eudoxa.

p. 78, l. 31. mirth then laughter.

p. 80, l. 4. and ghests.

p. 81, l. 34. B] vengance.

p. 82, l. 6. Winted againe...tall masses.

p. 83, l. 16. A and B] 2. l. 38. *Adds stage direction*] *Cesar flourish.*

p. 84, l. 17. Prescription.

p. 85, l. 5. ha's. l. 25. By'th masse that's. ll. 28 and 33. B] Pan.

p. 86, l. 18. By heaven tis.

p. 88, l. 33. Sen. Semp. 3.

p. 89, l. 36. Lizus.

p. 90, l. 7. B *prints a full stop after*] here. l. 9. Bellonia's. l. 35. honour.

p. 91, l. 3. H'as. l. 28. blush. l. 33. did yet.

p. 92, l. 29. a Mistris.

MONSIEUR THOMAS

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

B = Second Folio.

The title-page of the Quarto of 1639 (= A) runs as follows:

Monsieur | Thomas. | A | Comedy. | Acted at the Private House in | Blacke Fryers. | The Author, | John Fletcher, | Gent. | London, | Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson, and are | to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, | at the signe of the Crowne: | 1639.

This Quarto is sometimes met with under the title of *Fathers own Son*.

The title-page is followed in the Quarto by these verses and Richard Brome's letter (see ante, p. 174).

In prayse of the Authour, and his following Poeme.

'Tis both the life of Action and of wit,
When Actors so the fanci'd humours hit,
As if 'twixt them and th' Authour there were strife
How each to other should give mutuall life.
The last this wanted not. Invention strayes
Here in full many pleasant turning wayes,
That like Meanders their curld circles bend,
Yet in a smooth streame runne to crowne the end.
Then 'tis authoriz'd by the Authors name;
Who never writ but with such sprightly flame,
As if the Muses jointly did inspire,
His raptures only with their sacred fire.
And yet perhaps it did participate
At first presenting but of common fate;
When ignorance was judge, and but a few
What was legitimate, what bastard, knew.
The world's growne wiser now: each man can say
If Fletcher *made it 'tis an exc'lent play.*
Thus Poemes like their Authors may be sed,
Never to live 'till they have first beene dead.

Rich: Brome.

As neither the Folio nor the Quarto give the dramatis personæ, I print a list of the characters here.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. MONSIEUR THOMAS.

Valentine.
Francesco, his son.
Sebastian.
Thomas, his son.
Hylas.
Sam.
Michael.
Launcelot, servant of Thomas.
Fiddler.
Three Physicians.
Apothecary, Barber, Sailors, Officers, Servants.
Alice, sister of Valentine.
Mary, their niece.
Cellide.
Dorothea, daughter of Sebastian.
Abbess of St Katherine's, aunt of Thomas and Dorothea.
Nuns.
Madge, Kate and Maids.

APPENDIX

The variants below are those of A unless otherwise noted.

p. 93, l. 8. *Omits* are.

p. 94, l. 13. Genoway.

p. 95, ll. 8 and 16. Ye. l. 11. Yf'. l. 14. Pray. l. 26. lay.

p. 97, l. 14. Pray.

p. 98, l. 9. unto me.

p. 99, l. 11. aske ye. l. 20. much much. l. 36. howsoever.

p. 100, l. 23. my father. l. 26. B] utterring. l. 34. Ye.

p. 101, l. 10. your. l. 13. ye.

p. 102, l. 22. But he. l. 33. h'as.

p. 104, l. 28. Pray.

p. 105, l. 5. Pray. l. 12. His so.

p. 107, l. 28. B] too.

p. 110, l. 10. *gives this line to* Tho. l. 14. Sant.

p. 111, l. 26. third. l. 39. *Omits* Law.

p. 114, l. 3. ye, and. l. 29. that tith. l. 32. old road.

p. 115, l. 2. O my.

p. 116, l. 26. Pheses.

p. 117, l. 29. pray. l. 30. *Omits* Mich.

p. 118, ll. 6 and 7. heaven.

p. 119, l. 8. beautis. l. 24. part: pitiy:

p. 120, l. 4. ye. l. 14. so so. l. 35. those.

p. 121, l. 1. Pray. l. 37. yeare.

p. 122, l. 24. not impudence.

p. 123, l. 24. you not. l. 37. *Blank in Quarto and Folio.*

p. 124, l. 20. unaculate.

p. 125, l. 16. A *and* B *give this line to* Cell., *but it is, apparently, a part of* Val.'s *speech.* l. 40. *The Quarto gives this line to* Cell.

p. 126, l. 8. B] minds.

p. 127, l. 10. the patent.

p. 128, l. 34. bread.

p. 130, l. 11. shall findeia.

p. 132, l. 8. cureless disobedience. l. 12. yo' know. l. 24. spilt.

p. 133, l. 34. these eyes. B *omits*] eyes.

p. 134, l. 1 B] hunsup. l. 9. And a. l. 35. wrong. l. 37. So will.

p. 135, l. 2. toth'. l. 3. please you. l. 5. your.

p. 137, l. 15. down down adown. l. 24. hang. l. 23. *This line belongs probably to* Maid *rather than to* Lan.

p. 140, l. 20. *Omits* a.

p. 141, ll. 10 and 18. a bed.

p. 144, l. 26. *Omits* to. l. 32. goes.

p. 145, l. 10. Concerning the. l. 16. B] ou.

p. 146, l. 23. *Omits* Seb.

p. 147, l. 9. may be put.

p. 148, l. 13. yeare. l. 30. O my.

p. 151, l. 9. ha griev'd. l. 20. Beside. l. 30. faith.

p. 152, l. 21. B *punctuates*] singing to them,

p. 153, ll. 11 and 12. Ye. l. 22. thousand. l. 23. Pray. l. 33. quickly, quickly, quickly.

p. 154, l. 1. *Often here and elsewhere prints* Dol *for* Dor. l. 20. Bless. l. 21. run thou for. l. 30. vaga'res.

p. 155, l. 3. Pray. l. 10. Nay then. l. 13. *Omits* good. l. 19. A and B] brains totters. l. 24. B] Gentlewomen. l. 33. has.

p. 156, l. 17. *For* VIII *reads* secunda.

p. 157, l. 12. fal so. l. 25. Pray. l. 33. *For* IX *reads* Octava.

p. 158, l. 17. Faith. l. 26. *For* Prima *reads* Quarta.

p. 159, ll. 23 and 26. ye. l. 23. *Quotation marks have been added to make the sense more clear.* l. 25. *Omits* Thom. l. 29. be cold. B] Maid. l. 30. do hang for'.

p. 160, l. 4. *Adds a fourth* devill *before* O. ll. 12 and 25. O. l. 20. Pray. l. 32. *Omits* a. l. 37. *Omits* I.

p. 161, l. 1. *For* II *reads* quinta. l. 4. surely melt. l. 8. so sweet. l. 18. B] once once.

p. 162, l. 39. not you spoil.

p. 163, l. 13. state. l. 14. *For* III *reads* Sexta.

p. 164, l. 1. *For* IV *reads* Septima. l. 10. *For* V *reads* Octava. l. 22. heaven.

p. 165, l. 3. made her no. l. 12. *For* VI *reads* Nona.

p. 166, l. 1. Nun. l. 29. her's my.

p. 167, l. 10. *For* VII *reads* Decima. l. 20. cozens.

p. 169, l. 1. *For* VIII *reads* Undecima. l. 10. Francis and Servant and Abbess.

p. 170, l. 20. B] know.

p. 172, l. 18. *Adds, possibly as a stage direction*] known son agen. l. 26. *Adds* Finis.

p. 174, l. 24. B] lahours.

THE CHANCES.

A = First Folio. B = Second Folio.

The variants below are those of A unless where otherwise stated.

p. 175, ll. 3—28. *Not in* A.

p. 176, l. 24. B *omits*] that. l. 36. so blotted. l. 38. wonder ever.

p. 178, l. 2. Pray.

p. 179, l. 25. the stormes. l. 37. *Reads* 1 *instead of* 2.

p. 180, l. 9. Bellonia.

APPENDIX

p. 184, l. 16. A and B] sertle.

p. 185, l. 20. audits lost.

p. 187, l. 9. silence there. l. 21. B] knowledge.

p. 188, l. 26. Don Ferdinand. l. 38. B] though.

p. 190, l. 7. B] truble. l. 20. *Adds after Constantia*] with a Jewell.

p. 192, l. 15. his peeping. l. 32. B] seez'd.

p. 193, l. 26. lyes. l. 39. yee.

p. 194, l. 16. B] is.

p. 198, l. 5. Doest. l. 10. A *prints* Sing within a little *as a marginal note and omits the song.*

p. 199, l. 32. And taske.

p. 202, l. 12. *Omits stage direction.* l. 27. What a block-head.

p. 203, l. 10. B] Shool.

p. 204, l. 1. is a. l. 5. if a. l. 22. A shall.

p. 205, l. 1. B] know.

p. 206, l. 10. with yee.

p. 207, l. 11. boy too.

p. 209, l. 33. such a.

p. 210, l. 9. *Adds stage direction*] Bowle of wine ready. l. 22. this roperie.

p. 211, l. 5. Clarry...Clarry. l. 14. rake her. l. 15. B] Authony. l. 18. with yee.

p. 212, l. 19. a horse-back.

p. 213, l. 2. 'Sbloud, to. l. 6. Glister. l. 19. see ye. l. 20. Will it. l. 36. ith'.

p. 214, l. 16. cure ye. l. 26. me up with.

p. 215, l. 29. Yet since.

p. 217, l. 7. fit ye.

p. 219, l. 25. we'll have no. l. 36. How, now. l. 37. 'has.

p. 220, l. 17. whether.

p. 221, l. 10. so fubd.

p. 222, l. 35. B] I'e.

p. 223, l. 15. Bollonia. l. 28. *Omits* a.

p. 225, l. 23. note.

p. 226, l. 13. *Adds stage direction*] Bawd ready above.

p. 227, l. 6. *Omits* and. l. 8. B] Petr. l. 12. B] most most. l. 15. B] Petr. ll. 26—33. *Not in* A.

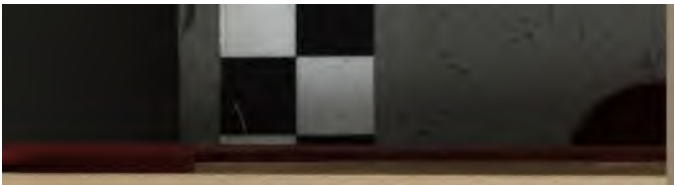
p. 228, l. 7. B] Petr. l. 15. B] Petr.

p. 229, l. 17. of that? starve nature? l. 30. *Adds stage direction*] Claping of a doore. l. 36. *Adds stage direction*] Cease musick.

p. 232, l. 14. B] Petr. l. 23. must haunt.

p. 234, l. 21. B *omits*] make us tremble? l. 35. B] knowldge.

p. 237, ll. 4 and 5. passe by. l. 32. B] dissov'd. l. 34. A *gives this line to* Petr.



THE BLOODY BROTHER

p. 238, l. 14. 'a comes. l. 21. pray. ll. 34 et seq. A *omits the song.*

p. 240, l. 24. make.

p. 241, l. 6. B] to. l. 10. tell ye. l. 12. 'Has. l. 15. She has (*misprint*). l. 17. servant to.

p. 242, l. 15. there? come.

p. 243, l. 21. command ye. l. 24. 'Has been. l. 31. Pray.

p. 244, l. 8. *Omits* Exeunt. l. 13. Wit as Art. l. 16. Ingenuous. l. 21. A and B] his loud.

p. 245, l. 10. *Adds* Finis.

THE BLOODY BROTHER.

A = The | Bloody | Brother. | A Tragedy. | By B. J. F. | London, | Printed by R. Bishop, for Thomas Allott, and John Crook, | and are to be sold in Pauls Churchyard, at the signe | of the Greyhound 1639 |

B = The Tragedy of | Rollo | Duke of Normandy. | Acted by his | Majesties Servants. | Written by | John Fletcher | Gent. | Oxford, | Printed by Leonard Lichfield | Printer to the University. | Anno 1640. |

C = The Second Folio.

Here again copies dated the same year differ in their readings. Three copies of the 1639 Quarto have been collated to supply the readings given below, and three copies also of the 1640 Quarto.

As the verse arrangements differ considerably in A and B I have given those which are of value in B.

p. 246, ll. 1—6. B] The Tragoedy of Rollo Duke of Normandy. ll. 3 and 4. A *omits these two lines.* l. 7. A] Drammatis Personæ. l. 22. A] L'Fisk. l. 23. A and C] Rufee. l. 35. A *omits*] Women *and places* Lords *to* Boyes *after* Edith.

The *Persons Represented* are given differently in B, wherein they read as follows on a page facing the beginning of the play.

The Names of the Actors:

Rollo, Otto } *Sonnes to the deceased Duke of Normandy.*
Aubrey, *Kinsman to Rollo.*
Gisbert, Balwin, } *Two Counsellors of State.*
Latorch, *Favorite to Rollo.*
Hamond, *Captaine of the Guard.*
Allan, *His brother.*
Granpree, Verdon, } *Servants to Rollo.*
Trevite, Du Prette, } *Servants to Otto.*

Cittizens, Guard, Servants, Boyes } Cooke, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar.

APPENDIX

Russee.
De Bubie.
La-Fiske. } *Cheaters.*
Norbret.
Pipeane.

Sophia, *The old Dutchesse.*
Matilda, *Her daughter.*
Edith, *Daughter to Baldwin.*

'The drinking Song, to the second Act' (see p. 263), is given in A on the verso of the page containing the Dramatis Personæ.

l. 42. B *omits*] Sir. l. 44 etc. B *reads*]

Gisb. Tis rather wish'd.
For such whose reason doe direct their thoughts
Without selfe flattery, dare not hope it *Baldwin*:
The fires, etc.,

continuing as though spoken still by Gisb. *and omitting* Bald. *in* l. 3, p. 247.

p. 247, l. 2. A *adds*] Baldwin *after* it *and continues as above.* *After* l. 9 B *adds*] To heave them up, and these are too well practis'd. l. 11. B] rest to good men proves. l. 12. B *adds char.*] Bald. *before* And in etc. A *agrees here with* C. *See above.* l. 18. B] And did. l. 20. A] brother. l. 38. C *misprints*] aud.

p. 248. *After* l. 3 B *adds*] Scena 2. Gisbert, Baldwin, Granpree, Verdon. l. 5. B] eldest. l. 6. B *omits*] lads. l. 10. B *for* your *reads*] the. l. 13. B] hemp. l. 14. B] shall plead. B *adds following line*] Where it shall be concluded, after twelve. l. 31. A] Saulz. B] souse. l. 35. B] all that I. l. 36. B] there's. l. 38. A *omits char.*] Gis.

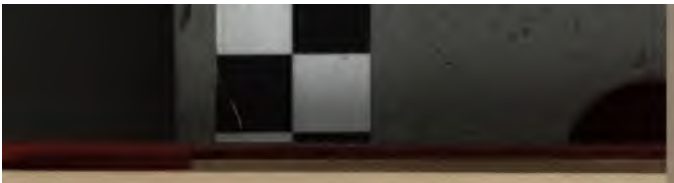
p. 249, l. 1. B] which wants. l. 2. B] doe you. *After* l. 16 B *adds*] Scena 3. l. 32. B *omits*] too. l. 34. B *for* Manent *reads*] omnes praeter. l. 35. B] ever. l. 37. B] such roots.

p. 250. *Before* l. 1 B *adds*] Scena 4. l. 1. B *omits* Enter to them *and reads*] Aubrey, Gisbert, Baldwin. l. 3. B] That are. l. 6. B] arme. l. 13. B] death to be a. l. 14. B] of his. l. 19. B *omits*] a. l. 24. B] be. l. 25. B] in me. l. 33. B] the. l. 35. B] see those. l. 39. B] any act.

p. 251, l. 6. B *after* in *reads here instead of below*] Scena 5. Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Granpree, Otto, Verdon, Duprete, Gisbert, Baldwin, Aubrey *and gives* See't confirmd, *etc. to* Gisb. l. 11. A] whom. l. 25. B] I need it not, and would. l. 28. B] threatning. l. 30. B] then a. l. 33. B] oath...is. l. 38. B *ends the line with*] Nor I.

p. 252, l. 1. B] see it. l. 10. B] the...law. l. 11. B] them as I. l. 13. B] them then now. l. 15. B] and then. l. 21. B *ends lines at*] grant *and* out. l. 22. B] To assure innocence. l. 29. B] Such have. l. 34. B] my. l. 35. A and B] injustice. l. 40. A and B] At his so.

p. 253, l. 1. B] merit. ll. 8, 9 and 12. B *ends at*] live, happy, misery, allegeance, mee. l. 9. B] misery. l. 10. B *omits*] He. l. 12. B] respect. l. 13. B] stare ons. l. 14. B] man fencers. l. 33. A and B *omit*] only. l. 38. B] Scaena 6. Sophia, Rollo, Otto and the rest. l. 39. B] these.



THE BLOODY BROTHER

p. 254, l. 8. B] obay hers. l. 9. B] those. l. 15. B] wracks. l. 16. B] danger's. l. 17. B] And must. l. 21. B] Are in. l. 23. B] are innocent. l. 29. B *ends* 2 ll.] Syllable, power.

p. 255, l. 4. B] Takes the authority. l. 24. C] that. l. 37. B] safety not my owne.

p. 256, l. 6. B] 'tis still. l. 13. B] Whither you can have. l. 15. B *ends* 2 ll.] desire, keep. l. 23. B] then so to. l. 26. B] which heard my prayers. l. 29. B *omits*] that. l. 30. B] That gave.

p. 257, l. 8. B] but ev'n now. l. 18. A and B] presidents. l. 19. B] worst act. l. 21. B] The Scene of. l. 25. B] starre. l. 26. B] a hundred. l. 32. B] throw down their. l. 33. B *ends* 2 ll.] joy, eyes.

p. 258, ll. 7 and 8. B *adds after* ones]

Soph. Supported thus I am secure O sonnes,
This is your Mothers triumph.
Exeunt omnes praet. Granpre, Verdon, Trevile, Dupr.

Rollo. You deserve it.

l. 9. B] hop'd for. ll. 18 and 19. B]

... of fraile thoughts
All friends, etc.

l. 21. B] Defer till apter. l. 24. B] and that's. l. 29. B *omits*] Actus...Prima. l. 32. B *ends* 2 ll.] doe, ease. l. 36. B] it selfe.

p. 259, l. 4. B] soyling. l. 9. B] of prayer. l. 15. B] you are. l. 22. B] of our. l. 29. B] hath. l. 31. B] kisses, kisses a. l. 38. B] Are like. l. 39. B] The breath.

p. 260, l. 2. B] So jarres circling in distrusts, distrusts pull down dangers. l. 4. B] them but the Showers. l. 6. B] peece. A] patch. l. 8. B] he tumbles. l. 13. B] disturb him. *Omits* his peace. l. 15. B] upon you by your. l. 17. B] couch'd Lyon. l. 20. B *omits*] when. l. 24. B] A teare. l. 25. B] Tasting the bloud...full spirits. l. 29. B *omits*] such a curb. l. 30. B *omits*] To. B] puddle. l. 37. B] yee.

p. 261, l. 3. B] a peeces. l. 8. B] you are. l. 27. B] friendship. l. 34. B] 'em.

p. 262, l. 4. B *omits the third*] day. l. 6. B] Body a me I am dry. ll. 8 and 9. B *ends* 2 ll.] master, eating. l. 11. A and B] ballasse. l. 14. B] Peuh. l. 15. B] yee. l. 16. B] Come sculing. l. 17. B] yee. l. 24. B] maribones. l. 25. B] ye. l. 26. B] plumbes before 'em. l. 27. B] Arion on a dolphin. l. 32. B] ye. l. 34. B] And then sit. l. 36. B] ye.

p. 263, l. 7. B] Altar heere. l. 10. B] wine in. l. 14. B] paste. l. 16. B] it may. l. 18. B *omits*] drinking. A *adds*] They sing *and gives the song at the beginning of the play, not here.* l. 30. B *adds*] Finis. l. 36. B] choine. l. 37. B] jole.

p. 264, l. 2. B] And see and yee...into. l. 3. B] mercy dad. l. 7. B] newes within?

Lator. Save ye,
Save ye maister, save ye Gentlemen.

l. 11. B] yee. l. 14. B] This daies. l. 17. B] Bring 'em. l. 19. B] though it. l. 32. B] to you. l. 36. B] Yee.

APPENDIX

p. **265**, l. 2. B] th' masse. l. 3. B] Hee'l. l. 4. B] doe friends. l. 6. B] ye...yee. l. 9. B] Pray be. l. 11. B] neither fire. l. 21. C] Pardon's. B] Good god. l. 23. A, *some copies, omits stage direction.* l. 26. A, *some copies*] I imagine. l. 30. B] taste 'em. l. 32. B] pay ye. l. 33. B *omits*] up. l. 34. B] yee. l. 35. B] ye. l. 39. *Some copies of* A *omit the second*] by you. l. 40. B] ye have.

p. **266**, l. 1. B] yee...ye...ye. l. 3. B *omits*] your. l. 8. B] ye are. l. 10. A, *some copies, reads*] All : all : all *omitting* All *as char.* B *for* All *char. reads*] Omn. l. 15. B] ye. l. 18. B] we dare. l. 19. B] drawd. l. 21. B] shall I. ll. 21—4. B *ends* ll. *as verse*] too, rewarded, master, too. l. 22. B *omits*] yet. l. 25. B *divides the line after* 'twere done. l. 29. A and C *omit*] Yeo. (*char.*). *Some copies of* A *read*] to still. l. 36. B] ye. l. 37. B] stands. l. 39. B] podrilla.

p. **267**, l. 3. B] ye. *After* l. 3 B *adds*] Or in a galingale a little does it. l. 7. B *adds*] Yeo. sel (*char.*) *at beginning of line.* l. 10. B] I never. l. 12. B] yee. l. 16. B] o' my knowledge...ye. l. 19. B] Shewer. l. 24. B] those papers. l. 27. B] Ho boyes and banquet. l. 29. C] Gispert. l. 30. B] Hamon. B. *omits*] Edith. l. 33. B] for you.

p. **268**, l. 5. B] yee. l. 10. A, *some copies*] furnish. l. 13. B] bower of. l. 18. *Some copies of* A *omit this line.* l. 22. B] my sweet son. l. 23. B] ye. l. 26. B *ends* 2 ll.] brother, eate.

p. **269**, ll. 1—3. B *omits these* ll. l. 5. B] your feaver. l. 7. B] and my. l. 9. B] from such. l. 11. B] his full. l. 12. B] here with base. B *after* l. 19 *adds a line*] Indeed your loving brother. l. 26. B] hee's maymde. l. 30. B] and feares.

p. **270**, l. 7. C] togue. l. 13. B] you have. l. 18. B] all future. l. 21. B] ye. l. 22. B] upon your. l. 23. B] yee *and, after stage direction, adds line*] Soph. Doe you now perceive your brothers sweetnesse? l. 33. B *omits this line.* l. 34. B] ye. l. 36. B] move backward. l. 37. B] Yee.

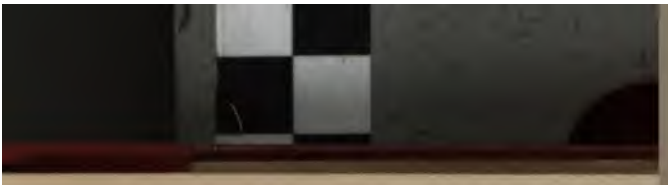
p. **271**, l. 6. B] That's. l. 12. B] your selfe up. l. 16. B *adds stage direction*] A Stoole set out. l. 22. C] Sob. (*char.*). l. 24. B] tis. l. 26. B] affection. l. 30. B] bonds. l. 31. B] to falshood ever.

p. **272**, l. 3. B] of him. l. 19. B] of all syncerenesse. l. 24. B] His open. l. 25. B *omits*] Which he.

p. **273**, l. 1. B] puffe of. l. 4. B *omits*] readiest. l. 5. B] gainst. l. 6. B] strow. l. 7. B] 'tis. l. 8. B] to encounter ill for ill. l. 21. B] those. l. 22. B] And sit above. ll. 26 and 27. B *ends* 4 ll.] arm'd, confidence, rage, monster.

p. **274**, l. 3. B *divides the line at* me. B] put off. l. 5. B] the spoile. l. 18. B *divides the line at* Latorch. l. 21. C] your. B *divides the line at* Ha. l. 31. B *divides the line at* dead. l. 35. B] To bloudy ore. l. 38. B] or powers.

p. **275**, l. 2. B] 'ith. l. 11. B] teach this. l. 12. B] Counsellour. l. 21. B] no ground. l. 28. B] mischiefe. l. 32. B] are both dull. l. 36. B] Power lives. l. 38. B] 'sleft halfe. l. 39. B] these.



THE BLOODY BROTHER

p. 276, l. 4. B] Complaining the. l. 6. B] I shall my Lord. l. 8. B] Rise. l. 16. B] in your. l. 20. B *divides the line at* addition. l. 22. B] nor your. l. 30. B *divides the line at* mad. l. 33. B *adds stage direction*] He disarms him.

p. 277, l. 5. A] Survives. l. 10. *Some copies of* A *for* with *read*] which. l. 13. B *divides the line at* well. l. 22. B] ist. l. 24. B] rais'd me. A] raise. l. 28. B *omits*] that. l. 34. B] T' excuse.

p. 278, l. 1. B *divides the line after the first* him. l. 4. A] do thy. l. 9. B *omits this line.* l. 18. B *adds*] Exit. l. 24. B *divides the line at* death. l. 29. B *divides the line at* excuse. l. 35. B *divides the line at* Citizens. l. 36. A and B] perswasions. l. 40. B *omits*] here's.

p. 279, l. 2. B *for* Sir *reads*] my Lord. l. 3. A] vildely. l. 12. B *divides the line at* Duke. l. 31. B *omits*] few. l. 35. B *adds* Sir *after the second* mercy. l. 39. B] seize mee.

p. 280, l. 4. B] ye. l. 6. B] ye. *After* l. 6 B *adds line*] The Prince forgets his fury, why doe ye tug him? l. 7. B] ye. l. 15. B *omits*] that. l. 18. A and B *for* Nay *read*] No. l. 24. B] stand up thus. l. 39. B] howlings.

p. 281, ll. 3, 5. B *omits*] And. l. 4. B] I came too. l. 8. B] high heaven. l. 16. B] Enter the Citizens. l. 22. B] be lov'd. l. 26. A and B] makes them. B] made mee. l. 27. B] preserv'd mee. l. 29. B] childrens goods. l. 30. B] prey to. l. 35. B] The Curtian Gulfe.

p. 282, l. 1. B] that beare. l. 6. B] mine owne. l. 8. A] my own. l. 15. A and B] rest. l. 18. B] oblivions. l. 20. B] For you. l. 24. B] Kinsman. l. 25. A] you. l. 26. A and B] Empery. l. 32. B] the seat. l. 40. B] yee.

p. 283, l. 4. B] ope them. l. 7. B] Cast off what. l. 21. B] bow't ye. l. 32. B *omits the line*] Scene II. l. 34. B *here and often elsewhere*] Yeo. Seller. B] and Pantler. l. 35. B *omits*] in. A] them. l. 36. B] afore there, Roome there for. l. 37. B] afore...get no place.

p. 284. l. 3. B] The'rle. l. 5. B *divides the line at* Sir. l. 6. B] ift please you. l. 10. B *divides the line at* boyes. B] Here's e'en enough. l. 11. A and B] Pox. l. 14. A and B] heare Sir? l. 20. B] you sheep Pantler, You peaching rogue. A] peaching. l. 23. A and B] Pray. l. 24. B] Good goodman. l. 30. *A comma has been substituted for a full stop after* praying. l. 34. A and B] pox. l. 35. B *omits*] if. l. 36. B] yee. l. 37. B] leave too. This. A] leave to, l. 39. B] Ballad.

p. 285, l. 2. B] penny-pot-Poets. l. 3. B] hang men ever. l. 6. B] yee. l. 7. B] and dispatch. l. 9. B] never. l. 10. B] chose. l. 11. B] They sing. l. 12. C] Forune's. l. 16. B] But this. B *omits*] still. l. 20. B]

As e're did sing three parts in a string,
All under the triple tree.

ll. 21 and 35. B *omits*] II. *and* III. ll. 22 and 23. B *prints these as one line.* ll. 24 and 25. B *prints these as one line.* l. 37. B] Taylor had a stitch in.

APPENDIX

p. 286, l. 1. B *divides this line at* man. l. 2. B *divides this line at* can. l. 4. Should come my selfe for to. ll. 6—9. B *prints these after the next song.* l. 6. B] for ye now *and divides following lines thus*

Farewell...not
Be printed...head.

B *adds*] Exeunt. ll. 10 and 11. B *omits*] IV. *and* Pant. l. 12. B] wears. l. 15. B] That am thus chipt because I clipt. *After* l. 18 B *adds*] Three merry boyes, &c. l. 21. B] to speake to you. l. 22. B *and some copies of* A] leggs. l. 34. B] it is

p. 287, l. 2. B] state. l. 3. B] are faire. l. 4. B] that gin. l. 8. B] nobles on't. ll. 9—13. B *divides thus*] block, to, themselves, service, hold, maister. l. 9. B] them. l. 11. B] If you. l. 13. B] And to the. l. 14. B *omits*] so. l. 15. B] Their ayery fears...'em. ll. 15—17. B *divides thus*] 'em, sound, state. l. 22. *A comma has been taken away after* Do. B] gainst. l. 24. B *divides the line after* whosoever. B] o' the. l. 25. B *divides the line after* so. l. 26. B *divides the line after* heare. l. 27. B *divides the line after* you. l. 28. B *divides the line after* hearts. l. 30. B] o'th. l. 35. B] dar'st thou. l. 37. B] the scale. l. 39. B] thine.

p. 288, l. 1. B] durst...thought. l. 9. B] neither he can. l. 11. B] whil'st. l. 14. B] unto. l. 26. A and B] a spatious. l. 33. B] in a. l. 35. B *divides the line after* not. l. 37. B] 'em.

p. 289, l. 1. B *divides the line after* brother. l. 2. B *divides the line after* brother. l. 3. B *divides the line after* mee. l. 5. B] To upbraid ...I am falne. l. 8. A and B] pray. l. 9. B] the headsman. l. 13. B *divides the line after* buriall. l. 19. A and B] for so sleight. B] clauses. l. 20. B] Hath still. l. 24. B *omits*] some. l. 25. B] kills. ll. 25 and 26. B *gives back* Master *to the previous line.* l. 29. B] here's. l. 34. B] And do not. l. 36. B] let 'em. l. 37. B] You make.

p. 290, l. 5. B] th' unsavorie. l. 10. B] affrights they are no ties. l. 11. B] 'gin. l. 13. B *divides the line after* hope. l. 17. B] no word more. ll. 18 and 19. B *divides thus*] then, safety, truth, *and reads* I am... There is...blocked up against the. l. 20. B] I doe thank. l. 21. B *divides the line after* what. l. 22. B] I will so, I assure. l. 23. B] Exeunt omnes praeter Rollo, and Latorch. l. 24. B *divides the line after* Latorch. l. 25. B *divides the line after* manners. l. 28. B *divides the line after* life. l. 30. B] would, he is so. l. 32. B] and he is. l. 35. B] besides. l. 37. B] us so possess. l. 40. A *omits*] at. A, *some copies, reads* set *for*] felt.

p. 291, l. 1. A] shaft. l. 12. B *omits*] wish. l. 14. B] be . . . [*dots in original, i.e. omits* Secretary] of your delight. l. 16. A] travailes. l. 29. B *divides the line after* me. l. 34. B] blanck figures. l. 37. B] else Sir offer at. l. 40. B] Another Gentleman.

p. 292, l. 10. B] compacted. l. 12. B] Automicon. l. 13. B] stooles. l. 19. B] we read there, that Hiarbaes. l. 21. B] wait at the. l. 23. B] wooden Dove. l. 25. B] All these were done Sir by. l. 27. B] your own sphere. l. 28. B] with you...beleeve you. l. 31. B] know't. l. 35. B *omits*] still. B *adds line*] And accurate forth from them.

THE BLOODY BROTHER

p. 293, l. 2. A] Norbert. l. 4. B] Mine. l. 5. B] Whats that. l. 8. A] thee tooke. l. 13. B] cannot. *After* l. 18 B *adds line*] I cannot heare your beads knack. l. 23. B] That you. l. 25. B] best on's. l. 32. B] send in a. l. 33. B] o' th. l. 34. B] one of his Boles.

p. 294, l. 4. A] Souz. B] souse...yee...yee. ll. 8 and 9. B] o' your. l. 11. B] bird cal'd. l. 13. B] Element. l. 23. B *omits*] e're. l. 26. B] I' th. l. 28. B] crispt. l. 37. B] O' your. l. 40. B] on us.

p. 295, l. 1. A] wrists. l. 2. B] you ha' none. l. 3. B] who's. ll. 2—4. B *reads stage direction*] Bells Ring within. | Exit Pip. and enter | againe. l. 8. B *omits stage direction*. l. 10. B] towards. l. 13. B] T'his. l. 14. B] visour. l. 15. B] Enter Latorch and Hamond. l. 17. B *gives* Business *to the previous line*. l. 18. B] i'th. B *omits*] Exit. l. 21. B] I am. l. 23. B] La Bube. l. 32. A] minutes. l. 33. B] Pray them they will. l. 35. B] heere, heere in a. l. 36. B] fitt' illuminate.

p. 296, l. 2. B *omits this line*. l. 7. C] neglient. l. 11. B] As may well free 'em. l. 13. B *divides the line after* Gentlemen. l. 14. B *divides the line after* hour. l. 20. B] those. l. 22. B] late his. l. 30. B *divides the line at* is. l. 34. C] Bud. l. 35. B *divides the line after* then. B and C] intreat, it be. l. 36. B] Ha' you. l. 38. B *divides the line after* Sir.

p. 297, l. 1. B *divides the line after* Marry. l. 8. B] these studies. l. 9. B] was imitated. l. 12. B *omits*] to. l. 14. B *omits this line*. l. 15. B *omits*] him. l. 19. B *divides the line after* Familiars. l. 25. B *divides the line after* true. l. 28. B *omits*] a. l. 30. B *divides the line after* I. l. 34. A *omits*] a. l. 35. B] these, this. l. 36. C] Norbert. l. 37. B] your. l. 38. B] see 't.

p. 298. *After* l. 3 B *adds line*] At twenty one degrees the latitude. l. 7. B] see 't. l. 8. B] they are. l. 9. B *omits*] in. l. 10. A] Fortune. B] fortuna. l. 11. A] twelve. B] twelfe. l. 13. B] i' the fift. l. 15. B] the ascendant. l. 16. B] That joint. l. 17. B] Imum...exultation. C] Juniu. l. 18. B] Ith'. l. 20. A and B] Almuter. l. 21. B] genitures. l. 23. B] Nasahales, Laell. l. 25. B] o' th. l. 32. A] 'is the. B] Alchocoden. l. 37. B] i' th. l. 38. B] ha told. l. 40. A and B] partly.

p. 299, l. 3. B] hilage. l. 5. B] you will. l. 7. B *omits*] in. l. 9. A and B] Algell. l. 14. B] Alchocoden. l. 30. B] tells not us. l. 31. B] That's. l. 38. B] of bloud. l. 40. A and B] Fart. B *divides the line after* reverence.

p. 300, l. 7. B] He's. l. 16. B] you shall. l. 18. B] inth'. l. 21. B] there not wait your. A] your. C] you. l. 22. B] on't. l. 24. B *omits the line*] Scene III. l. 25. A and B *omit*] and.

p. 301, l. 4. C *omits*] be. l. 5. B] fame. l. 10. B] but for th'. l. 16. A] partiall. l. 25. B] thine. l. 28. B *omits*] Sophia. l. 40. B] have...now they are.

p. 302, l. 1. C] desire? l. 5. B] he were fit. l. 11. B] t' hast. l. 13. B] Th' admittance. l. 15. B] leave too. l. 20. B] mine... with an attracted. l. 23. A and B] Affects thou. l. 24. B] Mine. l. 27. B] They're...me mine. l. 31. B] worthlesse. l. 36. B] 'Tis.

APPENDIX

p. 303, l. 4. B *gives* But *to the previous line.* l. 8. B] th' encounters. l. 22. B] thing that runnes. l. 39. B] Rhoane.

p. 304, l. 1. B *omits this line.* l. 3. B] them. l. 8. B] the house. l. 19. B *omits this line.* l. 22. B] the letters. l. 26. B] nor. l. 29. B] to it.

p. 305, l. 6. B *omits this line and proceeds with* Aub.'s *speech* Tis *etc.* l. 11. B *divides the line after* first. l. 18. B] for his hate. l. 25. B] base and dye, so sir your pardon. l. 28. B *omits*] a. l. 36. B] know. l. 37. A] do's not know. B] doe not know. C] does know. l. 39. B] where he is.

p. 306, l. 2. B] in my. l. 5. B] in stormes. l. 17. B *omits the line*] Scene II. l. 18. B] and a boy. A banquet set out. l. 19. B] the ruine. l. 23. A and B] cloud.

p. 307, l. 4. B] The Song. l. 9. A, *some copies*] being again. l. 12. B] bosome bears. l. 14. B] Are yet of. l. 16. A] Ioy chaines *some copies read* gay. B] Jcy chaines. l. 19. A] Ha's. B] comfort thee. l. 34. B] she got thee. l. 35. B] hath prickt. l. 37. B] th' Arabian.

p. 308, l. 8. B] any thing, and any thing. l. 9. B] direction. l. 10. B] whilst. l. 12. B] Has. l. 22. B] thee, and yet there is. l. 28. B] They are. l. 32. B *omits*] I. l. 33. A and B] mischiefe. l. 34. B] mens. l. 35. A] sorrowes, made. B] sorrowes minde... thou learne. l. 40. B *omits this line.*

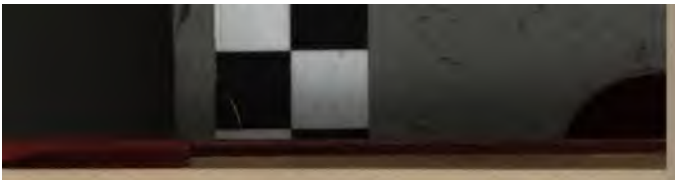
p. 309, l. 9. A] upon one. l. 10. B] doe thou not. l. 15. B] and blesse me. l. 20. A] ha's. l. 22. B] doore. l. 25. B *begins* Rollo's *speech with* I have etc. l. 32. B *divides the line after the first* Pray.

p. 310, l. 3. B *divides the line after* No. l. 8. A] ha's. B] ha thee. ll. 12—15. B *divides these lines after* not, villain, not, Him. l. 19. B] I am. l. 20. A] ha's. l. 21. B *divides the line at* Captain. l. 24. B] comes. l. 26. B] wilt thou. l. 31. A and B] soules. l. 38. A] ha's. l. 39. B *divides the line at* No. l. 40. B] yee. B *for* within *reads stage direction* Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, and Lords at the doore.

p. 311, l. 1. B] Yee. l. 2. B] make my way. l. 5. B] let 'em. l. 14. B] May honour. l. 20. C] sacrifie. l. 22. B] mine eyes. l. 23. B] ev'n. l. 26. B] I will. l. 36. B] I am...then, for though. l. 38. B] Cloyster presently carry.

p. 312, l. 1. B] faint revenges. l. 6. B] That's. l. 11. B] Should suffer himselfe to be. l. 13. B] mouth's. l. 14. B] on yee. l. 17. B] bent. l. 19. B] crowded too. l. 23. B] Ha dead? my. l. 26. B] Lator. O my fortune, | My maister dead. l. 29. B] mischiefes. l. 35. B] twenty foot. l. 36. B] Lator. Mercy, mercy, 'tis too late fool. Exit Lator. Aub.'s *speech beginning with* Such *and the stage direction at the end of* l. 38 *being omitted.* l. 39. B] peeping knaves are those.

p. 313, l. 2. B] And it like your. ll. 2 and 5. B *divides the lines at* Mathematicians *and* Sir. l. 3. B] ye. l. 7. B] yee. l. 9. B] whip 'em. l. 17. B] 'em *and omits the stage direction.* l. 18. B *adds stage direction*] Exeunt Juglers. ll. 27 and 28. B *divides the lines at* yee (=you) and mee. l. 30. B] service. l. 32. B *omits*] is. l. 33. B] W'are...that honour. *Omits* Sir. l. 38. B] Goe sadly. l. 39. B *adds*] Exeunt. l. 40. B *adds*] Florish A and B *add*] Finis.



THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

This comedy is referred to in the Stationer's address 'to the Readers' in the First Folio (see Vol. I, present edition, p. xiii) as having 'beene long lost.' It was published separately in folio in 1652 and is often bound up with copies of the Folios. The title-page of the 1652 edition runs as follows:

The | Wild-Goose Chase. | A | Comedie. | As it hath been Acted with singular | Applause at the Black-Friers: | Being the Noble, Last, and Onely Remaines | of those Incomparable Drammatists, | Francis Beaumont, and John Fletcher, Gent. | Retriv'd for the publick delight of all the Ingenious; | And private Benefit | Of John Lowin, And Joseph Taylor, Servants to His late Majestie. | By a Person of Honour. | Ite bonis avibus — | London, Printed for Humpherey Moseley, and are to be | sold at the Princes Armes in St. Paules | Church-yard. 1652.

The Dedication and preliminary verses that follow are from the edition of 1652: they were omitted in the Second Folio. In the following variations **A** = 1652 and **B** = the Second Folio.

THE DEDICATION.

To the Honour'd, Few, Lovers of

Drammatick Poesie.

Noble Spirits!

It will seem strange to you that we should beg a Pardon from you before you know a Crime committed; But such is our *harsh Fate*, that we shall want as much of your *Mercie* to the forgiving of this sad presumption of offering to your view these few *poor* sheets, the *Rich Remains* of our too-long-since lost Friend, M^r^ *FLETCHER*, as we shall your favourable *Acceptance*, and *Incouragement* in it. The Play was of so Generall a receiv'd Acceptance, that (he *Himself* a *Spectator*) we have known him un-concern'd, and to have wisht it had been none of His; He, as well as the *throng'd Theatre* (in despight of his innate Modesty) Applauding this *rare issue of his Brain*. His *Complacencie* in his own Work, may be, perhaps no Argument to you of the Goodness of the Play, any more than our *Confidence* of it; and we do not expect our *Encomium* can do any thing with you, when the Play it self is so near: That will *commend* it self unto you. And now Farewell our *Glory*! Farewell your *Choice Delight*, most noble Gentlemen! Farewell th' *Grand Wheel* that set *Us* smaller Motions in Action! Farewell the Pride and Life o' th' Stage! Nor can we (though in our Ruin) much repine that we are so little, since *He* that gave us being is no more.

Generous Soules!

'Tis not unknown unto you All, how by a cruell Destinie we have a long time been *Mutes* and *Bound*, although our Miseries have been sufficiently *Clamorous* and *Expanded*, yet till this happy opportunitie, never durst vex your open Ears and Hands: But this we're confident of will be the surest Argument for your *Noblesses*. What an Ingenious Person of Qualitie once spake of his *Amours*, we apply to our necessities,

APPENDIX

Silence in Love betrays more Wo
Than Words, though ne'r so Wittie:
The Beggar *that is DUMB, you know,*
Deserves a DOUBLE PITTIE.

But be the *Comoedie* at your *Mercy* as *We* are. Onely we wish, that you may have the same *Kind Joy* in *Perusing* of it, as we had in the *Acting.*

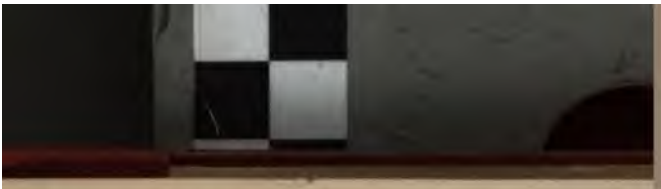
So *Exeunt*

Your Gratefull Servants,

JOHN LOWIN.
JOSEPH TAYLOR.

On the best, last, and only
remaining *Comoedy* of Mr.
FLETCHER.

I' *Mun-o'reclowded too! Clear from the Mist!*
The blind *and late* Heaven's Ey's *Great* Oculist
Obscur'd *with the* False Fiers *of his Sceme*
Not halfe those Souls are Lightned by this Theme.
Unhappy Murmurers that still repine
(*After th'* Eclipse *our Sunne doth brighter shine*)
Recant your False Grief and your True joyes knowe,
Your Bliss is Endles as you fear'd your Woe!
What Fort'nate Flood *is this? what* storm *of Witt?*
Oh who would live *and not* orewhelm'd *in it?*
No more a Fatall Diluge *shall be hurl'd,*
This Inundation *hath* sav'd *the World.*
Once more the Mighty FLETCHER *doth arise*
Roab'd in a Vest, Studded with Starrs and Eyes
Of all his former Glories; His last Worth
Imbroydered with what yet Light e're brought forth.
See! in this glad Farewell he doth appeare
Stuck with the Constellations *of his* Sphere,
Fearing we num'd fear'd no Flagration
Hath curled all his Fyres in this one ONE,
Which (*as they guard his hallowed Chast Urn*)
The dull approaching Hereticks do burn.
FLETCHER *at his Adieu Carouses thus*
To the Luxurious Ingenious.
A Cleopatra *did of Old out-vie*
Th' un-numbred dishes of her Anthonie
When (*He at th' emptie Board a Wonderer*)
Smiling shee call's for Pearl *and* Vineger;
First pledges Him in's Breath, *then at one Draught*
Swallowes Three Kingdomes *off to* His best Thought.
Hear Oh ye Valiant Writers *and subscribe!*
(*His* Force *set by*) *y'are* Conquer'd *by this* Bribe;
Though you Hold out your selves, *He doth commit*
In this a Sacred Treason *on your Witt;*



THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE

Although in Poëms desperately Stout,
Give up; *This Overture must* buy you out.
Thus with some Prodigall Us'rer 't doth fare
That keepes his Gold still veyl'd, *his steel-breast* bare,
That doth exclude his Coffers all but's Eye
And his Ey's Idoll the Wing'd Deitie;
That cannot lock his Mines *with half the Art*
As some Rich Beauty *doth his* wretched heart:
Wild at his reall Poverty, and so wise
To winne her, turnes Himselfe into a Prise.
First startles Her with th' Emerald-Mad-lover
The Rubie-Arcas; *lest shee should recover*
Her das'led Thought a Diamond *He throwes*
Splendid in all the bright Aspatia's *woes;*
Then to summe up the Abstract *of his store*
He flings a Rope *of* Pearl *of* Forty *more.*
Ah see! the stag'ring Vertue faints! *which He*
Beholding, darts his Wealth's Epitome,
And now to Consumate her wished Fall
Shewes this one Carbuncle *that* darkens *All.*

RICHARD LOVELACE.

ON
Mr. FLETCHERS
excellent Play,
THE
WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

Me thinkes I see thy *angred ashes* rise
FLETCHER; I feel them smarting in my eyes.
Methinks thou sayst what would this rimer have
He *raises me*, yet *gives my fame a grave*?
Me thinkes (like that *Old Moralist's* Complaint
What ill of mine has gain'd this ill mans prayse?)
I hear thee say, sure this Play has some taint
That this ill Poet gives his withered bayes?
Perhaps this good *Philosophers* life began
To make the *ill* man *good*; As in a man
To love the good's a step to being so,
Love to thy Muse may be to me so too;
Then I shall know how to commend thy Muse
When her own self the prayses shall infuse:
Till then I must sit down, confess the *wonder*,
'Bove which I *cannot* go, and, *won't* go *under.*
But where's the prayse (you'l say) to *FLETCHERS* wit?
I would ha giv'n but had no Offering fit.
Then let these lines be thought to *FLETCHERS Muse*
Not an *Encomium*, but an *Excuse.*

NORREYS JEPHSON.

APPENDIX

An Epigram upon the long lost and fortunately recovered *WILD-GOOSE CHASE*, and as seasonably bestowed on Mr. *JOHN LOWEN* and Mr. *JOSEPH TAYLOR*, for their best advantage.

In this late dearth of wit, when *Jose* and *Jack*
Were hunger-bit for want of fowl and Sack,
His nobleness found out this happy meanes
To mend their dyet with these *WILD-GOOSE* scenes,
By which he hath revived in a day
Two Poets, and two Actors with one Play.

W. E.

To the incomparable Mr. *FLETCHER*, upon his excellent Play, The *WILD-GOOSE CHASE.*

Sole Soul of *Drammas*, thou who only art
Whole in the whole, and whole in ev'ry *Part*.
Thy *fury* every scene with spirit warmes,
And that same *spirit* every line *informes*.
No *Commas* ly intranc'd, and rise up sense
Three, four lines off, such is thy *Influence*.
Thy woords are all *alive*; and thou ne're writ
Things to come to themselves, nor *Types* of *Wit*,
All lives, and is *fulfill'd*. And for thy *Plot*
When ere we read *we have, and have it not*,
And glad to be deceiv'd, finding thy Drift
T' excell our guess at every turn, and shift.
Some new *Meanders* still do put us out,
Yet find that nearest what we thought *about*.
Through all Intriqu's we are securely lead,
And all the way we pass w'ave hold 'oth' thread,
Which a long while we *feel* not, till thy Close
Winding the *Bottom* up the *Bottom* showes.

H: HARINGTON.

On Mr. *FLETCHERS Wild-Goose Chase recovered.*

This sprightly *Posthume*, whom our pious fear
Bewail'd as if it an *abortive* were
(And out of sense of that, no *gen'rous breast*
But a forsaken lover's grief exprest)
Hath forc'd his way thorough the *pangs* of *Fate*,
And in his *infancy's* at *mans estate*.
Thus that *Fam'd flood* that's *plung'd* into a grave
For many leagues, at length *exalts* his wave;
Leapes from his Sepulcher, and proudly slides
Through's banks in deeper, more expanded tides;
Till to his watry Center he hath got
By wrigling twines, subtile as *FLETCHER'S plot*.
That 'tis a sacred birth from hence we know,
It doth by *buriall* more *glorious* grow:

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE

For Saints by persecution thrive; and none
Is Martyr'd, but's *opprest* into a *throne*.
There reign he to Time's end! while we from this,
Doe calculate his *Apotheosis*.

JAMES RAMSEY.

p. 314, ll. 3 and 4. *Omitted in* A. l. 5. A] Drammatis Personæ.

Instead of the Actors' names being given in a list separately, they follow the names and descriptions of the characters, thus:

De-Gard...Acted by Mr. *Robert Benfield.*
La-Castre...Acted by Mr. *Richard Robinson.*
Mirabell...Incomparably Acted by Mr. *Joseph Taylor.*
Pinac...Admirably well Acted by Mr. *Thomas Pollard.*
Belleur...Most naturally Acted by Mr. *John Lowin.*
Nantolet...Acted by Mr. *William Penn.*
Lugier...Acted by Mr. *Hilliard Swanston.*
Oriana...Acted by Mr. *Steph. Hammerton.*
Rosalura } ... { *William Trigg.*
Lillia-Bianca } ... { *Sander Gough.*
Petella...Their servant Mr. *Shanck.*
. . . . . .
A young Factor. by Mr. *John Hony-man.*

p. 315, l. 3. B *omits name of character.* l. 12. A *omits*] a.

p. 316, l. 11. A *omits*] be.

p. 320, l. 19. B] Linguists? l. 25. A] Their very.

p. 321, l. 11. A] th' other. l. 12. A] I am. l. 26. A] ha'st.

p. 322, l. 9. B] you, will so. l. 21. B] Lugien.

p. 323, l. 24. A] Ye. l. 28. A] Pray. l. 34. A] Has.

p. 324, l. 4. B *omits*] Belleur.

p. 325, l. 14. A] this...Gentlewoman. l. 40. A] gather.

p. 326, ll. 17, 19, 20. A] ye...ye...ye. l. 27. A] a Nawl. ll. 36 and 40. A] ye...ye.

p. 327, l. 13. A] Pray.

p. 328, l. 1. A] year. l. 5. B] there. l. 9. A] ore the. l. 10. A] there's. l. 24. A] let that.

p. 329, l. 11. A] 'Pre' thee. l. 18. A] more a welcome. l. 20. A] do'st.

p. 330, l. 10. A *omits*] fain.

p. 334, l. 18. B] de Ca.

p. 335, l. 38. A] loose.

p. 336, l. 19. A] 'May.

p. 337, l. 10. A] told ye enough. l. 39. B] me,

p. 338, l. 14. A] fancie.

p. 339, l. 37. B] Bella fronte.

p. 340, l. 4. A] Germins. l. 22. A] do's.

p. 341, l. 2. A *omits the second* I. l. 8. B] blurred.

p. 342, l. 7. B] would'd.

APPENDIX

p. 344, l. 12. A] y' faith. l. 36. A] sham'd.

p. 345, l. 31. A] Y' faith.

p. 346, l. 38. A] Lelia, Rosaluce. The names of the characters are, throughout both A and B, spelt erratically.

p. 349, l. 4. Lel. *has been altered to* Lil. *here and elsewhere.*

p. 350, l. 12. B] Travel. l. 16. A] fare.

p. 352, l. 38. A] Loose.

p. 356, l. 4. A] Enter Leverduce, des Lugier, Mr Illiard. [See *Dram. Pers.*] l. 34. B] Coutrey.

p. 358, l. 30. A] what ye. l. 37. A] been attaint of.

p. 359, l. 4. A *omits*] Exeunt. l. 22. B *misprints char.*] Sir. l. 33. A] by ye.

p. 361, l. 18. B *misprints char.*] Sir.

p. 362, l. 15. A] need. l. 28. B] mind.

p. 363, l. 13. A] women. l. 27. B] wold.

p. 364, l. 5. A] in mine. ll. 11 and 13. A] ye...ye. l. 30. A] she is. l. 31. A] you will. l. 37. B] Englsh.

p. 366, l. 24. A] manner. l. 39. A] say to ye.

p. 367, l. 11. A] counsel. l. 26. A *omits the second* your. l. 40. A] took not notice.

p. 368, l. 12. A] Cry now instantly. l. 34. A] Gentlewoman. l. 36. B] 2 Wom.

p. 369, l. 25. A] 'pray ye come.

p. 370, l. 15. A] Ye are.

p. 371, l. 17. A] as you.

p. 372, l. 8. A] ye. l. 14. A] you. l. 31. A] ye.

p. 373, l. 4. A] Pray. l. 11. B *omits stage direction.* l. 12. B] do you. A] do not ye. l. 13. A] why a. l. 22. A] she is. l. 25. B *omits*] good. l. 31. A] do'st. l. 32. B *misprints char.*] Min.

p. 374, l. 10. A] vild.

p. 376, l. 30. A] seem' stubborn.

p. 377, l. 2. A *omits*] and.

p. 379, l. 9. A] Renegado no. l. 37. B *misprints*] particularey.

p. 380, l. 17. A] this will. l. 32. *A query mark has been added after* wealthie.

p. 381, l. 7. B *prints*] *Exit* Alberto. l. 15. A] entirements.

p. 382, l. 32. A] affect.

p. 383, l. 4. B] Perserve.

p. 386, l. 28. A] Rosaluce, Lillia. l. 31. A *prints stage direction*] Musick, then Enter *etc.*

p. 389, l. 14. A] Gentlemen.

p. 390, l. 27. A *adds*] Finis.

END OF VOL. IV.

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